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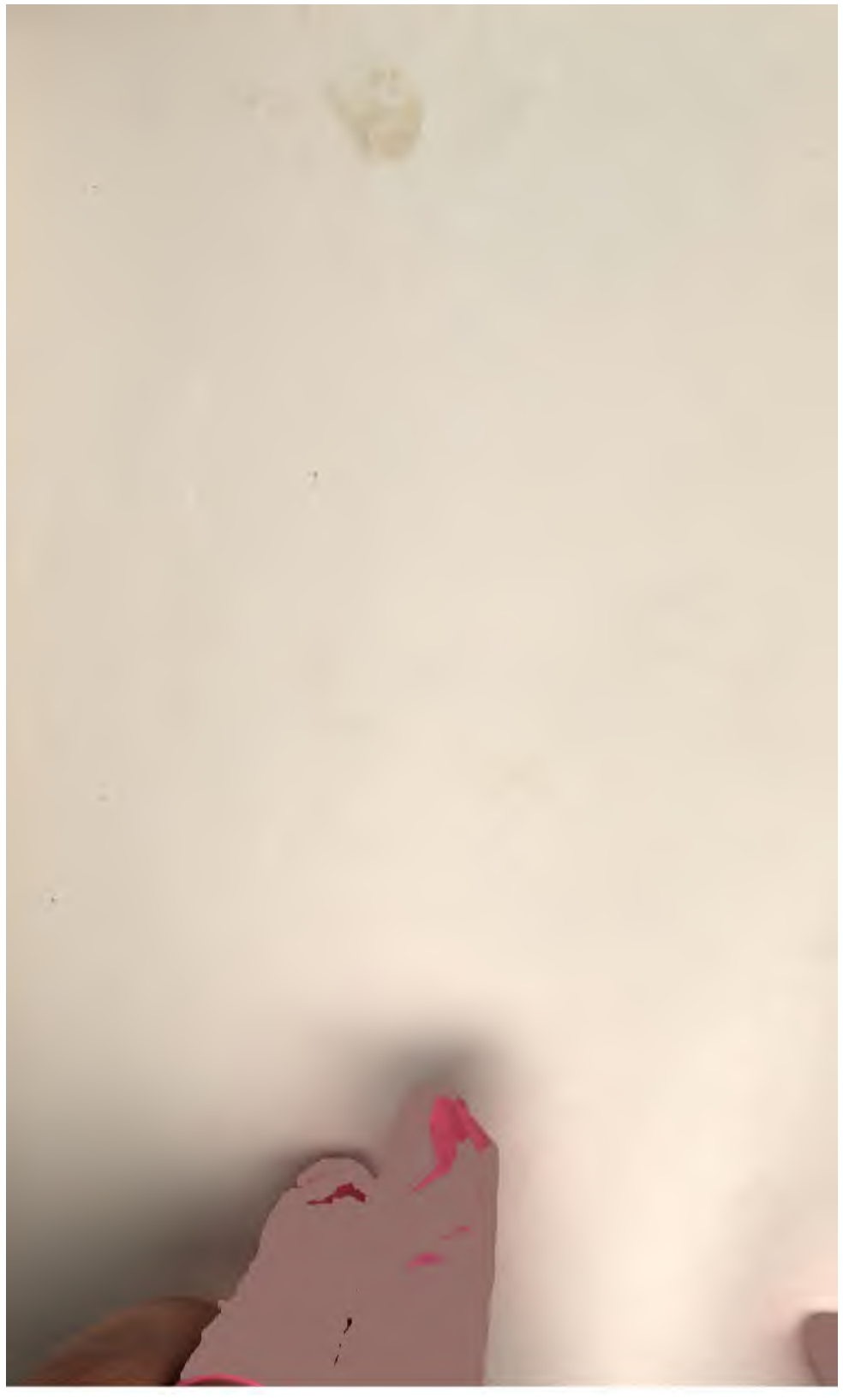

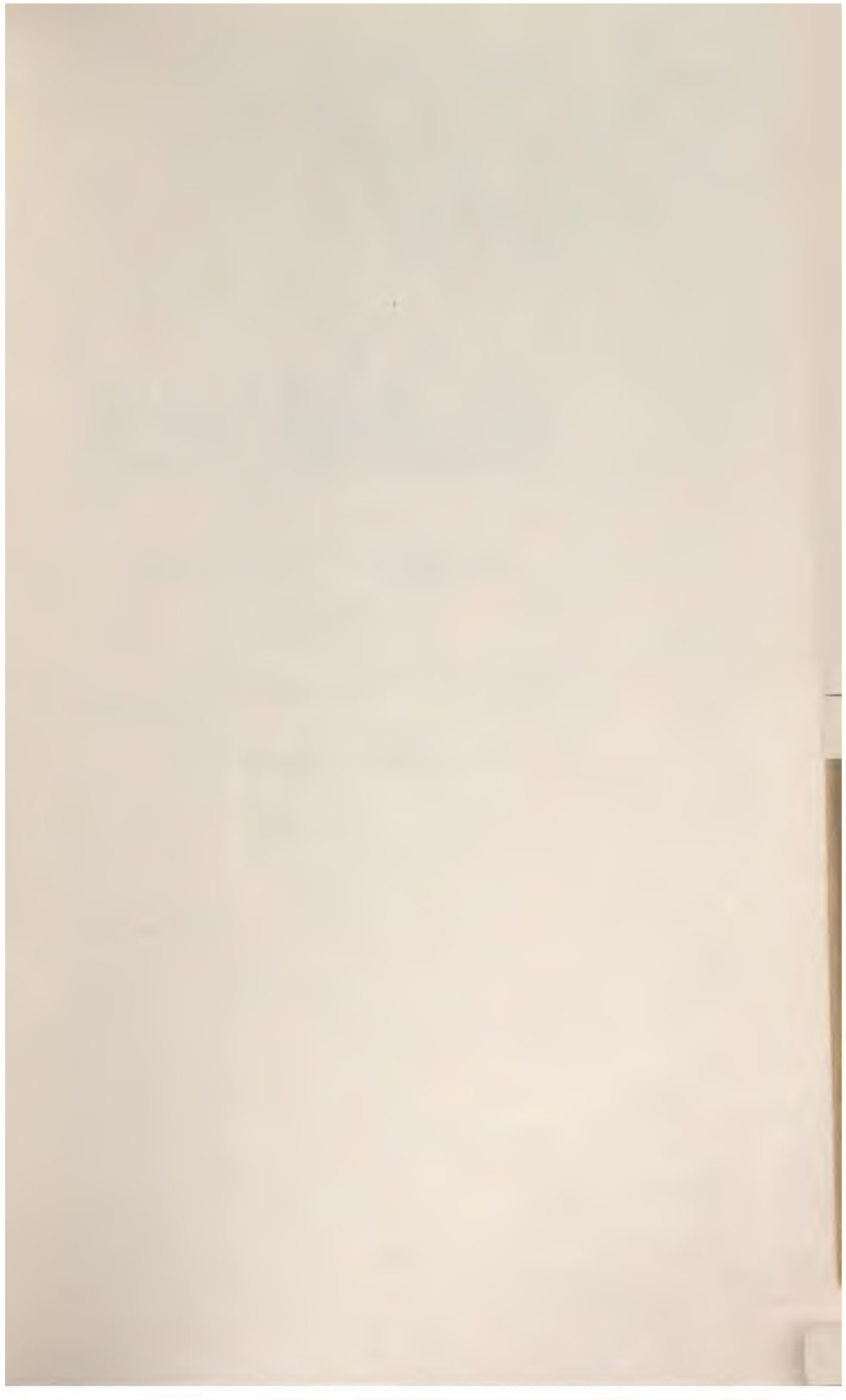

CONFESSIO AMANTIS

GOWER'S CONFESSION OF A LOVER

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I.

CONFESSIO AMANTIS OF

John Gower

EDITED AND COLLATED

WITH THE BEST MANUSCRIPTS BY

DR. REINHOLD PAULI

VOL. I.

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INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

I.—Life of John Gower.

THE materials for a biography of John Gower the poet are ſcanty, and quite inſufficient for a ſketch of his perſonal hiſtory; and his writings contain very few of thoſe alluſions to himſelf which are ſo frequently met with in ſimilar works. The date of his birth is unknown, and within ſeventy years of his death his deſcent and the place of his birth ſeem to have been entirely forgotten. Caxton, who in 1483 printed the firſt edition of the Confeſſio Amantis, ſtyles him, *Johan Gower ſquyer borne in Walys in the tyme of kyng richard the ſecond;* Gower being the name of a family of ſome repute, reſident in a diſtrict of South Wales called Gowerland, which occurs occaſionally in the public records of the poet's day;* but beyond Caxton's aſſertion, no proof that he was a native of the principality is known to exiſt. We have no direct evidence

* Henry le Gower, the well known biſhop of St. David's, died in 1347. Thomas Gower, Burgenſis ville de Havreford in Suthwallia, occurs on Rot. Pat. 18 Ric. II. p. 1. memb. 22.

that he was educated either at Oxford or Cambridge, though his great knowledge in all branches of medieval learning, eſpecially as diſplayed in his Confeſſio Amantis, affords a ſtrong preſumption, that he muſt have been a ſtudent at one of the univerſities. It is one of the many inventions of Leland,* that Gower was a lawyer; others have made him a member of the Temple and even a judge; there is however as little proof of ſuch repreſentations as of thoſe reſpecting Chaucer having belonged to the legal profeſſion: nor does it appear that a judge bearing the name of Gower ſat on the bench during the fourteenth century.† It is certain, however, that he was the owner of much landed property, and received a learned education; and his compoſitions in Latin, French and Engliſh, prove that he was a highly cultivated Engliſh gentleman, and one of the earlieſt poets in his mother-tongue.

The next mention of the poet occurs in Leland, who heard‡ that he belonged to the ancient family of the Gowers of Stitenham in Yorkſhire, the anceſtors of the marquis of Stafford, which family, tradition ſtates, came from Britanny with William the Conqueror in his expedition to England. This ſtatement has been repeated by Bale, Pitts, and Holinſhed, who contented themſelves with merely copying from Leland; but the late Rev. Henry J. Todd§ has attempted to ſupport it by documentary evidence, which, he aſſerts, remained un-

* Commentarii de Script. Brit. p. 414. Coluit forum et patrias leges lucri cauſa.

† Foſs, Judges of England, IV. p. 28.

‡ Commentarii de Scriptoribus Britannicis, ed. Hall, p. 414. Johannes Goverus, vir equeſtris ordinis, ex Stitenhamo, villa Eboracenſis provinciæ, *ut ego accepi*, originem ducens, etc.

§ Illuſtrations of the Lives and Writings of Gower and Chaucer, London, 1810.

noticed up to his time. Mr. Todd's evidence however has, unfortunately for his argument, very little foundation. He expreſſes his deſire "to connect, according to a proud family tradition, the poet Gower with that illuſtrious houſe of the ſame name," and conjectures that a remarkable manuſcript of the Confeſſio Amantis, of which the marquis of Stafford was then in poſſeſſion, and which is now the property of the earl of Elleſmere, "was a preſent from the author to one of the Gower family ſoon after the completion of the work."* It will appear hereafter, how very ſlightly Mr. Todd examined this manuſcript.

He mentions alſo, as further evidence of this Family connexion, a deed in the archives of the marquis of Stafford executed by Robert de Ranclif of Stitenham, dated the Wedneſday next after Eaſter, the 19th of April 1346, which was witneſſed amongſt others by a John Gower. But this charter is indorſed, as Mr. Todd himſelf remarks, "in the handwriting of at leaſt a century later."† "1346. *Johannes Gower, wittnes only S^r^ John Gower the poet.*"

Mr. Todd has likewiſe publiſhed the poet's laſt will; but this document has not the ſlighteſt reference to Yorkſhire, and a number of records exiſt in which property of the very ſame teſtator, ſituated in ſeveral ſouthern and eaſtern counties, is mentioned.

Since Todd's publication other particulars have been brought to light, principally through the reſearch of that indefatigable genealogiſt and antiquary, the late Sir Harris Nicolas, which go far to ſhow, that the poet belonged altogether to a different family, and that he was born and dwelt in Kent, where he poſſeſſed conſiderable pro-

* Illuſtrations of Chaucer and Gower, p. 109.

† Ibid. p. xviii. 91.

perty. Sir H. Nicolas obſerves,* that "the ſtrongeſt evidence againſt the opinion, that the poet was of the Yorkſhire family of Gower, exiſts in the entire difference of their arms." On the poet's tomb in Southwark and on a ſeal attached to a deed executed by John Gower and dated 1373, the ſame coat is emblazoned, thus demonſtrating that the poet and this John Gower are one and the ſame perſon. Theſe arms are Argent on a chevron, Azure, three leopards' heads, Or. Both creſts are alſo identical, on a chapeau a talbot paſſant. Whereas the Gowers of Stitenham bear Barry, Argent, and Gules, a croſs patee flore, Sable; and for their creſt a wolf paſſant, Argent, collared and chained, Or. Sir Harris Nicolas on the authority of one of the Cottonian MSS. (Julius C. VII. fol. 152) ſtates that there was living at the ſame period another John Gower, who bore a coat entirely different from the two families above mentioned. He was a party to a deed with Ralph Spigurnell and Sir John de Byſhopſton, dated Weſtminſter, the 20th of Auguſt 1359, and enrolled on Rot. Pat. 33 Edw. III. p. II. membr. 6. By this inſtrument the king confirms to him and others certain grants for life made by Roger Mortimer, earl of March. One of the manors granted is that of Bridgewater in Somerſet, with which the deſcendants of the Gowers of Stitenham have only recently been connected.

In the fourteenth century a family of reſpectability of the name of Gower dwelt in Suffolk and probably reſided occaſionally in Kent, to which attention was firſt drawn by Weever,† who, when mentioning the epitaph of Sir Robert Gower on his tomb at Brabourne, adds: "From this familie John Gower the poet was deſcended."

Sir Robert Gower, knight, obtained on the 25th of June

* Retroſpective Review, Second Series, II. p. 111.

† Funeral Monuments, p. 270, fol. 1631.

1333 from David de Strabolgi, earl of Athol, who was killed in the Scotch wars in 1335, a grant of the manor of Kentwell with its appurtenances in Suffolk. Sir Robert died in or before the year 1349, for the ſaid manor was granted at that time to Katherine, Counteſs of Athol, to hold until the heirs of the deceaſed became of age.* He was buried in the church of Brabourne near Aſhford in Kent, where a braſs monument was formerly preſerved with his effigy, holding a ſhield charged with the ſame arms as thoſe on the poet's tomb and on the ſeal of the above-mentioned deed executed by John Gower in 1373. Sir Robert Gower left two daughters as his heirs, of whom Katherine, the elder, died in the year 1366, and her ſiſter Joan, the wife of William Neve of Wyting, ſucceeded her in her moiety of Kentwell. Neve muſt have died within two years of that date, for on the 28th June 1368 Thomas Syward, pewterer and citizen of London, and Joan his wife, daughter of Sir Robert Gower, knight, granted the manor of Kentwell in Suffolk to John Gower,† who certainly was the next heir and a near relative to Joan, though we do not learn whether he was her couſin, nephew, or brother.

By a deed executed at Orford, on Thurſday the 30th of September 1373, John Gower conferred the whole of his manor of Kentwell in Suffolk upon John Cobham, knight, William Weſton, Roger Aſhburnham, Thomas Brokhill, and Thomas Preſton, rector of Tunſtall. Some of the feoffees, eſpecially Sir John Cobham, reſided in Kent, and the document was likewiſe executed in that county. Can it be a mere coincidence, ſays Sir Harris Nicolas, that the poet in his will mentions his manor of

* Nicolas, Retroſp. Rev. p. 107, from the original charters and inquiſitions.

† Ibid. pp. 107-8.

Multon in Suffolk, which is ſcarcely fifteen miles diſtant from Kentwell, and appoints Sir Arnold Savage, a Kentiſh knight, whoſe family was cloſely related to the Cobhams, and William Denne likewiſe of Kent, to be his executors?* It appears far more probable that John Gower the owner of Multon, and John Gower the owner of Kentwell, who bore the ſame arms, lived at the ſame time, held property in Suffolk, and poſſeſſed at leaſt friends in Kent, was one and the ſame perſon.

The name of Gower does not occur very frequently either in royal or private grants, and that of John Gower is ſtill rarer. All records therefore in which a John Gower is mentioned as having lived during the ſecond part of the fourteenth century in *Suffolk* and *Kent*, may reaſonably be referred to the poet himſelf, and not to the Gowers of Stitenham, from whom the preſent noble family of Gower is deſcended.

Fortunately a careful ſearch of the Cloſe Rolls of Edward III. and Richard II., undertaken for the purpoſe, has yielded ſome evidence unknown to previous writers, which converts the conjecture of Sir Harris Nicolas into a certainty. The firſt document bearing upon the ſubject is a charter dated the 1ſt of Auguſt 1382, by which Guy de Rowcliffe, clerk, grants and confirms the manor of Feltwell in the county of Norfolk and the manor of Multon in Suffolk, which had been granted to him by Thomas de Catherton, to John Gower, *eſquire of Kent*, to have and to hold in fee to the ſaid John Gower and his heirs male by due and accuſtomed ſervices. The next is a deed dated the 3rd of Auguſt 1382, by which John Gower, *eſquire of Kent*, releaſes for ever to Guy de Rowcliffe, clerk, who had granted to him and his heirs on the 1ſt of Auguſt the manors of Feltwell and Multon, all manner of warranty

* Retroſpective Review, p. 106.

for the ſaid manors. This releaſe was acknowledged in Chancery by the aforeſaid John Gower in perſon on the 28th of the ſame month.*

Theſe inſtruments ſhow that John Gower belonged to the county of Kent, and that on the 1ſt Auguſt 1382 he became legally poſſeſſed of the manors of Feltwell in Norfolk and Multon in Suffolk; mention is alſo made of the Manor of Multon in Suffolk in his will, which proves almoſt to demonſtration, that the John Gower referred to in thoſe deeds was alſo the author of the Confeſſio Amantis, who lies buried in St. Saviour's, Southwark, and whoſe will has happily been preſerved at Lambeth Palace.

On the 6th Auguſt 1382, John Gower the poet granted his manors of Feltwell and Multon to Thomas Blakelake, parſon of the church of St. Nicholas at Feltwell and four other perſons for the ſum of £40 to be paid annually in the conventual Church at Weſtminſter. This indenture was entered in Chancery on the 24th of October in the ſame year, and the ſame grant was repeated on the 29th of February, 1384.†

Two ſimilar documents remain to be mentioned. By one dated the 3rd of February 1381, 4 Ric. II. Iſabella, daughter of Walter de Huntingfield, remits all the right and claim ſhe has from her father to certain lands and tenements belonging to the pariſhes of Throwley and Stalesfield in the county of Kent to John Gower and John Bowland, clerk.‡ By the other dated the 10th of June

* Rot. Claus. 6 Ric. II. p. 1. memb. 27 dorſo. Both documents are in French: Sachent toutes gentz moy Guy de Rouclif' Clerc' auoir donee grauntee et par ceſte ma chartre conferme a Johan Gower Eſquier de Kent etc. A tous iceux, qui ceſtes lettres verront ou orront, Johan Gower Eſquier de Kent ſalutz en dieux. Sachez que come Guy de Rouclyf' Clerc' etc.

† Rot. Claus. 6 Ric. II. p. 1. membr. 23 dorſo. Rot. Claus. 7 Ric. II. membr. 17 dorſo. ſee Retr. Rev. p. 117.

‡ Rot. Claus. 4 Ric. II. membr. 15 dorſo, entered in Chancery on the 28th March.

1385, 8 Ric. II. the ſame Iſabella, daughter and heir of Walter de Huntingfield of the county of Kent, remits to John Gower *of the ſame county* for herſelf and her heirs all actions, plaints, and demands which may have ariſen between them from the beginning of the world up to the preſent day.* In the document dated the 3rd February 1381 Gower is not deſcribed as belonging to the county of Kent; perhaps he did not enter upon his property in that county until the year in which the great rebellion of the Commons took place; an event which he has ſo circumſtantially noticed in his Latin poem the Vox Clamantis.

In 39 Edw. III. 1365, William, ſon of Sir William Septvanvs, knight, granted to John Gower and his heirs a rental of ten pounds out of the manor of Wygebergh in Eſſex, and releaſed to him and his heirs by a ſecond inſtrument the manor of Aldyngton in Kent with the rent of 14*s.* 6*d.* and of one cock, thirteen hens, and forty eggs out of Mapleſcomb.† From this it would appear that Gower alſo poſſeſſed property in Eſſex.

But the only reliable facts to be gathered from theſe documents are, that John Gower the poet, if not the direct deſcendant, was at leaſt the heir of a knight, whoſe property was ſituated in Suffolk, and who was buried in Kent; that the poet called himſelf eſquire of the county of Kent; that he held various manors at leaſt in three, if not in more counties; that he was careful in entering for his own ſecurity all leaſes and releaſes to which he was a party on the rolls of Chancery, and that he was a member of an opulent family in the ſouth of England.

An extract from the regiſter of W^m^ de Wykeham

* Rot. Claus. 8 Ric. II. membr. 5 dorſo, entered in Chancery on the ſame day, in perpetuum quietum clamaſſe Johanni Gower de eodem Comitatu.

† Rot. Clauſ. 39 Edw. III. membr. 21 dorſo.

preſerved in the regiſtry of Wincheſter mentions the marriage of a John Gower to Agnes Groundolf at St. Mary Magdalen's, Southwark, on the 25th of January, 1397, and the facts that the poet's wife was named Agnes and that he does not mention any iſſue in his will ſuggeſt the inference that the perſon mentioned is John Gower the poet, and that he was not married until he reached old age.*

His taſtes and perhaps reſidence in the ſame vicinity may have occaſioned an intimacy between him and his great contemporary and brother poet Chaucer, who like himſelf was connected with the county of Kent; but we do not find any evidence to ſhow that they were fellow ſtudents either at Oxford or in the Temple: although when Chaucer, ſoon after the acceſſion of Richard II., was ſent on a miſſion to the Continent, he, in a deed dated the 21ſt May, 1378, appointed John Gower and Richard Forreſter his attorneys during his abſence.† That the two poets were friends, and conſidered each other fellow labourers, is ſatisfactorily confirmed by the compliments they pay each other in ſome of their works. Chaucer inſerts at the end of Troilus and Creſeide a dedication:

> "*O morall Gower, this booke I direct*
> *To thee and to the philoſophicall Strode,*

* Willelmus permiſſione divina Wyntonienſis Epiſcopus, dilecto in Chriſto filio, domino Willelmo, capellano parochiali eccleſiæ S. Mariæ Magdalenæ in Suthwerk, noſtræ dioceſis, ſalutem, gratium, et benedictionem. Ut matrimonium inter Joannem Gower et Agnetem Groundolf dictæ eccleſiæ parochianos ſine ulteriore bannorum editione, dumtamen aliud canonicum non obſiſtat, extra eccleſiam parochialem, in Oratorio ipſius Joannis Gower infra hoſpicium cum in prioratu B. Mariæ de Overee in Suthwerk prædicta ſituatum, ſolempnizare valeas licenciam tibi tenore præſentium, quatenus ad nos attinet concedimus ſpecialem. In cujus rei teſtimonium ſigillum noſtrum fecimus his apponi. Dat. in manerio noſtro de alta clera viceſimo quinto die menſis Januarii A. D. 1397, et noſtræ conſecrationis 31mo.

† Nicolas, Life of Chaucer, pp. 37, 125.

To vouchſafe there need is to correct
*Of your benignities and zeales good."**

The epithet moral is applied very properly to the general character of Gower's writings; and it may be remarked, that Chaucer's deſire that Gower ſhould correct whatever was needed, ſhows that he conſidered him a competent judge in matters of poetry.

As if in anſwer to this compliment, Gower makes Venus ſay in ſome copies of the Confeſſio Amantis:

"And grete well Chaucer, whan ye mete,
As my diſciple and my poete.
For in the floures of his youth,
In ſundry wiſe, as he well couth,
Of dittees and of ſonges glade,
The which he for my ſake made,
The lond fulfilled is over all,
Wherof to him in ſpeciall
Above all other I am moſt holde.
Forthy now in his daies olde
Thou ſhalt him telle this meſſage,
That he upon his later age
To ſette an ende of all his werke
As he, which is min owne clerke,
Do make his teſtament of love,
As thou haſt do thy ſhrifte above,
*So that my court it may recorde."†

Nevertheleſs it has been ſuggeſted that their friendſhip was afterwards interrupted,‡ and the following reaſons

* Aldine edition, 1845, v. 172.

† See the preſent edition, Vol. III. p. 374.

‡ Tyrwhitt, Introductory Diſcourſe to the Canterbury Tales, § 14. Todd, Illuſtrations, p. xxvii; and Godwin, Life of Chaucer, II. p. i. *et ſeq.*

have been adduced in ſupport of the conjecture. Chaucer declaims in the Prologue to the Man of Lawes Tale* againſt ſuch dreadful and lewd tales — "unkinde abhominations"—as he calls them, as thoſe of Canace and Appollinus of Tyre, which are undoubtedly amongſt the beſt ſtories told in the Confeſſio Amantis. Tyrwhitt firſt ſuſpected this to be a direct attack by Chaucer on Gower, with whom Godwin imagines he muſt have quarrelled. However, it has not eſcaped Tyrwhitt, that the Man of Lawes Tale and that of the Wife of Bath are either directly borrowed from Gower, or have been taken by both poets from one common ſource. It is therefore highly improbable, that Chaucer, ſpeaking in the perſon of the Man of Law, really intended to expreſs in ſuch a ſtrange manner his diſreſpect for a friend, who like himſelf had attained to an advanced age. Another ſuppoſition for the diſturbance of their friendſhip has ariſen from the complimentary verſes on Chaucer, which only appear in the loyal edition addreſſed to king Richard II, having been omitted in a number of copies of the Confeſſio Amantis, dedicated to Henry of Lancaſter. But this may be thus accounted for. The verſes occur at the end of the poem, and the Lancaſter copy which appeared in 1392-3, at a time when Chaucer was in trouble with the exiſting government, terminates altogether differently;† it is therefore not unlikely, that Gower, timid and obſequious by nature, had ſome reaſon for not mentioning his friend in the edition deſtined for the acceptance and peruſal of Henry. The omiſſion may ſhow ſelfiſh feeling on the part of Gower; but it certainly does not prove that their friendſhip was interrupted.

In the 17th year of Richard II. 1393-4, Henry of Lancaſter preſented "un eſquier John Gower," "perhaps"

* Aldine edition, II. 135. † Nicolas, Life of Chaucer, p. 50.

one of that prince's retainers, with a collar. The poet is repreſented on his tomb with a collar of SS, to which a ſwan, Henry's badge, is appended; but, as that badge is believed not to have been aſſumed by Henry until after the demiſe of Thomas of Woodſtock, duke of Glouceſter, in September 1397, the ſwan may have been given to Gower at a ſubſequent period.* It does not ſeem too much to preſume, that the collar was preſented to the poet as a direct acknowledgment of the dedication of his work, which, as has already been mentioned, was addreſſed in the previous year to Henry earl of Derby.

In the year 1400, about the time when Chaucer died, Gower, who in the dedication to the Confeſſio Amantis had previouſly complained of ſickneſs,† became blind from old age, and in the year following was obliged to give up writing, as appears from ſome Latin verſes, which are found in ſeveral MSS.‡ Feeling the approach of death, he abandoned to others writing about the things of this world, and made preparations for a pious end.§

* Nicolas, in Retroſp. Rev. p. 117, from a record in the Duchy of Lancaſter Office.

† *Though I ſikeneſſe have upon honde*, vol. 1. p. 4, 5.

‡ Printed in Thynne's edition of Chaucer, 1532. fo. 377., b. and, with ſome variation, in Balades and other Poems of John Gower, Roxburghe Club, 1818. It has the following Epigraph:

"Explicit carmen de pacis commendatione, quod ad laudem et memoriam ſereniſſimi principis domini regis Henrici quarti ſuis humilis orator Johannes Gower compoſuit."

"*Henrici quarti primus regni fuit annus,*
Quo mihi defecit viſus ad acta mea," etc.

and in MSS. of Vox Clamantis:—

"*Henrici regis annus fuit ille ſecundus,*
Scribere dum ceſſo, ſum quia cecus ego."

See Retr. Rev. p. 116.

§ Ibid.

"*Vana tamen mundi mundo ſcribenda reliqui*
Scriboque finali carmine vado mori.
Scribat qui veniet poſt me diſcrecior alter,
Ammodo namque manus et mea penna ſilent."

A circumſtantial will was executed by him on the day of the Aſſumption of the holy Virgin, the 15th Auguſt 1408 in the Priory of St. Mary Overy's, the mother-church of Southwark. By it he bequeaths to the Prior, the Sub-prior, the Canons and the ſervants of the ſaid convent liberal donations varying from £1 to 1 ſhilling each; he makes ſimilar gifts to the church of St. Mary Magdalen and the four pariſh churches in Southwark,—St. Margaret's, St. George's, St. Olave's, and St. Mary Magdalen's near Bermondſey—for lamps, garments, and prayers for his ſoul; and he leaves other ſums to the maſters and inmates of the Hoſpitals of St. Thomas the Martyr in Southwark, St. Thomas Elſingſpital, Bedlam, Biſhopſgate without, and St. Mary's, Weſtminſter. He deſires that his body ſhall be buried in the Chapel of St. John the Baptiſt in St. Mary Overy's, and he bequeaths as a perpetual gift for the altar in the ſaid chapel two coſtly ſilken prieſt's dreſſes, a large new miſſal, and a new chalice. The Prior and Convent are alſo to preſerve in memory of him a large book entitled *Martilogium* (Martyrologium), which had recently been written out at his own expenſe. He next leaves a hundred pounds to his wife Agnes, who is not mentioned in any other document. She is likewiſe to retain three cups, one coverlet, two ſaltcellers and twelve ſpoons of ſilver, and to have all his beds and cheſts with all the appurtenances of hall, pantry, and kitchen, a chalice and garment for the altar of their private chapel, and for the time ſhe ſurvives her huſband the full enjoyment of all rents due to him from the leaſe of his two manors, Southwell in Nottingham, and Multon in Suffolk. He appoints his ſaid wife; Sir Arnold Savage, knight; an eſquire Robert; William Denne, canon of the king's chapel; and John Burton, clerk; his executors. The will was proved by Agnes Gower at Lambeth before Archbiſhop Thomas Arundel on the 24th of October;

and the adminiſtration of the property not ſpecified therein was granted to her on the 7th of November following.* Conſequently the poet muſt have died between the 15th of Auguſt and 24th of October in that year.

Several ſubjects connected with this document muſt remain undecided. A ſearch made for the poet's title to the manor of Southwell in Nottingham has been unſucceſsful. No mention is made of his property in Kent, Eſſex, and Norfolk, and there is no clauſe whatever referring to a ſon and heir. It is aſſerted by Sir Harris Nicolas:† "that ſuch an omiſſion renders it unlikely that he had iſſue, but it is not concluſive. It is manifeſt from the probate,‡ that he had other property than that ſpoken of in his will, and if he had only one ſon, or if he had female iſſue only, he or they would have ſucceeded to it; hence it was not requiſite, that he ſhould ſpecially provide for them by legacies." The reſearch of the ſame diſtinguiſhed genealogiſt has connected, as the probable deſcendants of the poet, ſuch perſons of the name of Gower as occur in Kent and Surrey during the fifteenth century.§

Another important record concerning Gower is preſerved on his tomb and monument ſtill extant in St. Mary Overy's, now St. Saviour's Southwark, of which Blore‖ has given a good engraving and the following deſcription:

"The monument of John Gower is in the Chapel of St. John,¶ in the north aiſle of the nave of St. Mary Overy's,

* Johannis Gower nuper defuncti, ſee Teſtament, Todd, Illuſtrations, p. 87. Blore, Sepulchral Antiquities, and Nicolas, Retr. Rev. p. 103.

† Retr. Rev. p. 111.

‡ Pro eo, quod idem defunctus nonnulla bona optinuit in diverſis dioceſibus noſtri Cantuarienſis provincie.

§ See pedigree, Retr. Rev. p. 114.

‖ The monumental remains of noble and eminent perſons compriſing the Sepulchral Antiquities of Great Britain, 1826.

¶ The chapel of St. John has long ſince diſappeared; the tomb ſtood

commonly called St. Saviour's Church, in Southwark. It is entirely of ſtone, and conſiſts of a canopy of three arches with bouquet [crocketed] pediments, parted by finials, and at the back of each pediment three niches, of which there are alſo ſeven in front of the altar tomb." Berthelette, in the introduction to his edition of the Confeſſio Amantis, publiſhed in 1532, gives the following deſcription of the repreſentations of Charity, Mercy, and Pity, now nearly obliterated, which were painted againſt the wall within the three upper arches. "Beſide on the wall where he lieth, there be peinted three virgins, with crownes on their heades, one of the whiche is written Charitie, and ſhe holdeth this diuiſe in hir hande:—

"*En toy qui eſt filz de dieu le pere*
Sauve ſoit qui giſt ſouz ceſt piere.

"The ſecond is written Mercie, which holdeth in hir hande this diuiſe:—

"*O bon Jeſu fait ta mercie*
Al alme, dont le corpe giſt icy.

"The thyrde of them is written Pitee, whiche holdeth in hir hande this diuiſe followynge:—

"*Pour ta Pite Jeſu regarde*
Et met ceſt alme en ſauve garde."

On the top of the altar tomb is the effigy of the poet; his head reclining on three volumes, repreſenting his three great works and inſcribed with their reſpective titles. The hair falls in large curls on his ſhoulders, and is crowned with a chaplet of four roſes, originally, as Leland* tells us, intermixed with ivy, "in token, ſays Berthelette, that

a little weſtward of the north tranſept, until 1830, when it was removed into the ſouth tranſept.

* Commentarii, p. 415. Habet ibidem ſtatuam duplici inſignem nota, nempe aureo torque et hederacea corona roſis interſerta, illud militis, hoc poetæ ornamentum.

he in his life daies, flouriſhed freſhely in literature and ſcience." It is inſcribed, *ihi merci.* A long robe, cloſely buttoned down the front, extends from the neck to the feet, which are entirely covered. A collar of SS., from which is ſuſpended a ſmall ſwan, chained, the badge of Henry IV, hangs from his neck; his feet reſt upon a lion, and above, within a panel of the ſide of the canopy, a ſhield is ſuſpended, charged with his arms, Argent on a chevron, Azure, three leopards' heads, Or; creſt, on a cap of maintenance, a talbot ſeiant [paſſant]. Under the figure of Mercy are theſe lines:—

Armigeri ſcutum nihil a modo fert tibi tutum;
Reddidit immolutum morti generale tributum;
Spiritus exutum regaudeat eſſe ſolutum
Eſt ubi virtutum regnum ſine labe ſtatutum.

On the ledge of the tomb was an inſcription, now entirely gone:—

Hic jacet J. Gower, arm.
Angl. poeta celeberrimus ac
Huic ſacro edificio benefac. inſignis.
Vixit temporibus Ed. III. *et* R. II.

Adjoining the monument there hung originally a table granting 1500 days' pardon, "ab eccleſia rite conceſſos," for all thoſe who devoutly prayed for his ſoul."*

It is affirmed by Leland,† that Gower was one of the principal benefactors of the Priory of St. Mary Overy's, which had been burnt down in 1212, and that he contributed conſiderable ſums towards rebuilding it in the reign of Richard II. His monument has been repaired three times; firſt in 1615, next in 1764, and laſtly in 1830 by earl Gower, marquis of Stafford, the preſent duke of Sutherland.

* Caxton's Edition of the Confeſſio Amantis, 1483, fol. 211[b].
† Commentarii, p. 416, & Collectanea, I, p. 106.

II.—His Writings and Character.

A young and healthy literature is generally the offspring of ſome remarkable epoch in the hiſtory of the nation to which it belongs; for men's minds are fertilized and invigorated by the actions of great political events, and an impulſe is given to their imagination and language, which more tranquil times would probably never have evoked. This obſervation eſpecially applies to England in the fourteenth century, when the long reign of Edward III. had been marked by circumſtances the moſt varied and extraordinary in its hiſtory. The eyes of all Europe were fixed for a time on a ſtruggle between two empires for the crown of one of them. Great wars with France had been crowned with unparalleled ſucceſs to the arms of the king and his brave ſon; but at laſt a ſudden check reverſed the ſplendid picture. The once glorious king, borne down by premature old age and decay of intellect, ſaw nearly all his conqueſts ſnatched from him, and the ſecurity of his iſland empire menaced by the enemy, while his people, who for many years had borne the burden of the war with cheerful patriotiſm, for which they had obtained conceſſions of ineſtimable political rights, began to clamour againſt the king's ill ſucceſs, and to demand a direct ſhare in the adminiſtration of public affairs. The vicious and corrupt ſtate of the church had brought on the firſt ſerious attempt at a reformation; and a bold and honeſt prieſt had riſen to preach the Goſpel in the vernacular tongue "free and truly." The whole order of things as they then exiſted ſeemed on the point of collapſing, when Edward, by this time become a wretched dotard, died in the arms

of a concubine, and his grandſon, a mere boy, ſucceeded to the throne. Ere Richard had reigned four years, the Commons, who had long viewed with indignation the poſſeſſion of wealth and the excluſive enjoyment of political privileges by the higher orders of ſociety, and who had imbibed very erroneous ideas of property, government, and religion, revolted, and for a moment threatened the country with a general conflagration. Their riſing ſtruck terror into the hearts of the more peaceable part of the community. Nor were the diſaſters conſequent on this event unaccompanied by others of equal gravity. Crown and country being both exhauſted, no freſh ſucceſſes againſt the French were obtained, and a ſpirit of diſcontent began rapidly to pervade all claſſes. This young and headſtrong prince made two dangerous attempts to wreſt from the people what they claimed as their ancient and hard earned rights, and for a ſhort time ſucceeded in ruling them with true deſpotiſm; but the century cloſed with his depoſition, the acceſſion of a ſkilful uſurper and a univerſal reaction in church and ſtate.

Nevertheleſs not only did civil and religious liberty take ſo firm a root as to enable it to withſtand the moſt violent political tempeſts of ſucceeding ages, but the firſt bloſſoms of Engliſh literature, forerunners of repeated brilliant diſplays of genius, began to expand during this period, and it is as one of the earlieſt labourers in this hitherto uncultivated field, that John Gower will ever be honourably mentioned.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century, there exiſted in England no national language; the court, nobility, parliament, and even the courts of law ſpoke French, the church generally made uſe of Latin, and public acts were written in either language, while the deſcendants of the Anglo-Saxon race employed a dialect of direct Saxon

ıtion, but modified and ſoftened by time, and occa-
ly mixed up with words of Romance origin. Theſe
tongues, from all of which the Engliſh language
ıpidly forming itſelf, remained in public uſe through-
ıe century. In 1362 Parliament was firſt opened by
ech in Engliſh, and the courts of law ſubſequently
ed the ſame language; Chaucer had already begun
ite, and Gower, whoſe earlier works had been com-
in French and Latin, now uſed his mother-tongue.
: is no better illuſtration of this ſingular tranſition to
ngliſh language than a ſhort enumeration and de-
ion of Gower's writings.

ıe head of the figure ſculptured on his tomb reclines
ıree volumes repreſenting his three great works,
:n in as many languages: the Speculum Meditantis,
ox Clamantis, and the Confeſſio Amantis. Several
and Caxton's edition of the Engliſh poem contain
llowing ſhort characteriſtic ſketch of each of them
ı up probably by the poet himſelf, but differing,
is two editions of the Confeſſio Amantis, according
poſition in relation to the political events of the day.

ia unuſquiſque prout
accepit aliis impartire
ır, Johannes Gower
hiis que Deus ſibi in-
tualiter donavit, villi-
is ſue racionem dum
ıs inſtat ſecundum ali-
alleviare cupiens, inter
:s et ocia ad aliorum
am tres libros doctrine
forma ſubſequenti
erea compoſuit.
imus liber Gallico ſer-

Quia unuſquiſque prout
a Deo accepit aliis impartiri
tenetur, Johannes Gower
ſuper hiis que Deus ſibi
ſenſualiter donavit, villica-
cionis ſue racionem dum
tempus inſtat ſecundum ali-
quod alleviare cupiens, inter
labores et ocia ad aliorum
noticiam tres libros doctrine
cauſa forma ſubſequenti
propterea compoſuit.
Primus liber Gallico ſer-

mone editus in decem dividitur partes et tractans de viciis et virtutibus necnon de variis huius ſeculi gradibus viam, qua peccator tranſgreſſus ad ſui creatoris agnicionem redire debet, recto tramite docere conatur. Titulus libelli iſtius *Speculum hominis* nuncupatus eſt.

Secundus enim liber ſermone Latino verſibus exametri compoſitus tractat ſuper illo mirabili eventu, qui in Anglia tempore Regis Ricardi Secundi anno regni ſui quarto contigit, quando ſerviles ruſtici impetuoſe contra nobiles et ingenuos regni inſurrexerunt, innocenciam tamen dicti Domini Regis tunc junioris etatis cauſam inde excuſabilem pronuncians culpas aliunde, et quibus et non a fortuna talia inter homines contingunt enormia, evidencius declarat. Tituluſque voluminis huius, cuius ordo ſeptem continet pagas, *Vox Clamantis* nominatur.

Tercius iſte liber Anglico ſermone in octo partes diviſus, qui ad inſtanciam

mone editus in decem dividitur partes et tractans de viciis et virtutibus necnon de variis huius ſeculi gradibus viam, qua peccator tranſgreſſus ad ſui creatoris agnicionem redire debet, recto tramite docere conatur. Tituluſque libelli iſtius *Speculum Meditantis* nuncupatus eſt.

Secundus enim liber ſermone Latino metrice compoſitus tractat de variis infortuniis tempore Regis Ricardi Secundi in Anglia contingentibus, unde non ſolum regni proceres et communes tormenta paſſi ſunt, ſet et ipſe crudeliſſimus Rex ſuis ex demeritis ab alto corruens in foveam quam fecit finaliter proiectus eſt. Nomenque voluminis huius *Vox Clamantis* intitulatur.

Tercius iſte liber qui ob reverenciam ſtrenuiſſimi domini ſui Domini Henrici

iſſimi Principis dicti
nini Regis Anglie Ri-
i Secundi conficitur ſe-
lum Danielis prophe-
ı ſuper huius mundi
orum mutacione a tem-
: Regis Nabogodonoſor
ıe nunc tempora diſtin-
. Tractat eciam ſecun-
ı Nectanabum et Ariſto-
n ſuper hiis, quibus Rex
xander tam in ſui regi-
e quam aliter amorem
amantum condiciones
lamentum habet, ubi
arum cronicarum hiſto-
ımque finem necnon
arum philoſophorum-
Scripture ad exemplum
nctius inſeruntur. No-
que preſentis opuſculi
feſſio Amantis ſpecialiter
cupatur.

de Lancaſtria tunc Derbie Comitis Anglico ſermone conficitur ſecundum Danielis propheciam ſuper huius mundi regnorum mutacione a tempore Regis Nabugodonoſor uſque nunc tempora diſtinguit. Tractat eciam ſecundum Ariſtotelem ſuper hiis, quibus Rex Alexander tam in ſui regimine quam aliter eius diſcipline edoctus fuit. Principale tamen huius operis materia ſuper amorem et infatuatas amantum paſſiones fundamentum habet. Nomenque ſibi appropriatum *Confeſſio Amantis* ſpecialiter ſortitus eſt.*

'he French poem is placed firſt in order, and there ıfficient reaſon to believe, that Gower in the earlier of his career chiefly made uſe of this language. No y of the Speculum Meditantis has yet been diſcovered; t Warton† and his copyiſts erroneouſly deſcribe uch, is another ſhort French poem under the title, 'n Traitee ſelonc les auctеurs pour enſamplier les nts marietz au fin qils la foy de lour ſeints eſpouſailles rront pur fine loyalte guarder et al honeur de Dieu

* MS. Harl. 3869, fol. 366, and Caxton, fol. 210^{b}.

† Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, ed. 1840, II. p. 226.

ſalvement tener." This work is occaſionally met with in manuſcript, and has been partially printed.* The contents, examples from mythology, and hiſtory, correſpond with the title. But there are fifty French Ballads, found only in a very valuable MS. in the poſſeſſion of the duke of Sutherland, and printed in 1818 for the Roxburghe Club, which are undoubtedly the productions of the poet's younger years. They are tender in ſentiment and not unrefined with regard to language and form, eſpecially if we conſider that they are the work of a foreigner. They treat of love in the manner introduced by the Provençal poets, which was afterwards generally adopted by thoſe in the north of France. A few ſpecimens cannot fail to give a favourable idea of Gower's ſkill and expreſſion.

Balade xv.

" *Com leſperver qe vole par creance*
Et de ſon las ne poet partir envoie,
De mes amours enſi par reſemblance
Jeo ſui liez ſique par nulle voie
Ne puiſs aler ſamour ne me convoie,
Vous manetz, dame, eſtrait de tiele mue,
Combien qe vo preſence ades ne voie
Mon coer remanit qe point ne ſe remue.

" *Soubtz vo conſtreignte et ſoubtz vo governance*
Amour mad dit qe jeo me ſupple et ploie,
Sicome foial doit faire a ſa ligeance
Et plus daſſetz ſi faire le porroie,
Pour ce, ma doulce dame, a vous motroie.
Car a ce point jai fait ma retenue,
Qe ſi le corps de moi fuiſt ore a Troie
Mon coer remanit qe point ne ſe remue.

* Balades and other Poems by John Gower; Roxburghe Club, 1818.

" *Si come le Mois de May leſprees avance,*
Qeſt tout flori quant lerbe ſe verdoie,
Enſi par vous revient ma contienance
De vo bealte ſi penſer je le doie,
Et ſi merci me volt veſtir de joie
Pour la bounte que vous avetz veſtue
En tiel eſpoir, ma dame, unques jeo ſoie
Mon coer remanit qe point ne ſe remue.

" *A voſtre ymage eſt tout ceo qe jeo proie,*
Quant ceſte lettre a vous ſerra venue,
Qa vous ſervir come cil qeſt voſtre proie,
Mon coer remanit qe point ne ſe remue."

Balade xx.

" *Sicom la nief, quant le fort vent tempeſte,*
Pur halte mier ſe torna ci et la,
Ma dame, enſi mon coer manit en tempeſte,
Quant le danger de vo parole orra,
Le nief qe votre bouche ſoufflera,
Me fait ſigler ſur le peril de vie,
Qeſt en danger falt qil mera ſupplie.

" *Rois Ulyxes, ſicom nos diſt la geſte,*
Vers ſon paiis de Troie qui ſigla,
Not tiel paour du peril et moleſte,
Quant les Sereines en la mier paſſa,
Et la danger de Circes eſchapa,
Qe le paour neſt plus de ma partie,
Qeſt en danger falt qil mera ſupplie.

" *Danger qui tolt damour tout la feſte,*
Unques un mot de confort ne ſona,
Ainz plus cruel qe neſt la fiere beſte
Au point quant danger me reſpondera.
La chiere porte et quant le nai dirra,

Pluſque la mort meſtoie celle oie
Qeſt en danger falt qil mera ſupplie.

"*Vers vous, ma bone dame, horpris cella,*
Qe danger manit en votre compainie,
Ceſt balade en mon meſſage irra
Qeſt en danger falt qil mera ſupplie."

A few lines are preſerved in the ſame manuſcript, in which the poet aſks the reader's indulgence for his French:—

"*Al Univerſite de tout le monde*
Johan Gower ceſte balade envoie,
Et ſi jeo nai de francois la faconde,
Pardonetz moi qe jeo de ceo forſvoie.
Jeo ſui Englois ſi quier par tiele voie
Eſtre excuſe mais quoique nulls endie,
Lamour parfit en dieu ſe juſtifie."

There are no indications of the dates of his French productions, but that the poet in later days ſtill uſed this language appears from ſome French verſes addreſſed to king Henry IV. after his acceſſion, and preſerved in the ſame volume.

Soon after the rebellion of the Commons in 1381, an event which made a great impreſſion on his mind, he wrote that ſingular work in Latin diſtichs, called Vox Clamantis, of which we poſſeſs an excellent edition by the Rev. H. O. Coxe, printed for the Roxburghe Club, in 1850. The name, with an alluſion to St. John the Baptiſt, ſeems to have been adopted from the general clamour and cry then abroad in the country. The greater bulk of the work, the date of which its editor is inclined to fix between 1382 and 1384 is rather a moral than an hiſtorical eſſay; but the firſt book deſcribes the inſurrection of Wat Tyler in an allegorical diſguiſe; the poet having a dream on the

11th of June 1381, in which men aſſume the ſhape of animals. The ſecond book contains a long ſermon on fataliſm, in which the poet ſhows himſelf no friend to Wiclif's tenets, but a zealous advocate for the reformation of the clergy. The third book points out how all orders of ſociety muſt ſuffer for their own vices and demerits; in illuſtration of which he cites the example of the ſecular clergy. The fourth book is dedicated to the cloiſtered clergy and the friars, the fifth to the military, the ſixth contains a violent attack on the lawyers, and the ſeventh ſubjoins the moral of the whole, repreſented in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, as interpreted by Daniel.

There exiſt ſeveral other ſmall Latin poems, written generally in the medieval (leonine) hexameter, viz:

Cronica Tripartita, containing a mere outline of the latter part of Richard II.'s reign and vindicating the acceſſion of Henry IV, printed in the ſame volume.

Latin verſes, addreſſed to Henry IV. and ſome others, about the poet's old age and blindneſs, publiſhed from the duke of Sutherland's MSS.

Carmen de variis in amore paſſionibus breviter compilatum.

Contra Demonis aſtuciam in cauſa lollardie, in MS. Harl. 3869, fol. 362.

In the liſt of his writings Gower himſelf aſſigned the third and laſt place to his Engliſh poem, the Confeſſio Amantis. There is reaſon to believe that he was induced to compoſe in his native tongue when he was an old man, by the great ſucceſs which his friend Chaucer had achieved by his Engliſh works. The exact date of the poem has not been aſcertained, but there is internal evidence, in certain copies, that it exiſted in the year 1392-3.

As this point involves a queſtion of grave importance with reſpect to the author's behaviour and poſition in the

political events of the day, it will be neceſſary to enter more fully into the ſubject. He unqueſtionably iſſued two editions of the work, which, however, as will be diſtinctly ſeen in the preſent edition, vary from each other only at the commencement and at the end; the one being dedicated to king Richard II, the other to his couſin Henry of Lancaſter, earl of Derby. In the king's copy the poet deſcribes at length, how he came rowing down the Thames at London one day, and how he met king Richard, who, having invited him to ſtep into the royal barge, commanded him to write a book upon ſome new matter. In that addreſſed to Henry he ſays, that the book was finiſhed:—

"*the yere ſixtenthe of king Richard,*"

an important fact, which has been hitherto overlooked by all writers on the ſubject, including even Sir H. Nicolas,* who ſtates that Gower did not dedicate his work to Henry until he had aſcended the throne. But this date in conjunction with the other fact, that in the Confeſſio Amantis Henry is never called king, nor duke of Hereford, nor duke of Lancaſter, but ſimply Henry of Lancaſter, and the circumſtance, that in a marginal note occurring in all copies which contain the dedication to him, he is ſtyled *Dominus Henricus de Lancaſtria, tunc Derbie comes* (a title, which he bore in the year 1392-3), entirely prove, that the work, which he had formerly dedicated to the king, was now addreſſed to the earl. The one verſion abounds in expreſſions of the deepeſt loyalty towards his ſovereign, for whoſe ſake he intends to write *ſome newe thing* in Engliſh; the other mentions the year of the reign of king Richard II, is full of attachment to Henry of Lancaſter:—

"*with whom my herte is of accorde,*"

and purports to appear in Engliſh for England's ſake.

* Life of Chaucer, p. 39.

It is not poſſible that both dedications could have been written at the ſame time; for, if we conſider the political ſituation in thoſe days, only a very abject mind would have made ſimultaneouſly two ſuch oppoſite declarations. Beſides it is diſtinctly ſtated in one verſion, which unqueſtionably is the earlier, that the firſt idea of the work originated with the king, whereas in the other the poet takes no notice whatever of his having been induced by Richard to write an Engliſh work, but merely mentions the year in which he addreſſed it to earl Henry. It is well known, that Henry as early as the year 1387 had joined the oppoſition and had been one of the lords appellants, who forced the king to rule according to the will of parliament. Gower, who was a cloſe obſerver of the political events of his days, ſaw how the young king, after attaining his majority, attempted in the years 1386 and 1387 in conjunction with his favourite the young duke of Ireland, to annihilate the oppoſition headed by the duke of Glouceſter and the earls of Arundel, Warwick, Nottingham, and Derby. He perceived that the king from diſpoſition and inclination was hurrying himſelf and the affairs of his realm to ultimate deſtruction and ruin. He therefore changed his politics early in the reign of Richard II, altered the dedication of his Engliſh work in 1392-3, received in the year next following a collar from Henry of Lancaſter, and looked upon him ever afterwards as the final reſtorer of peace and order. From that time he appears to have been a firm adherer to the Lancaſtrian intereſt, for the ſame ſentiment which he expreſſed in the dedication of 1392-3 is found in ſome Latin and French ſcraps, addreſſed to king Henry IV. and mentioned above, and alſo in an Engliſh poem of fifty-five ſtanzas entitled "a Balade to Kyng Henry the fourth," in which he praiſes him highly and recommends for his imitation

the examples of former great rulers.* This is a very ſimple ſolution founded on facts and dates, by which the honour of the poet is entirely ſaved from the injurious accuſation that he was "an ingrate to his lawful ſovereign, and a ſycophant to the uſurper of his throne."†

The date, therefore, when Gower began to write the Confeſſio Amantis would fall before the year 1386, and before the young king, who had juſt become of age, developed thoſe dangerous qualities which eſtranged from him, amongſt others, the poet, who, as he ſtates himſelf, compoſed his work in Engliſh in conſequence of an invitation from his ſovereign. The Confeſſio Amantis was certainly complete in the year 1392-3, and was therefore written about the time at which Chaucer was engaged upon the latter part of his immortal work, the Canterbury Tales.

We now come to the work itſelf. It conſiſts of a prologue and eight books, written entirely, with the exception of a poem at the end of the eighth book, in verſes of eight ſyllables, rhyming in pairs.

The prologue confirms what has juſt been ſtated with regard to the author's political opinions. Like his contemporaries, Piers Plowman and Wiclif, he imagines, that in conſequence of the abſence of all order and juſtice, the end of the world is at hand. He accuſes the church, eſpecially ſince the beginning of the great ſchiſm between Rome and Avignon which nurtures

"*This newe ſecte of lollardie*,"

as well as the ſtate and the people in general, of being incurably infected with this univerſal diſeaſe. It is not accident or fortune, he ſays, which rules the deſtinies of the world, but God's governance, as revealed in the viſion of

* Chaucer's Works, ed. Thynne, 1532, fol. 375[b].

† Ritſon, Bibliographia Poetica, 1802, p. 25.

Nebuchadnezzar, and explained by the prophet Daniel, whoſe interpretation he next largely comments on, bringing all the hiſtorical knowledge at his command to bear upon the ſubject.

The poem opens by introducing the author himſelf, in the character of an unhappy lover in deſpair, ſmitten by Cupid's arrow. Venus appears to him and, after having heard his prayer, appoints her prieſt called Genius, like the myſtagogue in the Picture of Cebes, to hear the lover's confeſſion. This is the frame of the whole work, which is a ſingular mixture of claſſical notions, principally borrowed from Ovid's Ars Amandi, and of the purely medieval idea, that as a good Catholic the unfortunate lover muſt ſtate his diſtreſs to a father confeſſor. This is done in the courſe of the confeſſion with great regularity and even pedantry: all the paſſions of the human heart, which generally ſtand in the way of love, being ſyſtematically arranged in the various books and ſubdiviſions of the work. After Genius has fully explained the evil affection, paſſion, or vice under conſideration, the lover confeſſes on that particular point; and frequently urges his boundleſs love for an unknown beauty, who treats him cruelly, in a tone of affectation which would appear highly ridiculous in a man of more than ſixty years of age, were it not a common characteriſtic of the poetry of the period. After this profeſſion, the confeſſor oppoſes him, and exemplifies the fatal effects of each paſſion by a variety of appoſite ſtories, gathered from many ſources, examples being then as now a favourite mode of inculcating inſtruction and reformation. At length, after a frequent and tedious recurrence of the ſame proceſs, the confeſſion is terminated by ſome final injunctions of the prieſt—the lover's petition in a ſtrophic poem addreſſed to Venus—the bitter judgment of the goddeſs,

that he ſhould remember his old age and leave off ſuch fooleries:—

> "*For loves luſt and lockes hore*
> *In chambre accorden never more*"

—his cure from the wound cauſed by the dart of love, and his abſolution, received as if by a pious Roman Catholic.

The materials for this extenſive work, and the ſtories inſerted as examples for and againſt the lover's paſſion, are drawn from various ſources. Some have been taken from the Bible, a great number from Ovid's Metamorphoſes, which muſt have been a particular favourite with the author, others from the mediæval hiſtories of the ſiege of Troy, of the feats of Alexander the Great—from the oldeſt collections of novels, known under the name of the Geſta Romanorum, chiefly in its form as uſed in England—from the Pantheon and the Speculum Regum of Godfrey of Viterbo—from the romance of Sir Lancelot, and the chronicles of Caſſiodorus and Iſidorus. We believe that all the ſtories in the work may be referred with certainty to one or other of theſe ſources, except one tale, perhaps the lateſt in date, taken from the apocryphal life of Pope Boniface VIII. In the ſixth book the confeſſor enters into a long diſcourſe on the contents of the Almageſt, he explains the doctrines of the age concerning the vegetable, mineral, and animal ſtones, and aſſerts his own belief in the exiſtence of the philoſopher's ſtone. The ſeventh book contains an expoſition of a great portion of Ariſtotle's philoſophy, chiefly his phyſics, ethics and metaphyſics, not taken from the original, but very likely borrowed from the medieval Pſeudo-Ariſtotelian compendium, known under the name of the Secretum Secretorum.

This great amount of knowledge and ſcience, as ſtudied and revered in thoſe days, gives the work the appearance

of a cyclopædia, in which the author was anxious and vain enough to amaſs whatever he had learnt and extracted from his own library, the contents of which from what has been ſaid before, the reader may eaſily imagine. The accumulation of ſuch ſtores, both of narrative and ſcientific matter, left neceſſarily very little ſpace for a diſplay of the author's imagination, and for poetic invention. He did not poſſeſs the deep love for the beauties of external nature, nor the inimitable humour and diverſified natural paſſion, which we admire in Chaucer. But wanting theſe eſſentially poetical attributes, he indulges freely in reaſoning and moralizing on the happineſs and misfortunes of love, which in former times he may have amply experienced. But however dry his poetic vein, it is not altogether without its charms. The vivacity and variety of his ſhort verſes evince a correct ear and a happy power, by the aſſiſtance of which he enhances the intereſt in a tale, and frequently terminates it with ſatisfaction to the reader.*

The ſtyle in which the Confeſſio Amantis is written, bears ſtrong marks of the author's labour; but he did not ſucceed in blending together the two principal elements of his mother-tongue ſo ſkilfully and harmoniouſly as Chaucer, whoſe earlieſt compoſitions ſhow a conſiderable practice in the uſe of what was then a modern language. As Gower wrote much in French, it is but natural, that there ſhould be in his Engliſh a large proportion of Norman-French words; even in the ſpelling, in which he adheres, if we go back to the more ancient MSS, to the form uſed by the French writers of his day. Yet the Saxon ingredient in his language is as large as in the works of his great contemporary, and compriſes a conſiderable number of words, which at preſent are either

* W. W. Lloyd, in Singer's Shakeſpeare, vol. IV. p. 261.

obſolete, or have altogether changed their meaning. There are very few examples of alliteration and other characteriſtics of pure Saxoniſm. Some of his words, the pronunciation of which is frequently regulated by the rhyme, or may perhaps be referred to his provincial dialect, are curious. For inſtance, inſtead of *I ſaw*, he invariably wrote *I ſigh*; for *not*, he always wrote *nought*. In many inſtances, eſpecially where words change their vowels in deference to the preceding rhyme, he ſets all rules at defiance, and verbs of the ſtrong conjugation are frequently uſed indiſcriminately in the preſent or preterite tenſe without the ſlighteſt regard to the ſenſe of the period. His ſentences are often diffuſe, andungrammatical; and it was evidently no eaſy taſk for him to compoſe this long poem in Engliſh.

In ſpite of all theſe defects the Confeſſio Amantis very ſoon became a favourite in England. Copies were tranſcribed for the court, the nobility, and the general reader. The work is among the earlieſt productions of the Engliſh preſs, and retained its admirers until brighter ſtars made their appearance above the horizon of our national literature.

We have already ſeen, how Chaucer characterized the ſtyle of his brother poet. Even a contemporary chronicler ſeems to borrow occaſionally from the Confeſſio Amantis. The Monk of Eveſham, in the Life of Richard II. ſays of the prelates: "Dimiſerunt oves expoſitas luporum rictibus, ſet nullus erexit baculum ad abigendum,"* which agrees with Gower's Prologue 2.:

> "*For if the wolf come in the way,*
> *Their goſtly ſtaffe is than away,*
> *Whereof they ſhuld her flock defende;*"

* Ed. Hearne, p. 114.

and again: "Sed domina fortuna, quæ rotam inſtabilem non finit ſemper in ſuo ſtatu permanere, proiecit eum Regem quaſi ſubito a ſumma uſque ad yma,"* which at leaſt reſembles Gower's Prologue 1.:—

> "*After the torning of the whele,*
> *Which blinde fortune overthroweth,*
> *Wherof the certain no man knoweth.*"

Towards the end of the fifteenth century, Skelton dedicated a few lines to Gower, which are not without intereſt as deſcriptive of his poetry; in the Boke of Philip Sparrow, he ſays:—

> "*Gowers englyſhe is olde,*
> *And of no value is tolde;*
> *His matter is worth gold,*
> *And worthy to be enrold,*"

and again in the Crowne of Laurell:—

> "*Gower, that firſt garniſhed our Engliſh rude,*
> *And maiſter Chaucer, that nobly enterpriſed,*
> *How that Engliſhe myght freſhely be ennewed.*"

At laſt Shakeſpeare, or whoever wrote or touched with true Shakeſpearean genius the play of Pericles, Prince of Tyre, took his ſubject directly from the ſtory of Appollinus of Tyre, as told in the eighth book of the Confeſſio Amantis, and introduced in the place of Chorus old Gower himſelf, prologuizing and epiloguizing in his own lively metre. The words by which the drama is opened—

> "*To ſing a ſong that old was ſung,*
> *From aſhes ancient Gower is come,*
> *Aſſuming man's infirmities,*
> *To glad our ear and pleaſe our eyes,*"

* Ed. Hearne, p. 149.

are a ſufficient proof, that at the date of this play, (1596 or 1598,) the name and poem of Gower were familiar to many who went to ſee the performance of Pericles. Gower appears alſo in the ſecond part of Shakeſpeare's King Henry IV. as one of the king's party, and in the ſcene with Falſtaff is evidently treated as a perſon of conſiderable importance.

III.—Manuscripts and Editions of the Confessio Amantis.

The Manuſcripts of Gower's Engliſh work are very numerous; there are copies at Oxford, at Cambridge, at Dublin, in the Britiſh Muſeum, and in private collections. At the firſt-mentioned place there are no leſs than ten, for a ſhort notice of which the editor is indebted to the *Rev. H. O. Coxe*, of the Bodleian Library.

MS. Laud, 609, MS. Bodl. 693, MS. Selden, B. 11. and MS. Corp. Chr. Coll. 67, contain the verſion addreſſed to Richard II. with the complimentary verſes on Chaucer at the end.

MS. Fairfax, 3, MS. Hatton, 51, MS. Wadham Coll. 13, and MS. New Coll. 266, contain the Lancaſter copy.

Beſides theſe there are two hybrids: MS. Bodl. 294, which has the dedication to Richard at the commencement, and omits the verſes on Chaucer; and MS. New Coll. 326, which is dedicated to Henry of Lancaſter, and compliments Chaucer at the end. The firſt of theſe has the ſame ſcribe and illuminator throughout; the latter part of the ſecond appears to have been written by a different hand. All theſe MSS. are of the fifteenth century.

The four copies at Cambridge have been briefly deſcribed by Todd, in his Illuſtrations of Gower and Chaucer.

For the preſent edition the next following MSS. have been uſed:

MS. Harl. 7184, in the Britiſh Muſeum. It is a very fine copy, written on vellum, in large folio and double columns; but the firſt and laſt pages are ſomewhat defaced. The illuminations of the initial letters, at the beginning of each book, are magnificent. The handwriting is as nearly as poſſible that of the end of the fourteenth century. The orthography is of the ſame date, and very little tinged with provincialiſms. The two Saxon letters þ and ȝ never occur. The volume is imperfect. In books I, II, and V, a leaf is occaſionally miſſing, there is a conſiderable chaſm in book VI., and a great part of book VII and the whole of book VIII are entirely wanting. This volume, on account of its antiquity and its judicious and conſiſtent orthography, has been adopted as the baſis for the ſpelling in this new edition.

MS. Harl. 3869 in the Britiſh Muſeum. A ſmall ſtout folio of the fifteenth century, on vellum and paper mixed. The initials are blue and red without much art. Folio 5 contains a rude picture, repreſenting king Nebuchadnezzar's viſion; and on folio 18 the prieſt of Venus is liſtening to the lover's confeſſion. This copy is very remarkable on account of its orthography, which has been carried through almoſt rigorouſly according to ſimple and reaſonable principles. The letter þ is uſed uniformly, but the letter ȝ only occaſionally, a ſimple *h* ſtanding generally for *gh* or ȝ. A final *e* is always inſerted, wherever the metre requires a ſyllable. Double conſonants and the letter *y* are almoſt entirely diſpenſed with. At the concluſion of the work, on folio 357^{b}, Gower's ſmaller poems in Latin, and ſome verſes in French occur. This volume, as well as MS. Harl. 7184, are exemplars of the Lancaſter verſion; both have been collated throughout for the text of the preſent edition.

MS. Harl. 3490 in the Britiſh Muſeum. A fine copy of the verſion dedicated to king Richard II, written in the fifteenth century, on vellum, in folio and double columns. The volume is complete, and opens with S. Edmundi ſpeculum religioſorum, which is followed by the Confeſſio Amantis at folio 8. With the exception of the beginning and end it offers no variety, and no important deviation in the ſpelling. The verſes addreſſed to king Richard, and the compliment to Chaucer printed at the foot of the page in the preſent edition, have been taken from this manuſcript.

MS. Stafford, now in the library of the *earl of Elleſmere*, an inſpection of which has been kindly granted by the noble owner. A middle-ſized folio in double columns. Todd, in his Illuſtrations of Chaucer and Gower, aſſerts his belief, that this copy was a preſent from Gower to one of his relatives belonging to the Stafford family. He ſaw on the firſt leaf three armorial ſhields: over the largeſt of which, he ſays, the poet's creſt, a talbot, is ſtill conſpicuous. After a careful examination it is impoſſible to agree with this opinion; we have come to the concluſion, that the volume is of ſtill greater value. On the right hand border is a creſt, gold and red, a chapeau with a lion, which Todd calls a talbot, and under it an eſcutcheon quartered blue and red, the contents of which are entirely defaced. The firſt initial letter embraces another eſcutcheon, red on a blue ribbon, containing a ſwan, Argent. Suſpended at the bottom of the border is a third ſhield, Sable, with three oſtrich feathers, Or. *Sir Charles Young, Garter King of Arms*, is of opinion that theſe illuminations repreſent the arms and badges of king Henry IV, the ſwan never having been uſed by any other king of the Lancaſter dynaſty. The volume moſt probably belonged to that prince, and was written between

the years 1399 and 1413. The capitals at the beginning of each book are richly gilt and painted in blue, red, and white, but not of very finiſhed workmanſhip. The handwriting is clear and pointed, like that of the middle of the fifteenth century, and reſembles the characters found in the firſt printed books. This MS. which is a copy of the Lancaſter verſion, is remarkable on account of certain conſiderable alterations, omiſſions, and additions, eſpecially in the latter part of the fifth and in the ſixth and ſeventh books, which are not met with in the majority of the more ancient copies, but which are found in Berthelette's editions of the poem. As our text is compiled from the older MSS. theſe variations have been carefully indicated, and no paſſage has been omitted. This manuſcript moreover is not complete, the beginnings of the firſt, fifth, ſeventh and eighth book, having been cut out, probably for the ſake of the illuminated pages. On the fly-leaves at the end are ſeveral memoranda in different handwritings of the ſixteenth century; moſtly receipts againſt various diſeaſes. One of them ſtates: "William Downes mee tenet," which ſuggeſts that the book at that time was neither in royal hands nor the property of the Gower family. The orthography approaches cloſely that of MS. Harl. 3869, the letters þ and ȝ being employed throughout the volume.

Theſe MSS. may be arranged in three claſſes; the king's copy, the Lancaſter copy, and a third, likewiſe addreſſed to Henry, but with certain alterations in the middle of the work. With the exception of theſe variations, the text in all the MSS. is alike.

The Confeſſio Amantis was firſt printed by Caxton and with the following title:—

This book is entituled Confeſſio Amantis, that is to ſaye in englyſhe the confeſſyon of the louer maad and compyled by Johan Gower ſquyer borne in Walys in

the tyme of kyng richard the ſecond, etc. Colophon: Enprynted at Weſtmeſtre, by me Willyam Caxton, and fynyſhed the 2 day of Septembre the fyrſt yere of the regne of kyng Richard the thyrd the yere of our lord a thouſand cccc, LXXXXIII. (miſtake for 1483). Six leaves are appropriated to a table of contents; the text commences on fol. 2, and is continued to fol. 211, leaves 32, 91 and 132 being repeated, and leaf 157 being omitted altogether. At the end the ſummary of the poet's three great works and a few of his minor Latin poems are added.

The next edition, printed by Berthelette, was entitled Jo. Gower, de Confeſſione Amantis. Imprinted at London, in Flete-ſtrete by Thomas Berthelette, printer to the kinges grace, An. M. D. XXXII. cum privilegio. Eight preliminary leaves contain the title, a dedication to Henry VIII, an addreſs "To the Reder" on the variations at the beginning and end of the poem, a dedication to king Richard II, the verſes about Chaucer, a notice of Gower's tomb in St. Mary Overy's, and a corrected table of contents. The text extends from fol. 1 to fol. 191. Beſides the alterations in the fifth, ſixth, and ſeventh books, derived from a MS. very ſimilar to the Stafford MS, the ſpelling has been conſiderably altered and moderniſed in this firſt edition of Berthelette. Old forms, retained by Caxton, as *hem* and *touchend*, have been removed, and *them* and *touching* ſubſtituted. The moderniſation has been general at the commencement, but the editor's zeal ſeems to have ſlackened afterwards, and many ancient forms have eſcaped his eye. The promiſcuous uſe of the letters *u* and *v*, *i* and *y*, for which no rule whatever can be diſcovered, occurs throughout, as in many books of Henry VIII's time; and a want of correſpondence in the rhyme indicates that whole verſes have been omitted.

Berthelette publiſhed another edition under the following title: Jo. Gower de confeſſione Amantis. Imprinted at London in Fleteſtrete by Thomas Berthelette the xii daie of Marche An. M. D. LIIII. cum privilegio. Six preliminary leaves have the ſame contents as in his firſt edition. The text extends from fol. 1 to fol. 191. In this copy the compliment paid to Chaucer is inſerted in the text. The ſpelling is now and then even more moderniſed than in his firſt edition, and punctuation, which is wanting altogether in Caxton's edition, and rarely and irregularly inſerted in the edition of 1532, has been added throughout.

Blore, in his Sepulchral Antiquities, quoted above, and Chalmers, in his Engliſh Poets, mention another edition by Berthelette, dated 1544, of which, however, there is no copy in the collections of the Britiſh Muſeum.

The text of the Confeſſio Amantis in Chalmers' Engliſh Poets, is a mere literal reprint of Berthelette's edition of 1554.

Some fragments of the Confeſſio Amantis have occaſionally been publiſhed. Ellis, in his Specimens of Early Engliſh Poets, has printed the ſtory of Florent from the firſt book. Todd, in his Illuſtrations of Chaucer and Gower has collated the Tale of the Coffres in the fifth book with the Stafford MS. as illuſtrating the ſtory of the caſkets in the Merchant of Venice. And Payne Collier has printed in his Shakeſpeare Library the ſtory of Appollinus of Tyre from the eighth book, according to MS. Harl. 3490.

The preſent text, founded on Berthelette's firſt edition, has been carefully collated throughout with the two firſt mentioned Harleian MSS. in the Britiſh Muſeum. And the third MS. Harl. and MS. Stafford have been uſed at the particular places, where they become of im-

portance. The chief labour, however, consisted in restoring the orthography and in regulating the metre, both of which had been disturbed in innumerable places by Berthelette. The text of a work like the Confessio Amantis does not require the same scrupulous attention to every existing MS. as that of an ancient classical author. Everybody who examines the MSS. of Gower will soon be satisfied that the principal differences are merely of an orthographical nature. Some spell the word *eye* as we do now, others have *ighe*, *iȝe*, *yhe*. After mature consideration, the Saxon letters þ and ȝ have been rejected, together with the promiscuous use of *y* and *i*, *u* and *v*, which does not occur in the oldest MSS. It has been found necessary that some rule and symmetry should be observed, and consequently *i* and *u* are used wherever the vowels are required, and *y* has been left for certain words and proper names, in which it invariably occurs in Latin MSS. of the same age; as for instance in *ymage*, and for a distinct class of words as *ayein*, *yive*, where it stands instead of the soft *g*, the Saxon ȝ ȝ, and is confirmed by the oldest of the Harleian MSS. *U* instead of *v* has been retained only in *pouer* and *recouer*, where it evidently is not a consonant, but forms a diphthong with the preceding *o*, the word being pronounced in two syllables and not like the present *poor*. In other cases, and with regard to words of French origin, it has been thought best to use the old orthography.

The Latin verses and the marginal Latin index are undoubtedly Gower's own composition, and have therefore been carefully restored to the shape in which they appear in the first two Harleian MSS. The verses, imitations in the manner of Boethius, like Gower's other Latin poetry, abound in instances of false prosody and even of bad grammar; they are frequently intricate, and

metimes nearly unintelligible. As they always head a w ſub-diviſion, it has been thought uſeful for the ſake quotation to number them through each book. The atin proſe notes, which in the old editions ſtand between d interrupt the text, have been placed in the margin, here they generally occur in the MSS. ſerving as a table contents.

The editor deſires to embrace this opportunity to thank s friends *Th. Duffus Hardy, Eſq.*, keeper of H. M. ecords in the Tower, the *Rev. H. O. Coxe, M.A.* of the odleian Library, Oxford, and *W. B. Donne, Eſq.*, of he London Library, for their kind and ready aſſiſtance, nd *Mr. F. R. Daldy, B.A.* for the uſeful Gloſſary which e has added.

London, May 1856.

CONFESSIO AMANTIS

Prologus.

Torpor hebes ſenſus, ſcola parva labor minimuſque 1.
Cauſant, quo minimus ipſe minora canam,
Qua tamen Eugiſti lingua canit inſula Bruti
Anglica carmen te metra juvante loquar.
Oſſibus ergo carens qui conterit oſſa loquelis
Abſit et interpres ſtet procul oro malus.

F hem, that writen us to-fore,
The bokes dwelle, and we ther-
fore
Ben taught of that was writen
tho.
orthy good is, that we alſo
oure time amonge us here
o write of newe ſome matere
nſampled of the olde wiſe,
o that it might in ſuche a wiſe,
Vhan we be dede and elles where,
eleve to the worldes ere
time comend after this.
ut for men ſain, and ſothe it is,
hat who that al of wiſdom writ
dulleth ofte a mannes wit

To hem that ſhall it alday rede,
For thilke cauſe if that ye rede
I wolde go the middel wey
And write a boke betwene the twey
Somwhat of luſt, ſomwhat of lore,
That of the laſſe or of the more
Som man may like of that I write,
And for that fewe men endite
In oure engliſshe, I thenke make*
A boke for Englondes ſake

Hic in principio libri declarat, qualiter in anno Regis

* MS. Harl. 3490:

In our engliſhe I thenke make
A boke for king Richardes ſake,
To whom belongeth my legeaunce
With all min hertes obeiſaunce,
In all that ever a lege man
Unto his king may done or can,
So ferforth and me recommaunde
To him, which all me may commaunde,
Preiend unto the highe regne,
Which cauſeth every king to regne,
That his corone longe ſtonde.

Hic declaratinprimis, qualiter ob reverenciam ſereniſſimi principis Domini ſui Regis Anglie Ricardi ſecundi totus ſuus humilis Johannes Gower, licet quam infirmitate a diu multipliciter fatigatus huius opuſculi labores ſuſcipere non recuſavit, ſed tanquam favum ex variis floribus recollectum preſentem libellum ex variis cronicis hiſtoricis poetarum philoſophorum-

I thenke and have it underſtonde,
As it befell upon a tide,
As thing, which ſhulde tho betide,
Under the town of newe Troy,
Which toke of Brute his firſte joy,
In Themſe, whan it was flowend,
As I by bote came rowend
So as fortune her time ſette,
My lege lord perchaunce I mette.
And ſo befell as I came nigh
Out of my bote, whan he me ſigh,
He bad me come into his barge.
And whan I was with him at large,

he yere ſixtenthe of king Richard,
/hat ſhall befalle here afterward,
od wote, for nowe upon this ſide
Ien ſeen the worlde on every ſide
ı ſondry wiſe ſo diverſed,
hat it wel nigh ſtant all reverſed.
s for to ſpeke of time ago
he cauſe why it chaungeth ſo
: nedeth nought to ſpecifie,
he thing ſo open is at eye,

Ricardi ſecundi ſextodecimo Johannes Gower preſentem libellum compoſuit et finaliter complevit, quem ſtrenuiſſimo domino ſuo Domino Henrico de Lancaſtria tunc Derbie Comiti cum omni reverencia ſpecialiter deſtinavit.

Amonges other thinges ſaid
He hath this charge upon me laid
And bad me do my beſineſſe,
That to his highe worthyneſſe
Some newe thing I ſhulde boke,
That he him ſelf it mighte loke
After the forme of my writing.
And thus upon his commaunding
Min herte is well the more glad
To write ſo as he me bad.
And eke my fere is well the laſſe,
That none envie ſhall compaſſe
Without a reſonable wite
To feigne and blame, that I write.
A gentil herte his tunge ſtilleth,
That it malice none diſtilleth
But preiſe, that is to be preiſed.
But he that hath his worde unpeiſed
And handleth out wrong any thing,
I pray unto the heven king
Fro ſuche tunges he me ſhilde.
And netheles this world is wilde
Of ſuche jangling and what befalle,
My kinges heſte ſhall nought falle,
That I in hope to deſerve

que dictis, quatenus infirmitas permisit, ſtudioſiſſime compilavit.

That every man it may beholde.
And netheles by daies olde,
Whan that the bokes weren lever,
Writinge was beloved ever
Of hem, that weren vertuous.
For here in erthe amonges us,
If no man write, howe it ſtood,
The pris of hem that were good
Shulde, as who ſaith a great partie,
Be loſt, ſo for to magnifie
The worthy princes that tho were
The bokes ſhewen here and there
Wherof the worlde enſampled is
And tho that diden than amis

His thank ne ſhall his will obſerve
And elles were I nought excuſed.
For that thing may nought be refuſed,
What that a king him ſelfe bit.
Forthy the ſimpleſſe of my wit
I thenke if that I may availe
In his ſervice to travaile,
Though I ſikeneſſe have upon honde
And longe have had, yet woll I fonde,
So as I made my beheſte,
To make a boke after his heſte
And write in ſuch a maner wiſe,
Which may be wiſdome to the wiſe
And play to hem that liſt to play.
But in proverbe I have herde ſay,
That who that wel his werk beginneth,
The rather a good end he winneth.
And thus the prologue of my boke
After the world, that whilom toke,
And eke ſomdele after the newe,
I woll beginne for to newe.

Through tiranny and cruelte,
Right as they ſtonden in degre
So was the writinge of here werke.
Thus I which am a borel clerke
Purpoſe for to write a boke
After the worlde, that whilom toke
Long time in olde daies paſſed.
But for men ſain it is now laſſed
In worſe plight than it was tho
I thenke for to touche alſo
The world, which neweth every day,
So as I can, ſo as I may.
Though I ſikeneſſe have upon honde
And longe have had, yet wol I fonde
To write and do my beſineſſe,
That in ſome part ſo as I geſſe
The wiſe man may ben adviſed.
For this prologue is ſo aſſiſed,
That it to wiſdome all belongeth,
That wiſe man that it underfongeth
He ſhal drawe into remembraunce
The fortune of this worldes chaunce,
The which no man in his perſone
May knowe but the god alone.
Whan the prologue is ſo diſpended,
This boke ſhall afterward ben ended
Of love, which doth many a wonder
And many a wiſe man hath put under,
And in this wiſe I thenke to treate
Towardes hem, that now be greate,

Betwene the vertue and the vice,
Which longeth unto this office.
But for my wittes ben to ſmale
To tellen every man his tale,
This boke upon amendement
To ſtonde at his commaundement,
With whom min herte is of accorde,
I ſende unto min owne lorde,
Which of Lancaſtre is Henry named.
The highe god him hath proclamed
Full of knighthod and alle grace,
So wol I now this werke embrace
With hol truſte and with hol beleve,
God graunte I mote it well acheve.

2. *Tempus preteritum preſens fortuna beatum*
Linquit, et antiquas vertit in orbe vias.
Progenuit veterem concors dilectio pacem,
Dum facies hominis nuncia mentis erat.
Legibus unicolor tunc temporis aura refulſit,
Juſticie plane tuncque fuere vie.
Nuncque latens odium vultum depingit amoris,
Paceque ſub ficta tempus ad arma tegit.
Inſtar et ex variis mutabile cameliontis
Lex gerit, et regnis ſunt nova jura novis.
Climataque fuerant ſolidiſſima, ſicque per orbem
Solvuntur, nec eo centra quietis habent.

De ſtatu regnorum ut dicunt ſecundum temporalia, videlicet tempore regis Ricardi ſecundi, anno regni ſui ſextodecimo.

If I ſhall drawe into my minde
The time paſſed, than I finde
The world ſtode in al his welthe,
Tho was the life of man in helthe,
Tho was plente, tho was richeſſe,
Tho was the fortune of proweſſe,
Tho was knighthode in pris by name,
Wherof the wide worldes fame

Write in croniques is yet witholde.
Iuſtice of lawe tho was holde,
The privelege of regalie
Was ſauf, and all the baronie
Worſhiped was in his eſtate.
The citees knewen no debate,
The people ſtode in obeiſaunce
Under the reule of governaunce,
And pees with rightwiſneſſe keſte,
With charite tho ſtode in reſte,
Of mannes herte the corage
Was ſhewed than in the viſage.
The word was liche to the conceipte
Withoute ſemblaunt of deceipte,
Tho was there unenvied love,
Tho was vertue ſet above,
And vice was put under fote.
Now ſtant the crope under the rote,
The worlde is chaunged overall,
And therof moſte in ſpeciall
That love is falle into diſcorde.
And that I take to recorde
Of every lond for his partie
The comun vois, which may nought lie,
Nought upon one, but upon alle
It is that men now clepe and calle
And ſain, that regnes ben devided,
In ſtede of love is hate guided,
The werre wol no pees purchace,
And lawe hath take her double face,

So that juſtice out of the wey
With rightwiſneſſe is gone awey.
And thus to loke on every halve
Men ſene the ſore without ſalve,
Whiche al the worlde hath overtake.
Ther is no regne of alle out take,
For every climat hath his dele
After the torninge of the whele,
Which blinde fortune overthroweth,
Wherof the certain no man knoweth.
The heven wot what is to done.
But we that dwelle under the mone
Stonde in this worlde upon a were,
And namely but the power
Of hem, that ben the worldes guides,
With good counſeil on alle ſides
Be kept upright in ſuche a wiſe,
That hate breke nought thaffiſe
Of love, whiche is all the chefe
To kepe a regne out of miſchefe.
For alle reſon wolde this,
Apoſtolus. Regem honorificate. That unto him, which the heved is,
The membres buxom ſhall bowe,
And he ſhulde eke here trouth alowe
With all his hert and make hem chere.
Salomon. Omnia fac cum conſilio. For good counſeil is good to here,
All though a man be wiſe him ſelve,
Yet is the wiſdome more of twelve.
And if they ſtonden both in one,
To hope it were than anone,

That god his grace wolde ſende
To make of thilke werre an ende,
Whiche every day now groweth newe.
And that is gretely for to rewe
In ſpeciall for Criſtes ſake,
Which wolde his owne life forſake
Amonge the men to yeven pees.
But nowe men tellen netheles,
That love is fro the world departed,
So ſtant the pees uneven parted
With hem that liven now a daies.
But for to loke at all aſſaies
To him, that wolde reſon ſeche
After the comun worldes ſpeche,
It is to wonder of thilke werre,
In which none wote who hath the werre.
For every lond him ſelf deceiveth
And of diſeſe his parte receiveth,
And yet ne take men no kepe.
But thilke lorde, whiche al may kepe,
To whom no counſeil may be hid
Upon the world, whiche is betid,
Amende that, wherof men pleine
With trewe hertes and with pleine,
And reconcile love ayeine
As he, whiche is king ſovereine
Of all the worldes governaunce,
And of his highe purveiance
Afferme pees bitwene the londes
And take here cauſe into his hondes,

So that the world may ſtande appeſed
And his godhede alſo be pleſed.

3. *Quas coluit Moſes vetus, aut novus ipſe Joannes,*
Heſternas leges vix colit iſta dies.
Sic prius Eccleſia bina virtute polita
Nunc magis inculta pallet utraque via.
Pacificam Petri vaginam mucro reſumens
Horruit ad Chriſti verba cruoris iter.
Nunc tamen aſſiduo gladium de ſanguine tinctum
Vibrat avaricia lege repente ſacra.
Sic lupus eſt paſtor, pater hoſtis, mors miſerator,
Prædoque largitor, pax et in orbe timor.

De ſtatu cleri ut dicunt ſecundum ſpiritualia, videlicet tempore Roberti Gibbonenſis, qui nomen Clementis ſibi ſortitus eſt tunc Antipape.

To thenke upon the daies olde
The life of clerkes to beholde
Men ſain, how that they were tho
Enſample and reule of alle tho,
Which of wiſdom the vertue ſoughten.
Unto the god firſt they beſoughten
As to the ſubſtaunce of here ſcole,
That they ne ſholden nought befole
Her witte upon none erthly werkes,
Whiche were ayein theſtate of clerkes,
And that they mighten fle the vice,
Which Simon hath in his office,
Wherof he taketh the golde in honde.
For thilke time I underſtonde
The Lumbarde made non eſchaunge
The biſhopriches for to chaunge,
Ne yet a letter for to ſende
For dignite ne for provende
Or cured or withoute cure,
The chirche keie in adventure

Of armes and of brigantaille
Stood no thing than upon bataille
To fight or for to make cheſte
It thought hem thanne nought honeſte.
But of ſimpleſce and pacience
They maden thanne no defence.
The courte of worldly regalie
To hem was thanne no bailie.
The vein honour was nought deſired,
Which hath the proude herte fired.
Humilite was tho witholde
And pride was a vice holde.
Of holy chirche the largeſſe
Yaf thanne and did great almeſſe
To pouer men that hadden nede.
They were eke chaſt in word and dede,
Wherof the people enſample toke.
Their luſt was al upon the boke
Or for to preche or for to preie
To wiſſe men the righte weie
Of ſuch as ſtode of trouth unlered.
Lo, thus was Peters barge ſtered
Of hem that thilke time were.
And thus came firſt to mannes ere
The feith of Criſte and alle good
Through hem, that thanne weren good
And ſobre and chaſte and large and wiſe.
And now men ſain is other wiſe.
Simon the cauſe hath undertake,
The worldes ſwerde on hond is take,

And that is wonder netheles,
Whan Criſte him ſelf hath bode pees
And ſet it in his teſtament.
How now that holy chirche is went
Of that here lawe poſitife
Hath ſet to make werre and ſtrife
For worldes good, which may nought laſt.
God wote the cauſe to the laſt
Of every right and wronge alſo.
But while the lawe is reuled ſo
That clerkes to the werre entende,
I not how that they ſholde amende
The woful worlde in other thinges
To make pees betwen the kinges
After the lawe of charite,
Which is the propre duete
Belongend unto the preſthode.
But as it thenketh to make manhode,
The heven is fer, the worlde is nigh,
And veingloire is eke to ſligh,
Which covetiſe hath now witholde,
That they none other thing beholde,
But only that they mighten winne.
And thus the werres they beginne,
Wherof the holy chirche is taxed,
That in the point as it is axed
The diſme goth to the bataile,
As though Criſt mighte nought availe
To don hem right by other weie.
Into the ſwerd the chirche keie

Is torned, and the holy bede
Into curſinge, and every ſtede
Whiche ſholde ſtonde upon the feith
And to this cauſe an ere leith
Aſtoned is of the quarele.
That ſholde be the worldes hele
Is now men ſain the peſtilence,
Which hath exiled pacience
Fro the clergie in ſpeciall.
And that is ſhewed overall,
In any thing whan they be greved.
But if Gregoire be beleved
As it is in the bokes write,
He dothe us ſomdele for to wite
The cauſe of thilke prelacie,
Where god is nought of compaignie.
For every werke as it is founded
Shall ſtonde, or elles be confounded.
Who that only for Criſtes ſake
Deſireth cure for to take
And nought for pride of thilke eſtate
To beare a name of a prelate,
He ſhal by reſon do profite
In holy chirche upon the plite,
That he hath ſet his conſcience
But in the worldes reverence.
Ther ben of ſuche many glade,
Whan they to thilke eſtate ben made
Nought for the merite of the charge,
But for they wolde hem ſelf diſcharge

Of pouerte and become grete,
And thus for pompe and for beyete
The ſcribe and eke the phariſee
Of Moiſes upon the ſee
In the chaire on high ben ſet,
Wherof the feith is ofte let,
Whiche is betaken hem to kepe.
In Criſtes cauſe all day they ſlepe,
But of the worlde is nought foryete.
For wel is him, that now may gete
Office in court to be honoured.
The ſtronge cofre hath al devoured
Under the keie of avarice
The treſor of the benefice,
Wherof the pouer ſhulden clothe
And ete and drinke and houſe bothe.
The charite goth all unknowe,
For they no greine of pite ſowe,
And ſlouthe kepeth the librarie,
Which longeth to the ſeintuarie.
To ſtudie upon the worldes lore
Sufficeth now withoute more.
Delicacie his ſwete tothe
Hath ſoffred ſo that it fordothe
Of abſtinence al that ther is.
And for to loken over this,
If Ethna brenne in the clergie,
Al openly to mannes eye
At Avinon thexperience
Therof hath yove an evidence

f that men ſeen hem ſo devided.
nd yet the cauſe is nought decided,
ut it is ſaide and ever ſhall:
itwen two ſtoles is the fall,
Vhan that men wenen beſt to ſitte.
holy chirche of ſuche a ſlitte
for to rewe unto us alle.
od graunte it mote wel befalle
owardes him, which hath the trouth.
ut ofte is ſeen, that mochel ſlouth,
Vhan men ben drunken of the cuppe,
oth mochel harme, whan fire is uppe,
ut if ſomwho the flamme ſtaunche
nd ſo to ſpeke upon this braunche,
Vhich proud envie hath made to ſpringe
f ſciſme, cauſeth for to bringe
his newe ſecte of lollardie
nd alſo many an hereſie
mong the clerkes in hem ſelve.
were better dike and delve
nd ſtonde upon the right feith
han knowe al that the bible ſaith
nd erre as ſome clerkes do.
pon the hond to were a ſho
nd ſet upon the foot a glove
ccordeth nought to the behove
f reſonable mannes uſe.
f men behelden the vertuſe,
hat Criſte in erthe taught here,
hey ſhulden nought in ſuch manere

Among hem, that ben holden wiſe,
The papacie ſo deſguiſe
Upon divers election,
Whiche ſtant after thaffection
Of ſondry londes al aboute.
But whan god wol, it ſhal were oute,
For trouth mot ſtonde ate laſte.
But yet they argumenten faſte
Upon the pope and his eſtate,
Wherof they fallen in great debate.
This clerk ſaith ye, that other nay,
And thus they drive forth the day,
And eche of hem him ſelf amendeth
Of worldes good, but none entendeth
To that, which comun profite were.
They ſain, that god is mighty there
And ſhal ordeine, what he wille,
There make they none other ſkille,
Where is the perill of the feith.
But every clerke his herte leith
To kepe his worlde in ſpeciall
And of the cauſe generall,
Whiche unto holy chirche longeth,
Is none of hem that underfongeth
To ſhapen any reſiſtence.
And thus the right hath no defence,
But there I love, there I holde.
Lo, thus to-broke is Criſtes folde,
Wherof the flock withoute guide
Devoured is on every ſide

In lacke of hem, that ben unware
Shepherdes, which here wit beware
Upon the worlde in other halve.
The ſharpe pricke in ſtede of ſalve
They uſen now, wherof the hele
They hurte of that they ſhulden hele.
And what ſheep, that is full of wulle
Upon his backe, they tooſe and pulle,
While ther is any thinge to pile.
And though there be none other ſkile
But onely for they wolde winne
They leve nought, whan they beginne
Upon here acte to procede,
Whiche is no good ſhepherdes dede.
And upon this alſo men ſain
That fro the leeſe, whiche is pleine,
Into the breres they forcacche
Here orf, for that they wolden lacche
With ſuch dureſſe and ſo bereve
That ſhal upon the thornes leve
Of wulle, whiche the brere hath tore,
Wherof the ſheep ben al to-tore,
Of that the herdes make hem leſe.
Lo, how they feignen chalk for cheſe,
For though they ſpeke and teche wel,
They don hem ſelf therof no dele.
For if the wolf come in the wey,
Their goſtly ſtaf is then awey,
Wherof they ſhulde her flock defende.
But if the pouer ſheep offende

In any thing, though it be lite,
They ben al redy for to ſmite,
And thus howe ever that they tale
The ſtrokes falle upon the ſmale,
And upon other that bene greate
Hem lacketh herte for to beate,
So that under the clerkes lawe
Men ſeen the merel al miſdrawe.
I wol nought ſay in generall,
For there ben ſomme in ſpeciall,
In whome that al vertue dwelleth,
Qui vocantur a deo tanquam Aaron. And tho ben, as thapoſtel telleth,
That god of his election
Hath cleped to perfection
In the maner as Aaron was.
They be nothinge in thilke cas
Of Simon, which the foldes gate
Hath lete and goth in other gate,
But they gone in the righte weie.
There bene alſo ſomme as men ſaie,
That folwen Simon ate heles
Whoſe carte goth upon wheles
Of covetiſe and worldes pride,
And holy chirche goth beſide,
Whiche ſheweth outwarde a viſage
Of that is nought in the corage.
For if men loke in holy chirche
Betwene the worde and that they wirche,
There is a ful great difference.
They prechen us in audience,

That noman ſhall his ſoule empeire,
For al is but a chery feire
This worldes good, ſo as they telle.
Alſo they ſain there is an helle,
Whiche unto mannes ſinne is due,
And bidden us therfore eſcheue
That wicked is and do the good.
Who that her wordes underſtood
It thenketh they wolden do the ſame.
But yet betwene erneſt and game
Ful oft it torneth other wiſe.
With holy tales they deviſe,
How meritory is thilke dede
Of charite to clothe and fede
The pouer folke and for to parte
The worldes good, but they departe
Ne thenken nought fro that they have.
Alſo they ſain good is to ſave
With penaunce and with abſtinence
Of chaſtite the continence.
But pleinly for to ſpeke of that
I not how thilke body fat,
Which they with deinte metes kepe
And lein it ſofte for to ſlepe,
Whan it hath elles of his wille,
With chaſtite ſhall ſtonde ſtille.
And netheles I can nought ſay
In aunter if that I miſſay
Touchend of this, how ever it ſtonde,
I here and wol nought underſtonde

For therof have I nought to done.
But he that made firſt the mone,
The highe god of his goodneſſe,
If ther be cauſe, he it redreſſe.
But what as any man can accuſe,
This may reſon of trouthe excuſe.
The vice of hem that ben ungood
Is no reproef unto the good.
For every man his owne werkes
Shall beare, and thus as of the clerkes
The good men ben to commende,
And all theſe other god amende,
For they ben to the worldes eye
The mirrour of enſamplarie
To reulen and to taken hede
Betwene the men and the godhede

4. *Vulgaris populus regali lege ſubactus*
Dum jacet, ut mitis equa ſubibit onus.
Si caput extollat et lex ſua frena relaxet,
Ut ſibi velle jubet, tygridis inſtar habet.
Ignis, aqua dominans duo ſunt pietate carentes,
Ira tamen plebis eſt violenta magis.

De ſtatu plebis ut dicunt ſecundum accidencia mutabilis.

Now for to ſpeke of the comune
It is to drede of that fortune,
Whiche hath befalle in ſondry londes.
But often for defaute of bondes
Al ſodeinlich er it be wiſt
A tonne, whan his lie ariſt,
To-breketh and renneth al aboute,
Whiche elles ſholde nought gone oute.
And eke ful ofte a litel ſcar
Upon a banke, er men be ware,

ı the ſtreme, which with gret paine
ır man it ſhal reſtreigne.
e lawe lacketh errour groweth,
nought wiſe who that ne troweth,
t hath proved oft er this,
hus the comun clamour is
ery lond where people dwelleth
eche in his compleinte telleth,
that the worlde is al miſwent.
herupon his argument
h every man in ſondry wiſe.
vhat man wolde him ſelf aviſe
onſcience and nought miſuſe,
ay well at the firſt excuſe
od, whiche ever ſtant in one,
n there is defaute none.
uſt it ſtonde upon us ſelve,
ht only upon ten ne twelve,
lenerlich upon us alle,
ıan is cauſe of that ſhal falle.
d netheles yet ſom men write
ain fortune is to wite,
om men holde opinion
it is conſtellacion,
h cauſeth al that a man dothe.
vot of bothe whiche is ſothe.
vorlde as of his propre kinde
ever untrew and as the blinde
perlich he demeth fame,
ameth that is nought to blame

Nota contra hoc, quod aliqui ſortem fortune, aliqui influenciam planetarum ponunt, per quod ut dicitur rerum eventus neceſſario contingit, ſed pocius dicendum eſt, quod ea que nos proſpera et adverſa in hoc mundo vocamus ſecundum merita et demerita hominum, digno dei judicio proveniunt.

And preiſeth that is nought to preiſe.
Thus whan he ſhall the thinges peiſe,
Ther is deceipte in his balaunce
And al is that the variaunce
Of us, that ſhulde us better aviſe.
For after that we fall and riſe
The worlde ariſte and falleth with al,
So that the man is over al
His owne cauſe of wele and wo.
That we fortune clepe ſo
Out of the man him ſelfe it groweth,
And who that other wiſe troweth
Beholde the people of Iſrael.
For ever while they deden wel
Fortune was hem debonaire,
And whan they deden the contraire
Fortune was contrariende.
So that it proveth wel at ende,
Why that the worlde is wonderful
And may no while ſtonde ful,
Though that it ſeme wel beſein,
For every worldes thinge is vein
And ever goth the whele aboute
And ever ſtant a man in doute,
Fortune ſtant no while ſtille.
So hath ther no man al his wille,
Als far as ever a man may knowe
There laſteth no thing but a throwe.
The world ſtant ever upon debate,
So may be ſiker none eſtate,

Boetius.
O, quam dulcedo humane vite multa amaritudine aſperſa eſt.

Now here now there now to now fro
Now up now down the world goth ſo
And ever hath done and ever ſhal,
Wherof I finde in ſpecial
A tale writen in the bible,
Which muſt nedes be credible,
And that as in concluſion
Saith, that upon diviſion
Stant, why no worldes thing may laſte,
Til it be drive to the laſte,
And fro the firſte regne of all
Unto this day how ſo befall
Of that the regnes be mevable,
The man him ſelf hath be coupable,
Whiche of his propre governaunce
Fortuneth al the worldes chaunce.

Proſper et adverſus obliquo tramite verſus 5.
Immundus mundus decipit omne genus.
Mundus in eventu verſatur ut alea caſu,
Quam celer in ludis jactat avara manus.
Sicut ymago viri variantur tempora mundi,
Statque nihil firmum preter amare deum.

The high almighty purveiaunce,
In whoſe eterne remembraunce
From firſt was every thing preſent,
He hath his prophecie ſent
In ſuche a wiſe, as thou ſhalt here,
To Daniel of this matere,
How that this world ſhal torne and wende
Till it be falle unto his ende,
Wherof the tale tell I ſhal
In which it is betokened al.

Hic in prologo tractat de ſtatua illa, quam rex Nabugodonoſor viderat in ſompnis, cuius caput aureum, pectus argenteum, venter eneus, tibie ferree, pedum vero quedam pars ferrea, quedam fictilis videbatur, ſub qua membrorum diverſitate ſecundum Danielis expoſicionem huius mundi variacio figurabatur.

As Nabugodonoſor ſlepte
A ſweven him toke, the whiche he kepte
Til on the morwe he was ariſe,
For he therof was ſore agriſe.
Til Daniel his dreme he tolde
And praid him faire, that he wolde
Arede what it token may
And ſaide: a bedde where I lay
Me thought I ſigh upon a ſtage,
Where ſtood a wonder ſtraunge ymage.
His hed with al the necke alſo
They were of fine gold, bothe two
His breſt, his ſhulders and his armes
Were al of ſilver, but tharmes,
The wombe and al down to the kne
Of bras they were upon to ſe,
His legges were al made of ſteel,
So were his feet alſo ſomdele,
And ſomdele part to hem was take
Of erthe, which men pottes make.
The feble meind was with the ſtrong,
So might it nought wel ſtonde long.

Hic narrat ulterius de quodam lapide grandi, qui ut in dicto ſompnio videbatur ab excelſo monte ſuper ſtatuam corruens ipſam quaſi in nichilum penitus contrivit.

And tho me thought, that I ſigh
A great ſtone from an hill on high
Fell down of ſodein aventure
Upon the feet of this figure,
With which ſtone al to-broke was
Gold, ſilver, erthe, ſteel and bras,
That al was into pouder brought
And ſo forth torned into nought.

This was the ſweven which he had,
That Daniel anone arad
And ſaide him: that figure ſtraunge
Betokeneth how the world ſhal chaunge
And waxe laſſe worth and laſſe,
Til it to nought all over paſſe.
The necke and hed, that weren golde,
He ſaide how that betoken ſholde
A worthy worlde, a noble, a riche
To which none after ſhal be liche.

Hic loquitur de interpretacione ſompnii, et primo dicit de ſignificacione capitis aurei.

Of ſilver that was over forthe
Shal ben a worlde of laſſe worthe.

De pectore argenteo.

And after that the wombe of bras
Token of a wers worlde it was.

De ventre eneo.

The ſteel which he ſigh afterward
A world betokeneth more hard.

De tibeis ferreis.

But yet the werſte of every dele
Is laſt, that whan of erth and ſteel
He ſigh the feet departed ſo,
For that betokeneth mochel wo.

De ſignificacione pedum, qui ex duabus materiis diſcordantibus ad invicem diviſi extiterunt.

Whan that the world devided is,
It mot algate fare amis,
For erth, which meined is with ſteel,
To-gider may nought laſte wele,
But if that one that other waſte,
So mot it nedes fail in haſte.
The ſtone, whiche fro the hilly ſtage
He ſigh down falle on that ymage
And hath it into pouder broke,
That ſweven hath Daniel unloke

De lapidis ſtatuam confringentis ſignificacione.

And ſaid, that it is goddes might
Which whan men wene moſt upright
To ſtonde ſhal hem over caſte.
And that is of this world the laſte,
And than a newe ſhal beginne,
From whiche a man ſhal never twinne
Or al to paine or al to pees,
That world ſhal laſte endeles.

Hic conſequenter ſcribit, qualiter huius ſeculi regna variis mutacionibus, prout in dicta ſtatua figurabatur, ſecundum temporum diſtinctiones ſenſibiliter hactenus diminuuntur.

Lo, thus expoundeth Daniel
The kinges ſweven faire and wel
In Babiloine the citee,
Wher that the wiſeſt of Caldee
Ne couthen wite what it mente,
But he tolde al the hole entente,
As in partie it is befalle.

De ſeculo aureo, quod in capite ſtatue deſignatum eſt a tempore ipſius Nabugodonoſor regis Caldee uſque in regnum Cyri regis Perſarum.

Of golde the firſt regne of alle
Was in that kinges time tho,
And laſte many daies ſo.
There whiles that the monarchie
Of al the worlde in that partie
To Babiloine was ſubgite
And helde him ſtill in ſuche a plight,
Til that the world began diverſe.
And that was, whan the kinge of Perſe,
Which Cyrus hight, ayein the pees
Forth with his ſone Cambiſes
Of Babiloine all that empire,
Right as they wolde hem ſelf deſire,
Put under in ſubjection
And toke it in poſſeſſion,

And ſlain was Baltazar the king,
Which loſt his regne and all his thing.
And thus whan they it hadde wonne,
The worlde of ſilver was begonne
And that of gold was paſſed oute,
And in this wiſe it goth aboute
Into the regne of Darius,
And than it fell to Perſe thus.
There Aliſaundre put hem under,
Which wroght of armes many a wonder,
So that the monarchie lefte
With Grecs and here eſtate up lefte,
And Perſiens gone under fote,
So ſuffre they, that nedes mote.

De ſeculo argenteo, quod in pectore deſignatum eſt a tempore ipſius regis Cyri uſque in regnum Alexandri regis Macedonie.

And tho the world began of bras,
And that of ſilver ended was,
But for the time thus it laſte,
Til it befelle, that at laſte
This king, whan that his day was come,
With ſtrength of deth was overcome.
And netheles yet or he dide
He ſhope his regne to devide
To knightes, which him hadde ſerved,
And after that they have deſerved
Yaf the conqueſtes, that he wanne,
Wherof great werre tho beganne
Among hem, that the regnes had,
Through proud envie which hem lad,
Til it befelle ayein hem thus.
The noble Ceſar Julius,

De ſeculo eneo, quod in ventre deſignatum eſt a tempore ipſius Alexandri uſque in regnum Julii Romanorum imperatoris.

Which tho was kinge of Rome-londe,
With great bataile and with ſtrong honde
All Grece, Perſe and eke Caldee
Wan and put under, ſo that he
Nought al only of thorient
But al the marche of thoccident
Governeth under his empire
As he that was hole lord and ſire
And held through his chivalrie
Of al this worlde the monarchie
And was the firſt of that honour,
Which taketh name of emperour.

De ſeculo ferreo, quod in tibiis deſignatum eſt a tempore Julii uſque in regnum Caroli magni regis Francorum.

Where Rome thanne wolde aſſaile,
There mighte no thing contrevaile,
But every contre muſt obeie.
Tho goth the regne of bras aweie
And comen is the worlde of ſteel
And ſtode above upon the whele.
As ſteel is hardeſt in his kinde
Above al other that men finde
Of metals, ſuch was Rome tho
The mightieſt and laſte ſo
Long time amonges the Romains,
Til they become ſo vilains,
That the fals emperour Leo
With Conſtantin his ſone alſo
The patrimonie and the richeſſe,
Which to Silveſter in pure almeſſe
The firſte Conſtantinus lefte,
Fro holy chirche they berefte.

But Adrian, which pope was
And ſigh the miſchef of this cas,
Goth into Fraunce for to pleine
And praieth the great Charlemaine
For Criſtes ſake and ſoule hele,
That he wol take the quarele
Of holy chirche in his defence.
And Charles for the reverence
Of god the cauſe hath undertake
And with his hoſt the waie take
Over the mountes of Lumbardie.
Of Rome and al the tirannie
With blody ſwerd he overcome
And the citee with ſtrengthe nome
In ſuche a wiſe and there he wroughte,
That holy chirche ayein he broughte
Into fraunchiſe and doth reſtore
The popes luſte and yaf him more,
And thus whan he his god hath ſerved,
He toke as he hath well deſerved
The diademe and was coroned
Of Rome, and thus was abandoned
Thempire, whiche came never ayeine
Into the hande of no Romaine.
But a long time it ſtode ſo ſtille
Under the Frenſhe kinges wille,
Til that fortune her whele ſo lad,
That afterward Lumbardes it had
Nought by the ſwerd, but by ſuffraunce
Of him, that tho was king of Fraunce

Whiche Karle Calvus cleped was,
And he reſigneth in this cas
Thempire of Rome unto Lowis
His couſin, which a Lumbarde is,
And ſo it laſte into the yere
Of Alberte and of Berenger.
But than upon diſſenſion
They felle and in diviſion
Among hem ſelf that were grete,
So that they loſte the beyete
Of worſhip and of worldes pees.
But in proverbe netheles
Men ſain: ful ſelden is that welthe
Can ſuffre his owne eſtate in helthe,
And that was in the Lumbardes ſene,
Suche comun ſtrife was hem betwene
Through covetiſe and through envie,
That every man drough his partie,
Which mighte leden any route
Withinne bourgh and eke withoute.
The comun right hath no felawe,
So that the governaunce of lawe
Was loſt and for neceſſite
Of that they ſtode in ſuche degre
Al only through diviſion
Hem nedeth in concluſion
Of ſtraunge londes helpe beſide,
And thus for they hem ſelf divide
And ſtonden out of reule uneven,
Of Alemaine princes ſeven

De ſeculo noviſſimis jam temporibus ad ſimilitudinem pedum in diſcordiam lapſo et diviſo, quod poſt deceſſum ipſius Caroli, cum imperium Romanorum in manus Longobardorum pervenerat, tempore Alberti et Berengarii incepit. Nam ob eorum diviſionem contingit, ut Alemani imperatoriam adepti ſint majeſtatem, in cuius ſolium quendam principem Theutonicum Othonem nomine ſublimari primitus conſtituerunt. Et ab illo regno incipiente diviſio per univerſum orbem in poſteros concrevit, unde nos ad alterutrum diviſi huius ſeculi conſummacionem ultimi jam expectamus.

They choſe in this condicion,
That upon here election
Thempire of Rome ſholde ſtonde.
And thus they left it out of honde
For lacke of grace and it forſoke,
That Alemains upon hem toke.
And to confermen here eſtate
Of that they founden in debate
They token the poſſeſſion
After the compoſicion
Among hem ſelf and ther upon
They made an emperour anon,
Whos name as the cronique telleth
Was Othes, and ſo forth it dwelleth.
Fro thilke daie yet unto this
Thempire of Rome hath ben and is
To thalemains, and in this wiſe
As ye to-fore have herd deviſe
How Daniel the ſweven expoundeth
Of that ymage, on whom he foundeth
The world, which after ſholde falle,
Come is the laſt token of alle.
Upon the feet of erthe and ſteel
So ſtant the world now every dele
Departed, which began right tho,
Whan Rome was devided ſo.
And that is for to rewe ſore,
For alwey ſithe more and more
The worlde empeireth every day,
Wherof the ſothe ſhewe may.

At Rome firſt if we beginne,
The walle and al the citee withinne
Stant in ruine and in decas,
The feld is where the palais was,
The town is waſt, and over that
If we behold thilke eſtate,
Whiche whilome was of the Romains
Of knighthod and of citizeins
To peiſe now with that beforne,
The chaf is take for the corne,
And for to ſpeke of Romes might
Unnethes ſtant ther ought upright
Of worſhip or of worldes good,
As it before time ſtood.
And why the worſhip is away
If that a man the ſothe ſay,
The cauſe hath ben deviſion,
Which moder of confuſion
Is, where ſhe cometh overall
Nought only of the temporall
But of the ſpirital alſo.
The dede proveth it is ſo
And hath do many daies er this
Through venim, which that medled is
In holy chirche of erthely thing.
For Criſt him ſelf maketh knowleching,
That no man may to-gider ſerve
God and the world, but if he ſwerve
Froward that one and ſtonde unſtable,
And Criſtes word may nought be fable.

The thing ſo open is at theye,
It nedeth nought to ſpecifie
Or ſpeke ought more in this matere.
But in this wiſe a man may lere
How that the worlde is gone aboute,
The whiche wel nigh is wered out
After the forme of that figure,
Which Daniel in his ſcripture
Expoundeth as to-fore is tolde,
Of bras, of ſilver and of golde
The worlde is paſſed and agone,
And nowe upon his olde tone
It ſtant of brutel erthe and ſteel,
The whiche accorden never a dele,
So mot it nedes ſwerve aſide
As thing the which men ſeen divide.
Thapoſtel writ unto us alle
And ſaith, that upon us is falle
Thend of the world, ſo may we knowe
This ymage is nigh overthrowe,
By which this world was ſignified,
That whilom was ſo magnified
And nowe is olde and feble and vile
Full of miſchefe and of peril
And ſtant divided eke alſo
Lich to the feet, that were ſo
As I tolde of the ſtatue above.
And thus men ſeen, through lacke of love
Where as the lond divided is,
It mot algate fare amis.

Hic dicit ſecundum apoſtolum, quod nos ſumus, in quos fines ſeculi devenerunt.

And now to loke on every ſide
A man may ſe the world divide,
The werres ben ſo generall
Amonge the Criſten overall,
That every man now ſecheth wreche,
And yet theſe clerkes alday preche
And ſain, good dede may none be
Whiche ſtant nought upon charite.
I not how charite may ſtonde
Where dedly werre is taken on honde,
But al this wo is cauſe of man
The which that wit and reſon can,
And that in token and in witneſſe
That ilke ymage bare likneſſe
Of man and of none other beſte.
For firſt unto the mannes heſte
Was every creature ordeigned,
But afterward it was reſtreigned,
Whan that he fel they fellen eke,
Whan he wax ſike they woxen ſike,
For as the man hath paſſion,
Of ſikeneſſe in compariſon,
So ſuffren other creatures.
Lo, firſt the hevenly figures.

Hic ſcribit, quod ex diviſionis paſſione ſingula creati detrimentum corruptibile paciuntur.

The ſonne and mone eclipſen both
And ben with mannes ſinne wroth,
The pureſt air for ſinne alofte
Hath ben and is corrupt ful ofte,
Right now the highe windes blowe
And anon after they ben lowe,

Now cloudy and now clere it is,
So it may proven wel by this,
A mannes ſinne is for to hate,
Which maketh the welken to debate.
And for to ſe the properte
Of every thinge in his degre,
Benethe forth amonges us here
Al ſtant a lich in this matere.
The ſee nowe ebbeth and nowe it floweth,
The lond now welketh and now it groweth,
Now be the trees with leves grene,
Now they be bare and no thing ſene,
Now be there luſty ſomer floures,
Now be there ſtormy winter ſhoures,
Now be the daies, now the nightes,
So ſtant there no thing al uprightes,
Nowe it is light, nowe it is derke,
And thus ſtant al the worldes werke
After the diſpoſicion
Of man and his condicion.
Forthy Gregoire in his morall
Saith, that a man in ſpeciall
The laſſe worlde is properly,
And that he proveth redily,
For man of ſoule reſonable
Is to an angel reſemblable
And lich to beſte he hath feling
And lich to tres he hath growing.
The ſtones ben and ſo is he,
Thus of his propre qualite

The man, as telleth the clergie,
Is as a worlde in his partie,
And whan this litel world miſtorneth
The grete worlde al overtorneth.
The lond, the ſee, the firmament
They axen alle jugement
Ayein the man and make him werre,
Ther while him ſelfe ſtant out of herre,
The remenaunt wol nought accorde,
And in this wiſe as I recorde
The man is cauſe of alle wo,
Why this worlde is divided ſo.

Hic dicit ſecundum Evangelium, quod omne regnum in ſe diviſum deſolabitur.

Diviſion the goſpel ſaith
One houſe upon an other laith,
Til that the regne al overthrowe.
And thus may every man wel knowe
Diviſion aboven alle
Is thing, which maketh the world to falle
And ever hath do, ſith it began,
It may firſte prove upon a man.

Quod ex ſue complexionis materia diviſus homo mortalis exiſtit.

The which for his complexion
Is made upon diviſion
Of cold of hot of moiſt of drie,
He mot by verry kinde die.
For the contraire of his eſtate
Stant evermore in ſuch debate,
Til that a part be overcome
There may no final pees be nome.
But otherwiſe if a man were
Made al to-gider of one matere

outen interrupcion,
ſhulde no corrupcion
ndre upon that unite,
or there is diverſite
in him ſelfe, he may nought laſte,
he ne deieth at the laſte.
n a man yet over this
great diviſion there is,
ugh which that he is ever in ſtrife
e that him laſteth any life.
e body and the ſoule alſo
ng hem ben divided ſo,
what thing that the body hateth
oule loveth and debateth.
etheles ful ofte is ſene
erre whiche is hem betwene
feble hath wonne the victoire,
who ſo draweth into memoire
hath befalle of olde and newe
ay that werre ſore rewe,
h firſt began in paradis.
here was proved what it is
what diſeſe there it wrought,
hilke werre tho forth brought
vice of alle dedly ſinne
ugh which diviſion came inne
ng the men in erthe here,
was the cauſe and the matere,
god the grete flodes ſende
l the world and made an ende

Quod homo ex corporis et anime condicione diviſus, ſicut ſalvacionis, ita dampnacionis aptitudinem ingreditur.

Qualiter Adam a ſtatu innocencie diviſus a paradiſo voluptatis in terram laboris peccatorum projectus eſt.

Qualiter populi per univerſum orbem a cultura dei diviſi, Noe cum ſua ſequela dumtaxat exceptis, diluvio interierunt.

But Noe with his felaſhip,
Which only weren ſauf by ſhip.
And over that through ſinne it come,
That Nembroth ſuch empriſe nome,

Qualiter in edificacione Turris Babel, quam in dei contemptum Nembroth erexit, lingua prius hebraica in varias linguas cœlica vindicta dividebatur.

Whan he the toure Babel on hight
Let make, as he that wolde fight
Ayein the highe goddes might,
Wherof devided anon right
Was the language in ſuche entent
There wiſte non what other ment,
So that they mighten nought procede.
And thus it ſtant of every dede
Where ſinne taketh the caſe on honde
It may upright nought longe ſtonde,
For ſinne of his condicion
Is moder of diviſion.

Qualiter mundus, qui in ſtatu diviſionis quaſi cotidianus preſenti tempore vexatur flagellis, a lapide ſuperveniente, id eſt a divina potencia uſque ad reſolucionem omnis carnis ſubito conteretur.

And token whan the world ſhall faile,
For ſo ſaith Criſt withoute faile,
That nigh upon the worldes ende
Pees and accorde away ſhall wende
And alle charite ſhall ceaſe
Among the men and hate encreaſe.
And whan theſe tokens ben befall
All ſodeinly the ſtone ſhall fall,
As Daniel it hath beknowe,
Which all this world ſhal overthrowe
And every man ſhall than ariſe
To joie or elles to juiſe,
Where that he ſhall for ever dwell
Or ſtraight to heven or ſtraight to hell.

even is pees and al accorde,
helle is full of ſuch diſcorde
t there may be no love day.
hy good is while a man may
ne to ſette pees with other
loven as his owne brother,
ay he winne worldes welthe
afterwarde his ſoule helthe.
ut wolde god that now were one
ther ſuche as Arione,
che had an harpe of ſuch temprure
therto of ſo good meſure
ong, that he the beſtes wilde
e of his note tame and milde,
hinde in pees with the leon,
wolfe in pees with the molton,
hare in pees ſtood with the hounde,
every man upon this grounde
che Arion that time herde
ell the lorde as the ſhepherde
rought hem all in good accorde,
at the comun with the lorde
lord with the comun alſo
ette in love bothe two
put awey malencolie.
was a luſtie melodie
n every man with other low.
if ther were ſuche one now
che couth harpe as he tho ded
night availe in many a ſtede

Hic narrat exemplum de concordia et unitate inter homines provocanda. Et dicit, qualiter quidam Arion nuper citharista ex ſui cantus citharaque conſona melodia tante virtutis extiterat, ut ipſe non ſolum virum cum viro, ſed etiam leonem cum cerva, lupum cum agno, canem cum lepore ipſum audientes unanimiter abſque ulla diſcordia ad in vicem pacificavit.

To make pees where nowe is hate.
For whan men thenken to debate
I not what other thinge is good,
But wher that wiſdom waxeth wood
And reſon torneth into rage,
So that meſure upon oultrage
Hath ſet this worlde, it is to drede,
For that bringeth in the comun drede
Whiche ſtant at every mannes dore.
But whan the ſharpneſſe of the ſpore
The horſe ſide ſmit to ſore
It greveth ofte. And now no more
As for to ſpeke of this matere,
Which none but only god may ſtere.

Explicit Prologus.

CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

Incipit Liber Primus.

Naturatus amor nature legibus orbem
Subdit et unanimes concitat eſſe feras.
Huius enim mundi princeps amor eſſe videtur,
Cuius eget dives pauper et omnis opes.
Sunt in agone pares amor et fortunaque, cecas
Plebis ad inſidias vertit uterque rotas.
Eſt amor egra ſalus, vexata quies, pius error,
Bellica pax, vulnus dulce, ſuave malum.

1.

MAY nought ſtrecche up to the heven
Min hond ne ſetten al in even
This world, whiche ever is in balaunce,
It ſtant nought in my ſuffiſaunce
So great thinges to compaſſe.
But I mote lette it over paſſe
And treaten upon other thinges,
Forthy the ſtile of my writinges
Fro this day forth I thenke chaunge
And ſpeake of thinge is nought ſo ſtrange,

Poſtquam in prologo tractatum hactenus exiſtit, qualiter hodierne condicionis diviſio charitatis dilectionem ſuperavit, intendit auctor ad preſens ſuum libellum, cuius nomen Confeſſio Amantis nuncupatur, componere de illo amore, a quo non ſolum humanum genus, ſed et cuncta animancia naturaliter ſubjiciuntur. Et quia nonnulli amantes ultra quam expedit deſiderii paſſionibus crebro ſtimulantur, materia libri per totum

ſuper hiis ſpecialiter diffunditur.

Whiche every kinde hath upon honde
And wherupon the world mote ſtonde
And hath done ſithen it began
And ſhall while there is any man,
And that is love, of whiche I mene
To treate, as after ſhall be ſene,
In whiche there can no man him reule,
For loves lawe is out of reule
That of to moche or of to lite
Wellnigh is every man to wite.
And netheles there is no man
In al this world ſo wiſe, that can
Of love temper the meſure.
But as it falleth in aventure
For wit ne ſtrengthe may nought helpe
And he which elles wolde him yelpe
Is ratheſt throwen under foote,
Ther can no wight therof do bote.
For yet was never ſuch covine
That couth ordeine a medicine
To thing, which god in lawe of kinde
Hath ſet, for there may no man finde
The righte ſalve for ſuche a ſore.
It hath and ſhal be evermore
That love is maiſter, where he will,
There can no life make other ſkill,
For where as ever him liſt to ſet
There is no might, which him may let,
But what ſhall fallen ate laſte.
The ſothe can no wiſedom caſt,

But as it falleth upon chaunce,
For if there ever was balaunce
Whiche of fortune ſtant governed,
I may well leve as I am lerned
That love hath that balaunce on honde
Whiche wol no reſon underſtonde.
For love is blinde and may nought ſe,
Forthy may no certeinte
Be ſette upon his jugement.
But as the whele aboute went
He yeveth his graces undeſerved
And fro that man whiche hath him ſerved
Ful ofte he taketh awey his fees,
As he that plaieth at the dies
And therupon what ſhal befall
He not, til that the chaunce fall
Where he ſhall leſe or he ſhal winne.
And thus full ofte men beginne
That if they wiſten what it ment
They wol chaunge all here entent.
And for to prove it is ſo
I am my ſelfe one of tho
Whiche to this ſcole am underfonge.
For it is ſithe go nought longe
As for to ſpeake of this matere
I may you telle, if ye woll here
A wonder hap, which me befelle
That was to me bothe harde and felle,
Touchend of love and his fortune,
The which me liketh to commune

Hic quaſi in perſona aliorum, quos amor alligat, fingens ſe auctor eſſe amantem, varias eorum paſſiones variis huius libri diſtinctionibus per ſingula ſcribere proponit.

And pleinly for to tellen it oute,
To hem that ben lovers aboute
Fro point to pointe I wol declare
And writen of my woful care,
My woful day, my woful chaunce,
That men mow take remembraunce
Of that they ſhall here after rede.
For in good feith this wolde I rede,
That every man enſample take
Of wiſedom, which is him betake,
And that he wote of good appriſe
To teche it forth, for ſuche empriſe
Is for to preiſe, and therfore I
Wol write and ſhewe all openly,
How love and I to-gider mette,
Wherof the worlde enſample fette
May after this, whan I am go,
Of thilke unſely jolif wo,
Whoſe reule ſtant out of the wey
Now glad and now gladneſſe awey,
And yet it may nought be withſtonde
For ought that men may underſtonde.

2. *Non ego Sampſonis vires, non Herculis arma*
Vinco, ſum ſed ut hii victus amore pari.
Ut diſcant alii docet experiencia facti,
Rebus in ambiguis que ſit habenda via.
Devius ordo ducis temptata pericla ſequentem
Inſtruit a tergo me ſimul ille cadat.
Me quibus ergo Venus caſibus laqueavit amantem,
Orbis in exemplum ſcribere tendo palam.

Hic declarat materiam dicens, qualiterCupido quodam

Upon the point that is befalle
Of love, in which that I am falle,

I thenke telle my matere.
Nowe herken who that woll it here
Of my fortune how that it ferde
This enderday, as I forth ferde
To walke, as I you telle may.
And that was in the moneth of May,
Whan every brid hath choſe his make
And thenketh his merthes for to make
Of love, that he hath acheved.
But ſo was I no thing releved,
For I was further fro my love
Than erthe is fro the heven above,
And for to ſpeke of any ſpede
So wiſte I me none other rede,
But as it were a man forfare
Unto the wood I gan to fare,
Nought for to ſinge with the briddes,
For whan I was the wood amiddes
I fonde a ſwote grene pleine
And there I gan my wo compleigne
Wisſhinge and wepinge all min one.
For other mirthes made I none.
So hard me was that ilke throwe,
That ofte ſithes overthrowe
To grounde I was withoute brethe
And ever I wisſhed after dethe,
Whan I out of my peine awoke,
And caſte up many a pitous loke
Unto the heven and ſaide thus:
O thou Cupide, O thou Venus

ignito jaculo ſui cordis memoriam gravi ulcere perforavit, quod Venus percipiens ipſum, ut dicit, quaſi in mortis articulo ſpaſmatum ad confitendum ſe Genio ſacerdoti ſuper amoris cauſa ſic ſemivivum ſpecialiter commendavit.

Thou god of love and thou goddeſſe,
Where is pite? where is mekeneſſe?
Now doth me pleinly live or die,
For certes ſuche a maladie
As I now have and longe have had
It mighte make a wiſe man mad,
If that it ſhulde longe endure.
O Venus, quene of loves cure,
Thou life, thou luſt, thou mannes hele,
Beholde my cauſe and my quarele
And yef me ſome part of thy grace,
So that I may finde in this place,
If thou be gracious or none.
And with that worde I ſigh anone
The kinge of love and quene bothe.
But he that king with eyen wrothe
His chere aweiward fro me caſte
And forthe he paſſed ate laſte.
But netheles er he forth wente
A firy dart me thought he hente
And threwe it through min herte rote.
In him fonde I none other bote,
For lenger liſt him nought to dwelle.
But ſhe whiche is the ſource and welle
Of wele or wo, that ſhal betide
To hem that loven at that tide,
Abode but for to tellen here
She caſt on me no goodly chere,
Thus netheles to me ſhe ſaide:
What art thou, ſone? and I abraide

Right as a man doth out of ſlepe,
And therof toke ſhe right good kepe
And bad me nothing be adradde.
But for al that I was nought gladde,
For I ne ſigh no cauſe why.
And eft ſhe aſketh, what was I?
I ſaide: a caitif that lith here,
What wolde ye my lady dere?
Shall I be hole or elles die?
She ſaide: telle thy maladie,
What is thy ſore of which thou pleigneſt,
Ne hide it nought, for if thou feigneſt
I can do the no medicine.
Madame, I am a man of thine
That in thy court have longe ſerved
And axe that I have deſerved
Some wele after my longe wo.
And ſhe began to loure tho
And ſaide: there be many of you
Faitours, and ſo may be that thou
Art right ſuche one and by faintiſe
Saiſt, that thou haſt me do ſervice.
And netheles ſhe wiſte wele
My word ſtood on an other whele
Withouten any faiterie.
But algate of my maladie
She bad me tell and ſay her trouthe.
Madame, if ye wolde have routhe,
Quod I, than wolde I telle you.
Say forth, quod ſhe, and telle me how,

Shewe me thy ſikeneſſe every dele.
Madame, that can I do wele,
Be ſo my life therto wol laſte.
With that her loke on me ſhe caſte
And ſaide: in aunter if thou live
My wille is firſt, that thou be ſhrive
And netheles how that it is
I wot my ſelfe, but for all this
Unto my preſt which cometh anone
I wol thou telle it one and one
Both al thy thought and al thy werke.
O Genius min owne clerke,
Come forth and here this mannes ſhrifte,
Quod Venus tho, and I uplifte
Min hede with that and gan beholde
The ſelfe preſt, whiche as ſhe wolde
Was redy there and ſet him doune
To here my confeſſion.

3. *Confeſſus Genio ſi ſit medicina ſalutis*
Experiar morbis, quos tulit ipſa Venus.
Leſa quidem ferro medicantur membra ſaluti,
Raro tamen medicum vulnus amoris habet.

Hic dicit, qualiter Genio pro confeſſore ſedenti provolutus amans ad confitendum ſe flexis genibus incurvatur, ſupplicans tamen, ut ad ſui ſenſus informacionem confeſſor ille in dicendis opponere ſibi benignius dignaretur.

This worthy preſt, this holy man
To me ſpekend thus began
And ſaide: Benedicite
My ſone, of the felicite
Of love and eke of all the wo
Thou ſhalt be ſhrive of bothe two,
What thou er this for loves ſake
Haſt felt let nothing be forſake,

:l pleinly as it is befalle.
ıd with that worde I gan down falle
ı knees and with devocion
ıd with full great contricion
ſaide thanne: Dominus,
in holy fader Genius,
as thou haſte experience
f love, for whoſe reverence
hou ſhalt me ſhriven at this time,
pray the let me nought miſtime
y ſhrifte, for I am deſtourbed
all min herte and ſo contourbed,
hat I ne may my wittes gete.
ſhal I moche thing foryete,
ıt if thou wolt my ſhrifte oppoſe
ro point to pointe, than I ſuppoſe
here ſhall nothing be left behinde.
ut now my wittes be ſo blinde,
hat I ne can my ſelfe teche.
ho he beganne anon to preche
ıd with his wordes debonaire
le ſaid to me ſofte and faire:
Iy ſone, I am aſſigned here
hy ſhrifte to oppoſe and here
y Venus the goddeſſe above,
Vhoſe preſt I am touchend of love.
But netheles for certain ſkill
mote algate and nedes will
ought only make my ſpekinges
f love, but of other thinges,

Sermo Genii ſacerdotis ſuper confeſſione ad amantem.

That touchen to the cauſe of vice.
For that belongeth to thoffice
Of preſt, whoſe ordre that I bere,
So that I wol nothing forbere,
That I the vices one and one
Ne ſhall the ſhewen everichone,
Wherof thou might take evidence
To reule with thy conſcience.
But of concluſion finall
Conclude I wolde in ſpeciall
For love whoſe ſervaunt I am
And why the cauſe is that I cam.
So thenke I to do bothe two,
Firſt that min ordre longeth to
The vices for to telle a rewe,
But nexte above all other ſhewe
Of love I wol the propretes
How that they ſtonde by degres
After the diſpoſicion
Of Venus, whoſe condicion
I muſt folwe as I am holde,
For I with love am al witholde,
So that the laſſe I am to wite,
Though I ne conne but a lite
Of other thinges that bene wiſe,
I am nought taught in ſuche a wiſe.
For it is nought my comun uſe
To ſpeke of vices and vertuſe,
But all of love and of his lore,
For Venus bokes of no more

Me techen nouther text ne gloſe.
But for als moche as I ſuppoſe
It ſit a preſt to be wel thewed
And ſhame it is if he be lewed,
Of my preſthode after the forme
I wol thy ſhrifte ſo enforme,
That at the laſte thou ſhalt here
The vices, and to thy matere
Of love I ſhal hem ſo remeve,
That thou ſhalt knowe what they meve.
For what a man ſhall axe or ſaine
Touchend of ſhrifte, it mot be pleine,
It nedeth nought to make it queinte,
For trouth his wordes wol nought peinte.
That I wol axe of the forthy,
My ſone, it ſhal be ſo pleinly,
That thou ſhalt knowe and underſtonde
The pointes of ſhrift how that they ſtonde.

Viſus et auditus fragiles ſunt oſtia mentis,
Que vicioſa manus claudere nulla poteſt.
Eſt ibi larga via, graditur qua cordis ad antrum
Hoſtis et ingrediens foſſa talenta rapit.
Hec mihi confeſſor Genius primordia profert,
Dum ſit in extremis vita remorſa malis.
Nunc tamen ut poterit ſemiviva loquela fateri,
Verba per os timide conſcia mentis agam.

4.

Betwene the life and dethe I herde
This preſtes tale er I anſwerde,
And than I praid him for to ſay
His will and I it wolde obey
After the forme of his appriſe.
Tho ſpake he to me in ſuch a wiſe

Hic incipit confeſſio amantis, cui de duobus precipue quinque ſenſuum, hoc eſt de viſu et auditu confeſſor preceteris opponit.

And bad me, that I ſholde ſhrive
As touchende of my wittes five
And ſhape, that they were amended
Of that I hadde hem miſpended.
For tho be properly the gates,
Through which as to the hert algates
Cometh all thing unto the feire,
Which may the mannes ſoule empeire.
And now this matter is brought in,
My ſone, I thenke firſt beginne
To wit, how that thin eye hath ſtonde,
The whiche is as I underſtonde
The moſt principall of alle,
Through whom that peril may befalle.
And for to ſpeke in loves kinde
Full many ſuche a man may finde,
Whiche ever caſte aboute here eye
To loke, if that they might aſpie
Ful oft thing, which hem ne toucheth,
But only that here herte ſoucheth
In hindringe of an other wight.
And thus ful many a worthy knight
And many a luſty lady bothe
Have be full ofte ſithes wrothe,
So that an eye is as a thefe
To love and doth ful great meſchefe,
And alſo for his owne part
Ful ofte thilke firy dart
Of love, which that ever brenneth,
Through him into the herte renneth.

hus a mannes eye ferſt
ſelfe greveth altherwerſt,
nany a time that he knoweth
his owne harme it groweth.
ne, herken now forthy
, to be ware therby
eye for to kepe and warde,
t it paſſe nought his warde.
ide telleth in his boke
nple touchend of miſloke
aith, how whilom ther was one
rthy lord, whiche Acteon
note, and he was couſin nigh
m, that Thebes firſt on high
te, which king Cadme hight.
Acteon, as he wel might,
e all other caſt his chere
ſed it from yere to yere
houndes and with grete hornes
g the wodes and the thornes
ake his hunting and his chace,
e him beſt thought in every place
den game in his way,
e rode he for to hunte and play.
n befelle upon a tide
is hunting as he cam ride
oreſte alone he was,
gh upon the grene gras
aire freſshe floures ſpringe,
erd among the leves ſinge

Hic narrat confeſſor exemplum de viſu ab illicitis preſervando, dicens, qualiter Acteon Cadmi regis Thebarum nepos, dum in quadam foreſta venacionis cauſa ſpaciarit, accidit, ut ipſe quendam fontem nemoroſa arborum pulchritudine circumventum ſuperveniens vidit ibi Dianam cum ſuis nimphis nudam in flumine balneantem, quam diligencius intuens oculos ſuos a muliebri nuditate nullatenus avertere volebat, unde indignata Diana ipſum in cervi figuram transformavit. Quem canes proprii apprehendentes mortiferis dentibus penitus dilaniarunt.

The throſtel with the nightingale.
Thus er he wiſt into a dale
He came, wher was a litel pleine
All rounde aboute wel beſeine
With buſshes grene and cedres high,
And there within he caſte his eye.
Amid the plaine he ſaw a welle
So faire there might no man telle,
In which Diana naked ſtood
To bathe and play her in the flood
With many a nimphe, which her ſerveth.
But he his eye awey ne ſwerveth
Fro her, which was naked all.
And ſhe was wonder wroth withall
And him, as ſhe which was goddeſſe,
Forſhope anone and the likeneſſe
She made him take of an herte,
Which was tofore his houndes ſterte,
That ronne beſilich aboute
With many an horne and many a route,
That maden mochel noiſe and crie,
And ate laſte unhappilie
This hert his owne houndes ſlough
And him for vengeaunce all to-drough.

Confeſſor. Lo now, my ſone, what it is
A man to caſte his eye amis,
Which Acteon hath dere abought,
Beware forthy and do it nought.
For ofte who that hede toke
Better is to winke than to loke.

to proven it is ſo
e poete alſo
hiche to this matere
h, ſaith, as thou ſhalt here.
thamor it telleth thus,
t a lord, whiche Phorceus
, hadde doughters thre.
their nativite
the conſtellacion,
of mannes nacion
e they be ſo miſwent,
he likeneſſe of the ſerpent
re bothe, and ſo that one
was cleped Stellibone,
er ſuſter Suriale,
l as telleth in the tale
ight, and netheles
n name Gorgones,
contre there about
res, whiche that men doute,
en hem, and but one eye
em thre in purpartie
l, of which they mighte ſe,
he it this, nowe hath it ſhe.
t cauſe and nede it ladde
es eche of hem it hadde.
r thing yet more amis
s, wherof I telle al this,
n on hem his chere caſte
behelde, he was als faſte

Hic ponit aliud exemplum de eodem, ubi dicit, quod quidam princeps nomine Phorcus tres progenuit filias Gorgones a vulgo nuncupatas, que uno partu exorte deformitatem monſtrorum ſerpentinam obtinuerunt, quibus, cum in etatem pervenerant, talis deſtinata fuerat natura, quod quicumque in eas aſpiceret in lapidem ſubito mutabatur, et ſic quamplures incaute reſpicientes viſis illis perierunt, ſed Perſeus miles clipeo Palladis gladioque Mercurii munitus eas extra montem Atlantis cohabitantes animo audaci abſque ſui periculo interfecit.

Out of a man into a ſtone
Forſhape, and thus fil many one
Deceived were, of that they wolde
Miſlike, where that they ne ſhulde.
But Perſeus that worthy knight,
Whom Pallas of her grete might
Helpe and rede him a ſhield therto,
And eke the god Mercury alſo
Lent him a ſwerde, he as it fell
Beyond Atthlas the highe hill
Theſe monſtres fought and there he fonde
Diverſe men of thilke londe
Through ſight of hem miſformed were
Stondend as ſtones here and there.
But he, which wiſdome and proweſſe
Hath of the god and the goddeſſe,
The ſhielde of Pallas gan embrace,
With which he covereth ſauf his face,
Mercuries ſwerde out he drough
And ſo he bare him, that he ſlough
Theſe dredfull monſtres alle thre.

Confeſſ. Lo now, my ſone, wiſe the,
That thou thy ſight nought miſuſe,
Caſt nought thin eye upon Meduſe,
That thou be torned into ſtone.
For ſo wiſe man was never none
But if he woll his eye kepe
And take of foul delite no kepe,
That he with luſte nis ofte nome
Through ſtrengthe of love and overcome

Of miſlokinge how it hath ferde,
As I have told, now haſt thou herde.
My gode ſone, take good hede
And over this yet I the rede,
That thou beware of thin hering,
Which to the herte the tiding
Of many a vanite hath brought
To tarie with a manes thought.
And netheles good is to here
Such thing, wherof a man may lere,
That to vertue is accordaunt,
And toward all the remenaunt
Good is to torne his ere fro,
For elles but a man do ſo
Him may ful ofte miſbefalle.
I rede enſample amonges alle,
Wherof to kepe wel an ere
It oughte put a man in fere.
A ſerpent, which that aſpidis
Is cleped, of his kinde hath this,
That he the ſtone nobleſt of alle
The which that men carbuncle calle
Bereth in his heed above on highte.
For which whan that a man by ſlighte
The ſtone to winne and him to daunte
With his carecte him wolde enchaunte,
Anone as he perceiveth that,
He lith down his one ere al plat
Unto the ground and halt it faſte
And eke that other ere als faſte

Hic narrat confeſſor exemplum, ut non ab auris exaudicione fatua animus deceptus involvatur. Et dicit, qualiter ille ſerpens, qui aſpis vocatur, quendam precioſiſſimum lapidem nomine carbunculum in ſue frontis medio geſtans, contra verba incantantis aurem unam terre affigendo premit et aliam ſue caude ſtimulo firmiſſime obturat.

He ſtoppeth with his tail ſo ſore,
That he the wordes laſſe or more
Of his enchauntement ne hereth.
And in this wiſe him ſelf he ſkiereth,
So that he hath the wordes weived
And thus his ere is nought deceived.

An other thing who that recordeth
Lich unto this enſample accordeth,
Whiche in the tale of Troye I finde.
Sirenes of a wonder kinde
Ben monſtres, as the bokes tellen,
And in the grete ſee they dwellen,
Of body bothe and of viſage
Like unto women of yonge age
Up fro the navel on high they be,
And down benethe, as men may ſe,
They bere of fiſhes the figure.
And over this of ſuch nature
They ben, that with ſo ſwete a ſteven
Like to the melodie of heven
In womanniſhe vois they ſinge
With notes of ſo great likinge,
Of ſuche meſure, of ſuche muſike,
Wherof the ſhippes they beſwike,
That paſſen by the coſtes there.
For whan the ſhipmen lay an ere
Unto the vois, in here avis
They wene it be a paradis,
Whiche after is to hem an helle.
For reſon may nought with hem dwelle,

Aliud exemplum ſuper eodem, qualiter rex Ulixes cum a bello Trojano verſus Greciam navigio remigaret et prope illa monſtra maxima, Sirenes nuncupata, angelica voce canoras ipſum ventorum adverſitate navigare oporteret, omnium nautarum ſuorum aures obturari coegit. Et ſic ſalutari providencia prefultus abſque periculo ſalvus cum ſua claſſe Ulixes pertranſivit.

Whan they the grete luſtes here
They conne nought here ſhippes ſtere,
So beſilich upon the note
They herken and in ſuch wiſe aſſote,
That they here righte cours and weie
Foryete and to their ere obeie
And ſailen, till it ſo befalle
That they into the perill falle,
Where as the ſhippes ben to-drawe
And they ben with the monſtres ſlawe.
But fro this peril netheles
With his wiſdom king Ulixes
Eſcapeth and it over paſſeth,
For he to-fore the hond compaſſeth,
That no man of his compaignie
Hath power unto that folie
His ere for no luſt to caſte.
For he hem ſtopped alle faſte,
That non of hem may here hem ſinge.
So whan they comen forth ſailinge,
There was ſuch governaunce on honde,
That they the monſtres have withſtonde
And ſlain of hem a great partie.
Thus was he ſauf with his navie
This wiſe king through governaunce.
Herof, my ſone, in remembraunce — Confeſſor.
Thou might enſample taken here,
As I have tolde, and what thou here
Be wel ware and yef no credence,
But if thou ſe more evidence.

For if thou woldeſt take kepe
And wiſely coutheſt warde and kepe
Thine eye and ere, as I have ſpoke,
Than haddeſt thou the gates ſtoke
Fro ſuch foly, as cometh to winne
Thin hertes wit, whiche is withinne,
Wherof that now thy love excedeth
Meſure and many a peine bredeth.
But if thou coutheſt ſette in reule
Tho two, the thre were eth to reule.
Forthy as of thy wittes five
I wol as nowe no more ſhrive,
But only of theſe ilke two,
Tel me therfore if it be ſo,
Haſt thou thine eye nought miſthrowe?

Amans. My fader ye, I am beknowe,
I have hem caſt upon Meduſe
Therof I may me nought excuſe.
Min hert is growen into ſtone,
So that my lady there upon
Hath ſuche a printe of love grave,
That I can nought my ſelfe ſave.

Opponit Confeſſor. What ſaiſt thou ſone, as of thin ere?

Reſpondet Amans. My fader, I am gilty of there,
For whanne I my lady here,
My wit with that hath loſt his ſtere.
I do nought as Ulixes dede,
But falle anon upon the ſtede,
Where as I ſe my lady ſtonde.
And there I do you underſtonde

I am to-pulled in my thought,
So that of reſon leveth nought,
Wherof that I me may defende.
My gode ſone, god the amende. Confeſſor.
For as me thenketh by thy ſpeche
Thy wittes ben right far to ſeche.
As of thin ere and of thin eye
I wol no more ſpecifie,
But I woll axen over this
Of other thing how that it is.

Celſior eſt aquilaque leone forcior ille, 5.
Quem tumor elati cordis ad alta movet.
Sunt ſpecies quinque, quibus eſſe ſuperbia ductrix
Clamat et in multis mundus adheret eis.
Larvando faciem fićto pallore ſubornat
Fraudibus ypocriſis mellea verba ſuis.
Sicque pios animos quam ſepe ruit muliebres
Ex humili verbo ſublatitante dolo.

My ſone, as I the ſhall enforme, Hic loquitur, quod ſeptem ſunt peccata mortalia, quorum caput ſuperbia varias ſpecies habet, et earum prima ypocriſis dicitur, cuius proprietatem ſecundum vicium ſimpliciter confeſſor amanti declarat.
There ben yet of another forme
Of dedly vices ſeven applied,
Wherof the herte is ofte plied
To thing, which after ſhal him greve.
The firſt of hem thou ſhalt beleve
Is pride, whiche is principall
And hath with him in ſpeciall
Miniſtres five ful diverſe,
Of which as I the ſhal reherſe
The firſt is ſaid ypocriſie.
If thou art of his compaignie
Tel forth, my ſone, and ſhrive the clene.
I wote nought, fader, what ye mene, Amans.

But this I wolde you beſeche,
That ye me by ſomweie teche,
What is to ben an ypocrite.
And than if I be for to wite,
I wol beknowen, as it is.

Confeſſor. My ſone, an ypocrite is this,
A man which feigneth conſcience
As though it were al innocence
Without, and is nought ſo withinne,
And doth, ſo for he wolde winne
Of his deſire the vein eſtate.
And whan he cometh anone thereat,
He ſheweth thanne what he was,
The corne is torned into gras,
That was a roſe is than a thorne,
And he that was a lamb beforne
Is than a wolfe, and thus malice
Under the colour of juſtice
Is had, and as the people telleth,

Ypocriſis religioſa. Theſe ordres witen where he dwelleth
As he that of her counſeil is,
And thilke world, which they er this
Forſoken, he draweth in ayeine,
He clotheth richeſſe as men ſaine
Under the ſimpleſt of pouerte
And doth to ſeme of great deſerte
Thing, whiche is litel worth withinne,
He ſaith in open fy! to ſinne,
And in ſecre there is no vice
Of which that he nis a norice.

And ever his chere is ſobre and ſofte,
And where he goth he bleſſeth ofte.
Wherof the blinde world he drecheth,
But yet all only he ne ſtrecheth
His reule upon religion,
But next to that condicion
In ſuche as clepe hem holy cherche
It ſheweth eke, howe he can werche
Amonge tho wide furred hodes
To geten hem the worldes goodes.
And they have ſelf ben thilke ſame,
That ſetten moſt the world in blame,
But yet in contraire of here lore
There is nothing they loven more,
So that feignend of light they werke
The dedes, whiche are inward derke,
And thus this double ypocriſie
With his devoute apparancie
A viſer ſet upon his face,
Wherof toward this worldes grace
He ſemeth to be right wel thewed,
And yet his herte is all beſhrewed,
But netheles he ſtant beleved
And hath his purpos ofte acheved
Of worſhip and of worldes welthe,
And taketh it as who ſaith by ſtelthe
Through coverture of his fallas.
And right ſo in ſemblable cas
This vice hath eke his officers
Among theſe other ſeculers

Ypocriſis eccleſiaſtica.

Ypocriſis ſecularis.

Of grete men, for of the ſmale
As for to accompt he ſet no tale,
But they that paſſen the comune
With ſuche hem liketh to comune,
And where he ſaith, he wol ſocoure
The people, there he wol devoure.
For now a day is many one
Which ſpeketh of Peter and of John
And thenketh Judas in his herte,
There ſhall no worldes good aſterte
His honde, and yet he yeveth almeſſe
And faſteth ofte and hereth meſſe
With *mea culpa*, whiche he ſaith,
Upon his breſt ful ofte he leith
His hond and caſt upward his eye,
As though he Criſtes face ſeie,
So that it ſemeth ate ſight,
As he alone al other might
Reſcue with his holy bede.
But yet his herte in other ſtede
Among his bedes moſt devoute
Goth in the worldes cauſe aboute,
How that he might his wariſon
Encreſe, and in compariſon

Hic tractat confeſſor cum amante ſuper illa ypocriſia, que ſub amoris facie fraudulenter latitando mulieres ipſius ficticiis credulas ſepiſſime decipit innocentes.

There ben lovers of ſuche a ſorte,
That feignen hem an humble porte,
And al is but ypocriſie,
Which with deceipte and flaterie
Hath many a worthy wife beguiled.
For whan he hath his tunge affiled

With ſofte ſpeche and with leſinge,
For with his fals pitous lokinge
He wolde make a woman wene
To gon upon the faire grene,
Whan that ſhe falleth in the mire.
For if he may have his deſire,
How ſo falle of the remenaunt,
He halt no worde of covenaunt,
But er the time that he ſpede
There is no ſleighte at thilke nede,
Which any loves faitour may,
That he ne put it in aſſay
As him belongeth for to done.
The colour of the reiny mone
With medicine upon his face
He ſet and than he axeth grace,
As he, which hath ſikeneſſe feigned,
Whan his viſage is ſo diſteigned,
With eye up caſt on her he ſiketh
And many a continaunce he piketh
To bringen her into beleve
Of thing, which that he wold acheve,
Wherof he bereth the pale hewe,
And for he wolde ſeme trewe
He maketh him ſike, whan he is heil.
But whan he bereth loweſt ſail,
Than is he ſwifteſt to beguile
The woman, which that ilke while
Set upon him feith or credence.
My ſone, if thou thy conſcience — Opponit confeſſor.

Entamed haſt in ſuch a wiſe,
In ſhrifte thou the might aviſe
And telle it me, if it be ſo.

Reſpondet amans. Min holy fader, certes no.
As for to feigne ſuch ſikeneſſe
It nedeth nought, for this witneſſe
I take of god, that my corage
Hath ben more ſike than my viſage.
And eke this may I well avowe,
So lowe couthe I never bowe
To feigne humilite withoute,
That me ne liſte better loute
With all the thoughtes of min herte.
For that thing ſhall me never aſterte,
I ſpeke as to my lady dere
To make her any feigned chere,
God wot well there I lie nought,
My chere hath ben ſuch as my thought.
For in good feith, this leveth wele,
My wil was better a thouſand dele
Than any chere that I couthe.
But ſire, if I have in my youthe
Done other wiſe in other place,
I put me therof in your grace.
For this excuſen I ne ſhall,
That I have elles over all
To love and to his compaignie
Be plein without ypocriſie.
But there is one, the whiche I ſerve,
All though I may no thank deſerve,

ıom yet never unto this day
: onlich or ye or nay,
it ſo were in my thought
ıchend other ſay I nought,
I nam ſomdele for to wite
ıt ye clepe an ypocrite.
ſone, it ſit wel every wight
:pe his worde in trouth upright
rdes love in alle wiſe.
'ho that wold him wel aviſe
hath befalle in this matere,
ulde nought with feigned chere
ve love in no degre.
ve is every herte fre,
ı deceipt if that thou feigneſt
herupon thy luſte atteigneſt,
thou haſt wonne with thy wile,
gh it the like for a while,
ſhalt it afterward repente.
or to prove min entente
e enſample in a cronique
m, that love ſo beſwike.
ell by olde daies thus,
themperour Tiberius
nonarchie of Rome ladde,
: was a worthy Romain hadde
e, and ſhe Pauline hight,
h was to every mannes ſight
the cite the faireſt
ıs men ſaiden eke the beſt.

Confeſſor.

Quod ypocriſia ſit in amore periculoſa, narrat exemplum, qualiter ſub regno Tiberii imperatoris quidam miles nomine Mundus, qui Romanorum dux milicie tunc prefuit, dominam Paulinam pulcherrimam caſtitatisque famoſiſſimam mediantibus duobus falſis preſbiteris in

templo Yſis deum ſe fingens ſub ficte ſanctitatis ypocriſi nocturno tempore viciavit, unde idem dux in exilium, preſbiteri in mortem ob ſui criminis enormitatem dampnati extiterant ymagoque dee Yſis a templo evulſa univerſo conclamante populo in flumen Tiberiadis proiecta mergebatur.

It is and hath ben ever yit
That ſo ſtrong is no mannes wit,
Which through beaute ne may be drawe
To love and ſtonde under the lawe
Of thilke bore free kinde,
Which maketh the hertes eyen blinde,
Where no reſon may be communed.
And in this wiſe ſtode fortuned
This tale, of whiche I wol mene
This wife, whiche in her luſtes grene
Was faire and freſh and tender of age.
She may nought lette the corage
Of him, that wol on her aſſote.
There was a duke, and he was hote
Mundus, which had in his baillie
To lede the chivalrie
Of Rome and was a worthy knight.
But yet he was nought of ſuch might
The ſtrength of love to withſtonde,
That he ne was ſo brought to honde,
That malgre where he wol or no
This yonge wife he loveth ſo,
That he hath put all his aſſay
To winne thing, which he ne may
Get of her graunt in no manere
By yefte of gold, ne by praiere.
And whan he ſigh, that by no mede
Toward her love he mighte ſpede,
By ſleighte feignend than he wrought
And therupon he him bethought,

How that there was in the cite
A temple of ſuche auctorite,
To which with great devocion
The noble women of the towne
Moſt comunlich a pelerinage
Gone for to pray thilke ymage,
Which the goddeſſe of childing is
And cleped was by name Yſis.
And in her temple thanne were
To reule and to miniſtre there
After the lawe, which was tho,
Above all other preſtes two.
This duke, which thought his love get,
Upon a day hem two to mete
Hath bede, and they come at his heſte,
Where that they had a riche feſte.
And after mete in prive place
This lord, which wold his thank purchace,
To eche of hem yaf thanne a yift
And ſpake ſo by waie of ſhrift,
He drough hem into his covine
To helpe and ſhape, how he Pauline
After his luſt deceive might.
And they her trouthes bothe plight,
That they by night her ſhulden winne
Into the temple, and he therinne
Shall have of her all his entent.
And thus accorded forth they went.
Now liſt, through which ypocriſie
Ordeigned was the trecherie,

Wherof this lady was deceived.
Theſe preſtes hadden wel conceived,
That ſhe was of great holineſſe.
And with a counterfeit ſimpleſſe,
Which hid was in a fals corage,
Feignend an hevenly meſſage
They cam and ſaide unto her thus:
Pauline, the god Anubus
Hath ſent us bothe preſtes here
And ſaith, he wol to the appere
By nightes time him ſelfe alone,
For love he hath to thy perſone.
And therupon he hath us bede,
That we in Yſis temple a ſtede
Honeſtly for the purveie,
Where thou by night as we the ſaie
Of him ſhalt take a viſion.
For upon thy condicion,
The whiche is chaſte and full of feith,
Suche price, as he us tolde, he leith,
That he wol ſtonde of thin accorde,
And for to beare herof recorde
He ſende us hider bothe two.
Glad was her innocence tho
Of ſuche wordes as ſhe herd,
With humble chere and thus anſwerd
And ſaide, that the goddes will
She was all redy to fulfill,
That by her huſbondes leve
She wolde in Yſis temple at eve

Upon her goddes grace abide
To ſerven him the nightes tide.
The preſtes tho gon home ayeine,
And ſhe goth to her ſovereine
Of goddes will. And as it was
She tolde him all the plaine cas,
Wherof he was deceived eke
And bad, that ſhe her ſhulde meke
All hole unto the goddes heſte.
And thus ſhe, which was all honeſte
To godward, after her entent
At night unto the temple went,
Where that the falſe preſtes were.
And they receiven her there
With ſuche a token of holineſſe,
As though they ſeen a goddeſſe,
And all within in prive place
A ſofte bedde of large ſpace
They hadde made and encortined,
Where ſhe was afterward engined.
But ſhe, whiche all honour ſuppoſeth,
The falſe preſtes than oppoſeth
And axeth by what obſervaunce
She might moſt to the pleſaunce
Of god that nightes reule kepe.
And they her bidden for to ſlepe
Liggend upon the bedde a loft,
For, ſo they ſaid, al ſtill and ſoft
God Anubus her wolde awake.
The counſeil in this wiſe take

The preſtes fro this lady gone.
And ſhe that wiſte of guile none
In the maner as it was ſaid
To ſlepe upon the bedde is leid,
In hope that ſhe ſholde acheve
Thing, which ſtode than upon beleve
Fulfilled of all holineſſe.
But ſhe hath failed as I geſſe,
For in a cloſet faſte by
The duke was hid ſo prively,
That ſhe him mighte nought perceive.
And he that thoughte to deceive
Hath ſuche array upon him nome,
That whan he wold unto her come
It ſhulde ſemen at her eye,
As though ſhe verriliche ſeie
God Anubus, and in ſuche wiſe
This ypocrite of his queintiſe
Awaiteth ever til ſhe ſlept.
And than out of his place he crept
So ſtille, that ſhe nothing herde,
And to the bed ſtalkend he ferde
And ſodeinly, er ſhe it wiſte,
Beclipt in armes he her kiſte,
Wherof in womannisſhe drede
She woke and niſte what to rede.
But he with ſofte wordes milde
Comforteth her and ſaith, with childe
He wolde her make in ſuche a kinde,
That al the world ſhall have in minde

The worſhippe of that ilke ſone,
For he ſhall with the goddes wone
And ben him ſelfe a god alſo.
With ſuche wordes and with mo,
The which he feigneth in his ſpeche,
This ladies wit was al to ſeche
As ſhe, which alle trouthe weneth.
But he, that all untrouthe meneth,
With blinde tales ſo her ladde,
That all his will of her he hadde.
And whan him thought it was inough,
Ayein the day he him withdrough
So prively, that ſhe ne wiſte
Where he be come, but as him liſte
Out of the temple he goth his way.
And ſhe began to bid and pray,
Upon the bare ground knelende,
And after that made her offrende
And to the preſtes yeftes great
She yaf, and homeward by the ſtrete
The duke her mette and ſaide thus:
The mighty god, whiche Anubus
Is hote, he ſave the Pauline,
For thou art of his diſcipline
So holy, that no mannes might
May do, that he hath do to night
Of thing, which thou haſt ever eſchued.
But I his grace have ſo purſued,
That I was made his lieutenaunt.
Forthy by way of covenaunt

For this day forth I am all thine,
And if the like to be mine
That ſtunt upon thin owne wille.
She herde his tale and bare it ſtille
And home ſhe went as it befell
Into her chambre and there ſhe fell
Upon her bed to wepe and crie
And ſaide: O derke ypocriſie,
Through whoſe diſſimulation
Of falſe ymagination
I am thus wickedly deceived,
But that I have it apperceived
I thonke unto the goddes alle.
For though it ones be befalle
I ſhall never eft while that I live,
And thilke avow to god I yive.
And thus wepende ſhe compleigneth
Her faire face and all diſteigneth
With wofull teres of her eye,
So that upon this agonie
Her huſbonde is inne come
And ſigh how ſhe was overcome
With ſorwe and axeth her what her eileth
And ſhe with that her ſelf beweileth
Well more than ſhe didde afore
And ſaid: alas, wifehode is lore
In me, which whilom was honeſt,
I am none other than a beſte
Nowe I defouled am of two.
And as ſhe mighte ſpeake tho

ſhamed with a pitous onde,
he tolde unto her huſebonde
he ſoth of all the hole tale,
nd in her ſpeche dead and pale
he ſwouneth well nigh to the laſte.
nd he her in his armes faſte
pheld and ofte ſwore his oth,
hat he with her is nothing wroth,
or wel he wot ſhe may there nought.
ut netheles within his thought
is hert ſtode in a ſory plite
nd ſaid, he wolde of that deſpite
e venged how ſo ever it falle,
nd ſend unto his frendes alle.
nd whan they were come in fere,
e tolde hem upon this matere
nd axeth hem what was to done.
nd they aviſed were ſone
nd ſaid, it thought hem for the beſte
o ſette firſt his wife in reſte
nd after pleine to the king
pon the matter of this thing.
ho was his wofull wife comforted
y alle waies and diſported,
il that ſhe was ſomdele amended.
nd thus a day or two diſpended
he thridde day ſhe goth to pleine
ith many a worthy citezeine
nd he with many a citezeine.
han themperour it herde ſaine

And knew the falſehed of the vice,
He ſaid he wolde do juſtice.
And firſt he let the preſtes take,
And for they ſhulde it nought forſake
He put hem into queſtion.
But they of the ſuggeſtion
Ne couthe nought a word refuſe,
But for they wold hem ſelf excuſe
The blame upon the duke they laide.
But there ayein the counſeil ſaide,
That they be nought excuſed ſo,
For he is one and they be two
And two have more wit than one,
So thilke excuſement was none.
And over that was ſaid hem eke,
That whan men wolden vertue ſeke
Men ſhulden it in the preſtes finde,
Their ordre is of ſo high a kinde,
That they be diviſers of the wey.
Forthy if any man forſwey
Through hem, they be nought excuſable,
And thus by lawe reſonable
Among the wiſe juges there
The preſtes bothe dampned were,
So that the prive trechery
Hid under falſe ypocriſie
Was thanne all openlich ſhewed,
That many a man hem hath beſhrewed.
And whan the preſtes weren dede,
The temple of thilk horrible dede

They thoughten purge and thilke ymage
Whoſe cauſe was the pelrinage
They drowen out and alſo faſte
Fer into Tiber they it caſte,
Where the river it hath defied.
And thus the temple purified
They have of thilke horrible ſinne,
Which was that time do therinne.
Of this point ſuch was the diviſe.
But of the duke was otherwiſe,
For he with love was beſtad,
His dome was nought ſo harde lad.
For love put reſon awey
And can nought ſe the righte wey.
And by this cauſe he was reſpited,
So that the deth him was acquited,
But for all that he was exiled
For he his love had ſo beguiled,
That he ſhall never come ayeine.
For he that is to trouth unpleine
He may nought failen of vengeaunce
And eke to take remembraunce
Of that ypocriſie hath wrought.
On other half men ſhulde nought
To lightly leve all that they here,
But thanne ſhulde a wiſeman ſtere
The ſhip, whan ſuche windes blowe,
For firſt though they beginne lowe,
At ende they be nought mevable,
But all to-broken maſt and cable,

So that the ſhip with ſodain blaſt
Whan men leſte wene is overcaſt.
As now full ofte a man may ſe,
And of old time how it hath be
I finde a great experience,
Wherof to take an evidence
Good is and to beware alſo
Of the perill er him be woo.

Hic ulterius ponit exemplum de illa eciam ypocriſia, que inter virum et virum decipiens periculoſiſſima conſiſtit, et narrat, qualiter Greci in obſidione civitatis Troie, cum ipſam vi apprehendere nullatenus potuerunt, fallaci animo cum Troianis pacem ut dicunt pro perpetuo ſtatuebant et ſuper hoc quendam equum mire groſſionis de ere fabricatum ad ſacrificandum in templo Minerve confingentes ſub tali ſanctitatis ypocriſi dictam civitatem intrarunt et ipſam cum inhabitantibus gladio et igne comminuentes pro perpetuo penitus devaſtarunt.

Of hem that ben ſo derk withinne
At Troie alſo if we beginne,
Ypocriſie it hath betraied.
For whan the Grekes had all aſſaied
And founde that by no bataile
Ne by no ſiege it might availe
The town to winne through proweſſe,
This vice feigned of ſimpleſſe
Through ſleight of Calcas and of Criſe
It wan by ſuch a maner wiſe.
An horſe of braſs they let do forge
Of ſuche entaile, of ſuche a forge,
That in this world was never man
That ſuch an other werk began.
The crafty werkeman Epius
It made, and for to telle thus,
The Grekes that thoughten to beguile
The king of Troie in thilke while
With Antenor and with Enee,
That were bothe of the citee
And of the counſeil the wiſeſt,
The richeſt and the mightieſt,

n prive place ſo they trete
Vith fair beheſte and yeftes grete
)f gold, that they hem have engined
To-gider and whan they be covined,
They feignen for to make pees,
And under that yet netheleſs
They ſhopen the deſtruction
Bothe of the king and of the town.
And thus the falſe pees was take
)f hem of Grece and undertake,
And therupon they founde a way,
Vhere ſtrengthe might nought away,
That ſleighte ſhulde helpe thanne.
And of an inche a large ſpanne
By colour of the pees they made
And tolden how they were glade
)f that they ſtoden in accorde,
And for it ſhall ben of recorde
Unto the king the Gregois ſaiden
By way of love and thus they praiden,
As they that wolden his thank deſerve,
A ſacrifice unto Minerve
The pees to kepe in good entent
They muſt offre, or that they went.
The king counſeiled in the cas
By Antenor and Eneas
Therto hath yoven his aſſent.
So was the pleine trouthe blent
Through counterfeit ypocriſie.
)f that they ſhulden ſacrifie

The Grekes under the holineſſe
Anone with alle beſineſſe
Here hors of braſs let faire dight,
Which was to ſene a wonder ſight.
For it was trapped of him ſelve
And had of ſmale wheles twelve,
Upon the whiche men inowe
With craft toward the town it drowe
And goth gliſtrend ayein the ſonne.
Tho was there joie inough begonne,
For Troie in great devocion
Came alſo with proceſſion
Ayein this noble ſacrifice
With great honour, and in this wiſe
Unto the gates they it broughte,
But of here entre whan they ſoughte
The gates weren all to ſmale.
And therupon was many a tale.
But for the worſhip of Minerve,
To whom they comen for to ſerve,
They of the town which underſtood
That all this thing was done for good
For pees, wherof that they ben glade,
The gates that Neptunus made
A thouſand winter ther to-fore
They have anone to-broke and tore,
The ſtronge walles down they bete,
So that into the large ſtrete
This horſe with great ſolempnite
Was brought withinne the cite,

And offred with great reverence,
Which was to Troie an evidence
Of love and pees for evermo.
The Gregois token leve tho
With all the hole felaſhip,
And forth they wenten into ſhip
And croſſen ſail and made hem yare
Anone as though they wolden fare.
But whan the blacke winter night
Withoute mone or ſterre light
Bederked hath the water ſtronde,
Al prively they gone to londe
Full armed out of the navie.
Simon, whiche made was here eſpie
Withinne Troie, as was conſpired,
Whan time was a tokne hath fired,
And they with that here waie holden
And comen in right as they wolden,
There as the gate was to-broke.
The purpoſe was full take and ſpoke
Er any man may take kepe,
Whil that the citee was aſlepe
They ſlowen al that was withinne
And token what they mighten winne
Of ſuch good as was ſuffiſaunt
And brenden up the remenaunt.
And thus come out the trecherie,
Which under falſe ypocriſie
Was hid, and they that wende pees
Tho mighten finde no releeſe

Of thilke ſwerd, whiche al devoureth.
Full ofte and thus the ſwete ſoureth,
Whan it is knowe to the taſte,
He ſpilleth many a worde in waſte
That ſhal with ſuch a people trete,
For whan he weneth moſt beyete
Than is he ſhape moſt to leſe.
And right ſo if a woman cheſe
Upon the wordes that ſhe hereth,
Som man whan he moſt true appereth
Than is he furtheſt fro the trouthe.
But yet full ofte, and that is routhe,
They ſpeden, that ben moſt untrue
And loven every day a newe,
Wherof the life is after lothe
And love hath cauſe to be wrothe.
But what man that his luſt deſireth
Of love and therupon conſpireth
With wordes feigned to deceive,
He ſhall nought faile to receive
His peine as it is ofte ſene.

Confeſſor. Forthy my ſone, as I the mene,
It ſit the well to taken hede,
That thou eſcheue of thy manhede
Ypocriſie and his ſemblaunt,
That thou ne be nought deceivaunt
To make a woman to beleve
Thing, whiche is nought in thy beleve.
For in ſuche feint ypocriſie
Of love is all the trecherie,

hrough which love is deceived ofte.
or feigned ſemblaunt is ſo ſofte,
nnethes love may be ware.
orthy my ſone, as I well dare,
charge the to flee that vice,
hat many a woman hath made nice,
ut loke thou dele nought with all.
wis my fader, no more I ſhall. Amans.
Now ſone kepe, that thou haſt ſwore. Confeſſor.
or this that thou haſt herd before
ſaid the firſt point of pride.
nd next upon that other ſide
o ſhrive and ſpeken over this
ouchend of pride yet there is
he point ſeconde I the behote,
Which inobedience is hote.

Flectere quam frangi melius reputatur, et olle 6.
Fictilis ad cacabum pugna valere nequit.
Quem neque lex hominum, neque lex divina valebit
Flectere, multociens corde reflectit amor.
Quem non flectit amor, non eſt flectendus ab ullo,
Sed rigor illius plus elephante riget.
Dedignatur amor poterit quos ſcire rebelles,
Et rudibus ſortem preſtat habere rudem.
Sed qui ſponte ſui ſubicit ſe cordis amori,
Frangit in adverſis omnia fata pius.

This vice of inobedience
yein the reule of conſcience
ll that is humble he diſaloweth,
hat he toward his god ne boweth
fter the lawes of his heſte.
ought as a man, but as a beſte

Hic loquitur de ſecunda ſpecie ſuperbie, que inobediencia dicitur. Et primo illius vicii naturam ſimpliciter declarat et tractat ſubſequenter ſuper illa inobediencia, que in

curia Cupidinis exoſa amoris cauſam ex ſua imbecillitate ſepiſſime retardat, in cuius materia confeſſor amanti ſpecialius opponit.

Whiche goth upon his luſtes wilde
So goth this proude vice unmilde,
That he diſdeigneth alle lawe.
He not what is to be felawe
And ſerve he may nought for pride.
So is he ledde on every ſide
And is that ſelve, of whom men ſpeke,
Which woll nought bowe, er that he breke
I not if love him might plie,
For elles for to juſtifie
His herte, I not what might availe.

Confeſſor. Forthy my ſone, of ſuche entaile
If that thin herte be diſpoſed,
Telle out and let it nought be gloſed.
For if that thou unbuxome be
To love, I not in what degre
Thou ſhalt thy good worde acheve.

Amans. My fader, ye ſhal well beleve,
The yonge whelpe, which is affaited,
Hath nought his maiſter better awaited
To couche, whan he ſaith go lowe,
Than I anone, as I may knowe
My lady will me bowe more.
But other while I grucche ſore
Of ſome thinges, that ſhe doth,
Wherof that I woll telle ſoth.
For of two pointes I am bethought,
That though I wolde I might nought
Obeie unto my ladies heſt,
But I dare make this beheſt

Sauf only of that ilke two,
I am unbuxome of no mo.
What ben tho two, tell on, quod he. Opponit confeſſor.
My fader, this is one, that ſhe Reſpondet amans.
Commaundeth me my mouthe to cloſe,
And that I ſhulde her nought oppoſe
In love, of whiche I ofte preche,
And plenerlich of ſuche a ſpeche
Forbere and ſuffre her in pees.
But that ne might I netheles
For all this worlde obey iwis.
For whan I am there as ſhe is,
Though ſhe my tales nought allowe,
Ayein her will yet mote I bowe
To ſeche, if that I might have grace.
But that thing may I nought embrace
For ought that I can ſpeke or do.
And yet full ofte I ſpeke ſo,
That ſhe is wroth and ſaith: be ſtille.
If I that heſte ſhall fulfille
And therto ben obedient,
Than is my cauſe fully ſhent,
For ſpecheles may no man ſpede.
So wote I nought what is to rede.
But certes I may nought obeie,
That I ne mote algate ſaie
Some what of that I wolde mene,
For ever it is a liche grene
The great love which I have,
Wherof I can nought bothe ſave

My ſpeche and this obedience.
And thus full ofte my ſilence
I breke, and is the firſt point
Wherof that I am out of point
In this, and yet it is no pride.
Now than upon that other ſide
To tell my diſobeiſaunce,
Full ſore it ſtant to my grevaunce
And may nought ſinke into my wit.
Full ofte time ſhe me bit
To leven her and cheſe a newe
And ſaith, if I the ſothe knewe
How fer I ſtonde from her grace,
I ſhulde love in other place.
But therof wol I diſobeie
For alſo wel ſhe mighte ſaie:
Go take the mone there it ſit,
As bringe that into my wit.
For there was never rooted tree
That ſtood ſo faſte in his degree,
That I ne ſtonde more faſte
Upon her love and may nought caſte
Min herte awey, all though I wolde.
For god wote though I never ſholde
Sene her with eye after this daie,
Yet ſtant it ſo, that I ne maie
Her love out of my breſt remue.
This is a wonder retenue,
That malgre where ſhe woll or none
Min herte is evermo in one,

So that I can none other cheſe,
But whether that I winne or leſe
I muſt her loven till I deie
And thus I breke as by that weie
Her heſtes and her commaundinges.
But trulich in none other thinges.
Forthy my fader, what is more
Touchende of this ilke lore
I you beſeche after the forme,
That ye pleinly me wolde enforme,
So that I may min herte reule
In loves cauſe after the reule.

Murmur in adverſis ita concipit ille ſuperbus, 7.
Pena quod ex bina ſorte purget eum.
O bina fortune cum ſpes in amore reſiſtit,
Non ſine mentali murmure plangit amans.

Toward this vice of which we trete
There ben yet tweie of thilke eſtrete,
Her name is murmur and compleinte.
Ther can no man her chere peinte.
To ſette a glad ſemblaunt therinne,
For though fortune make hem winne,
Yet grucchen they, and if they leſe
There is no waie for to cheſe,
Wherof they mighten ſtonde appeſed.
So ben they comunly diſeſed,
There may no welth ne pouerte
Attempren hem to the deſerte
Of buxomneſſe by no wiſe.
For ofte time they deſpiſe

Hic loquitur de murmure et planctu, qui ſuper omnes alios inobediencie ſecreciores ut miniſtri illi deſerviunt.

The good fortune as the badde,
As they no mannes reſon hadde
Through pride, wherof they be blinde.
And right of ſuch a maner kinde
Ther be lovers, that though they have
Of love all that they wolde crave,
Yet woll they grucche by ſome weie,
That they wol nought to love obeie
Upon the trouth, as they do ſholde.
And if hem lacketh that they wolde,
Anon they falle in ſuch a peine,
That ever unbuxomly they pleine
Upon fortune and curſe and crie,
That they wol nought her hertes plie
To ſuffre, till it better falle.
Forthy if thou amonges alle
Haſt uſed this condicion,
My ſone, in thy confeſſion
Now tell me pleinly what thou art.

Amans. My fader, I beknowe a part
So as ye tolden here above
Of murmur and compleint of love,
That for I ſe no ſpede comende
Ayein fortune compleignende
I am as who ſaith evermo
And eke full ofte time alſo.
Whan ſo as that I ſe or here
Of hevy word or hevy chere
Of my lady, I grucche anone,
But wordes dare I ſpeke none,

f ſhe mighte be diſpleſed.
min herte I am diſeſed
nany a murmur god it wote,
lrinke I in min owne ſwote.
ıough I make no ſemblaunt,
erte is all diſobeiſaunt,
this wiſe I me confeſſe
t ye clepe unbuxomneſſe.
elleth what your counſeil is.
ſone, as I the rede this,
ſo befall of other weie,
hou to loves heſt obeie
as thou it might ſuffiſe.
te ſith in ſuch a wiſe
ence in love availeth,
all a mannes ſtrengthe faileth,
of if that the liſt to wit
onique as it is writ
t enſample thou might finde,
now come is to my minde.
re was whilom by daies olde
thy knight and as men tolde
s neveu to themperour
f his court a courteour.
s he was, Florent he hight,
s a man, that mochel might.
nes he was deſirous,
erous and amorous,
or the fame of worldes ſpeche
ge aventures for to ſeche

Confeſſor.

Hic contra amori inobedientes ad commendacionem obediencie confeſſor ſuper eodem exemplum ponit, ubi dicit, quod cum quidam regis Sicilie filia in ſue juventutis floribus pulcherrima ex eius noverce incantacionibus in vetulam turpiſſimam transformata extitit, Florencius tunc imperatoris Claudii nepos, miles in armis ſtrenuiſſimus amoroſiſque legibus

intendens ipſam ex ſua obediencia in pulchritudinem priſtinam mirabiliter reformavit.

He rode the marches all aboute.
And fell a time as he was oute
Fortune, which may every threde
To-breke and knitte of mannes ſpede,
Shope, as this knight rode in a pas,
That he by ſtrengthe taken was,
And to a caſtell they him ladde,
Where that he fewe frendes hadde.
For ſo it fell that ilke ſtounde,
That he hath with a dedly wounde
Fightend his owne hondes ſlain
Branchus, whiche to the Capitain
Was ſone and heire, wherof ben wrothe
The fader and the moder bothe.
That knight Branchus was of his honde
The worthieſt of all his londe,
And fain they wolden do vengeaunce
Upon Florent, but remembraunce
That they toke of his worthineſſe,
Of knighthode and of gentileſſe,
And how he ſtood of couſinage
To themperour, made hem aſſuage,
And dorſte nought ſlaine him for fere.
In great deſputeſon they were
Among hem ſelfe, that was the beſt.
There was a lady, the ſlieſt
Of alle that men knewen tho,
So olde ſhe might unnethes go,
And was grauntdame to the dede.
And ſhe with that began to rede

nd ſaide hem ſhe wol bring him inne,
hat ſhe ſhal him to deth winne
ll only of his owne graunt
hrough ſtrength of verray covenaunt
Vithoute blame of any wight.
none ſhe ſende for this knight
nd of her ſone ſhe alleide
he deth and thus to him ſhe ſaide :
lorent, how ſo ever thou be to wite
f Branchus deth, men ſhal reſpite
s now to take vengement,
e ſo thou ſtonde in jugement
pon certein condicion,
hat thou unto a queſtion
Vhich I ſhall axe ſhalt anſwere.
nd over this thou ſhalt eke ſwere,
hat if thou of the ſothe faile,
here ſhal non other thinge availe,
hat thou ne ſhalt thy deth receive,
nd for men ſhal the nought deceive
hat thou therof might ben aviſed,
hou ſhalt have day and time aſſiſed
nd leve ſaufly for to wende,
e ſo that at thy daies ende
hou come ayein with thin aviſe.
his knight, which worthy was and wiſe,
his lady praieth, that he may wit
nd have it under ſeales writ,
What queſtion it ſholde be
For which he ſhall in that degre

Stonde of his life in jeopartie.
With that ſhe feigneth compaignie
And ſaith: Florent, on love it hongeth
All that to min axinge longeth,
What all women moſt deſire
This woll I axe, and in thempire
Where thou haſt moſte knowleching
Take counſeil of this axinge.
Florent this thing hath undertake,
The day was ſet and time take,
Under his ſeale he wrote his othe
In ſuch a wiſe, and forth he gothe
Home to his emes courte ayein,
To whom his aventure plein
He tolde, of that is him befalle.
And upon that they weren alle
The wiſeſt of the londe aſſent,
But netheles of one aſſent
They might nought accorde plat,
One ſaide this, an other that
After the diſpoſition
Of natural complexion
To ſome woman it is pleſaunce,
That to another is grevaunce.
But ſuche a thinge in ſpeciall
Whiche to hem alle in generall
Is moſt pleſaunt and moſt deſired
Above all other and moſt conſpired,
Suche o thing conne they nought finde
By conſtellation ne kinde.

ınd thus Florent withoute cure
Iot ſtonde upon his aventure
ınd is al ſhape unto the lere,
ınd as in defaulte of his anſwere
'his knight hath lever for to deie
'han breke his trouth and for to lie
ı place where he was ſwore,
ınd ſhapeth him gone ayein therfore.
Whan time cam he toke his leve
'hat lenger wolde he nought beleve
ınd praieth his eme he be nought wroth,
'or that is a point of his oth,
Ie ſaith, that no man ſhal him wreke,
'hough afterward men here ſpeke
'hat he peraventure deie.
ınd thus he went forth his weie
lone as a knight aventurous
ınd in his thought was curious
'o wit, what was beſt to do.
ınd as he rode alone ſo
ınd cam nigh there he wolde be,
ı a foreſt there under a tree
Ie ſigh where ſat a creature,
ı lothly womannisſh figure,
'hat for to ſpeke of fleſhe and bone
ſo foule yet ſigh he never none.
This knight behelde her redily,
And as he wolde have paſſed by
She cleped him and bad abide.
And he his hors heved aſide,

Tho torned and to her he rode
And there he hoved and abode
To wit what ſhe wolde mene.
And ſhe began him to bemene
And ſaid: Florent, by thy name
Thou haſt on honde ſuch a game
That but thou be the better aviſed
Thy deth is ſhapen and deviſed,
That al the world ne may the ſave,
But if that thou my counſeil have.
Florent whan he this tale herde,
Unto this olde wight anſwerde
And of her counſeil he her praide.
And ſhe ayein to him thus ſaide:
Florent, if I for the ſo ſhape,
That thou through me thy deth eſcape
And take worſhip of thy dede,
What ſhall I have to my mede?
What thing, quod he, that thou wolde axe
I bid never a better taxe,
Quod ſhe, but firſt, or thou be ſped,
Thou ſhalt me leve ſuche a wed,
That I woll have thy trouth on honde,
That thou ſhalt be min huſebonde.
Nay, ſaith Florent, that may nought be.
Ride thanne forth thy way, quod ſhe,
And if thou go withoute rede,
Thou ſhalt be ſekerlich dede.
Florent behight her good inough
Of londe, of rent, of parke, of plough,

But all that compteth ſhe at nought.
Tho fell this knight in mochel thought,
Now goth he forth, now cometh ayein,
He wot nought what is beſt to ſain
And thought as he rode to and fro,
That cheſe he mote one of the two
Or for to take her to his wife
Or elles for to leſe his life.
And than he caſte his avauntage,
That ſhe was of ſo great an age
That ſhe may live but a while,
And thought to put her in an ile,
Where that no man her ſhulde knowe
Til ſhe with deth were overthrowe.
And thus this yonge luſty knight
Unto this olde lothly wight
Tho ſaid: if that none other chaunce
May make my deliveraunce
But only thilke ſame ſpeche
Which as thou ſaiſt thou ſhalt me teche,
Have here min honde, I ſhal the wedde.
And thus his trouth he leith to wedde.
With that ſhe frounceth up the browe:
This covenaunt woll I allowe,
She ſaith, if any other thing
But that thou haſte of my teching
Fro deth thy body may reſpite,
I woll the of thy trouth acquite
And elles by none other waie.
Now herken me what I ſhall ſaie:

Whan thou art come into the place,
Where now they maken great manace
And upon thy coming abide,
They wol anone the ſame tide
Oppoſe the of thine anſwere.
I wot thou wolt no thing forbere
Of that thou weneſt be thy beſte,
And if thou might ſo finde reſte
Wel is, for than is ther no more.
And elles this ſhall be my lore,
That thou ſhalt ſaie: upon this molde
That alle women leveſt wolde
Be ſoverein of mannes love,
For what woman is ſo above
She hath as who ſaith all her wille,
And elles may ſhe nought fulfille
What thinge her were leveſt have.
With this anſwere thou ſhalt ſave
Thy ſelf and other wiſe nought.
And whan thou haſt thy ende wrought,
Come here ayein, thou ſhalt me finde,
And let nothinge out of thy minde.
He goth him forth with hevy chere,
As he that not in what manere
He may this worldes joie atteigne.
For if he deie he hath a peine,
And if he live he mote him binde
To ſuche one, which of alle kinde
Of women is the unſemlieſte.
Thus wot he nought what is the beſte.

t be him lief or be him loth
nto the caſtel forth he goth
is full anſwere for to yive
r for to deie or for to live.
orth with his counſeil came the lorde,
he thinges ſtoden of recorde,
e ſend up for the lady ſone,
nd forth ſhe cam that olde mone.
preſence of the remenaunt
he ſtrengthe of all the covenaunt
ho was reherſed openly,
nd to Florent ſhe bad forthy,
hat he ſhall tellen his aviſe
s he that wot what is the priſe.
lorent ſaith all that ever he couth,
ut ſuch word cam ther none to mouth,
hat he for yefte or for beheſte
ight any wiſe his deth areſte.
nd thus he tarieth longe and late,
il that this lady bad algate
hat he ſhall for the dome finall
ef his anſwere in ſpeciall
Of that ſhe had him firſt oppoſed.
And than he hath truly ſuppoſed,
That he him may of nothing yelpe,
But if ſo by tho wordes helpe,
Which as the woman hath him taught,
Wherof he hath an hope caught
That he ſhall be excuſed ſo.
And tolde out plein his wille tho.

And whan that this matrone herde
The maner how this knight anſwerde,
She ſaid: ha treſon, wo the be,
That haſt thus tolde the privete,
Whiche alle women moſt deſire,
I wolde that thou were a fire.
But netheles in ſuche a plite
Florent of his anſwere is quite.
And tho began his ſorwe newe,
For he mot gone or ben untrewe
To her, which his trouthe hadde.
But he, which al ſhame dradde,
Goth forth in ſtede of his penaunce
And taketh the fortune of his chaunce
As he, that was with trouth affaited.
This olde wight him hath awaited
In place where as he her lefte.
Florent his wofull hed up lifte
And ſigh this vecke where that ſhe ſat,
Which was the lothlieſt what,
That ever man caſt on his eye.
Her naſe baſs, her browes high,
Her eyen ſmal and depe ſet,
Her chekes ben with teres wet
And revelin as an empty ſkin
Hangend down unto the chin,
Her lippes ſhrunken ben for age,
There was no grace in her viſage,
Her front was narwe, her lockes hore,
She loketh forth as doth a more,

Her necke is ſhort, her ſhulders courbe,
That might a mannes luſt diſtourbe
Her body great and no thing ſmall,
And ſhortly to deſcrive her all
he hath no lith without a lack,
ut liche unto the wolle ſack
he profreth her unto this knight
nd bad him, as he hath behight
as ſhe hath by his warrant,
hat he her holde covenaunt.
nd by the bridell ſhe him ſeſeth,
ut god wot how that ſhe him pleſeth,
f ſuch wordes as ſhe ſpeketh
im thenketh wel nigh his herte breketh
or ſorwe, that he may nought fle,
ut if he wolde untrewe be.
oke, how a ſeke man for his hele
aketh baldemoin with canele
nd with the mirre taketh the ſucre,
ight upon ſuch a maner lucre
ant Florent, as in this diete
e drinketh the bitter with the ſwete,
e medleth ſorwe with liking
nd liveth ſo as who ſaith dying.
is youthe ſhall be caſt awey
pon ſuche one, which as the wey
olde and lothly overall.
ıt nede he mot that nede ſhall
e wolde algate his trouthe holde
every knight therto is holde

What hap ſo him is ever befalle,
Though ſhe be the fouleſt of alle,
Yet to thonour of womanhed
Him thought he ſhulde taken heed,
So that for pure gentileſſe,
As he her couthe beſt adreſſe
In ragges, as ſhe was to-tore,
He ſet her on his hors to-fore
And forth he taketh his way ſofte.
No wonder though he ſiketh ofte.
But as an oule fleeth by nighte
Out of all other briddes fighte,
Right ſo this knight on daies brode
In cloſe him held and ſhope his rode
On nightes time, till the tide
That he come there he wolde abide
And prively withoute noiſe
He bringeth this foule great coiſe
To his caſtell in ſuche a wiſe,
That no man might her ſhape aviſe,
Til ſhe into the chambre came,
Where he his prive counſeil name
Of ſuche men as he moſt truſte
And told hem, that he nedes muſte
This beſte wedde to his wife,
For elles had he loſt his life.
The prive women were aſſent,
That ſholden ben of his aſſent.
Her ragges they anone of drawe
And as it was that time lawe

She hadde bath, ſhe hadde reſt
And was arraied to the beſt.
But with no craft of combes brode
They might her hore lockes ſhode,
And ſhe ne wolde nought be ſhore
For no counſeil, and they therfore
With ſuche attire as tho was uſed
Ordeinen, that it was excuſed,
And had ſo craftilich aboute,
That no man mighte ſeen hem oute.
But whan ſhe was fullich arraied
And her attire was all aſſaied,
Tho was ſhe fouler unto ſe.
But yet it may non other be
They were wedded in the night,
So wo begone was never knight
As he was than of mariage.
And ſhe began to pleie and rage
As who ſaith, I am well inough,
But he therof nothing ne lough.
For ſhe toke thanne chere on honde
And clepeth him her huſebonde
And ſaith: My lord, go we to bedde,
For I to that entente wedde,
That thou ſhalt be my worldes bliſſe.
And profreth him with that to kiſſe,
As ſhe a luſty lady were.
His body mighte well be there,
But as of thought and memoire
His hert was in purgatoire.

But yet for ſtrengthe of matrimonie
He might make non eſſonie,
That he ne mote algates plie
To gon to bed of compaignie.
And whan they were a bedde naked
Withoute ſlepe he was awaked,
He torneth on that other ſide
For that he wolde his eyen hide
Fro loking of that foule wight.
The chamber was all full of light,
The courtines were of ſendall thinne,
This newe bride, which lay withinne,
Though it be nought with his accorde
In armes ſhe beclept her lorde
And praid, as he was torned fro
He wolde him torne ayeinward tho.
For now, ſhe ſaith, we be both one.
But he lay ſtille as any ſtone,
And ever in one ſhe ſpake and praide
And bad him thenke on that he ſaide,
Whan that he toke her by the honde.
He herd and underſtood the bonde,
How he was ſet to his penaunce.
And as it were a man in traunce
He torneth him all ſodeinly
And ſigh a lady lay him by
Of eightene winter age,
Which was the faireſt of viſage,
That ever in all this world he ſigh.
And as he wolde have take her nigh,

She put her hond and by his leve
Beſought him, that he wolde leve,
And ſaith, that for to winne or leſe
He mot one of two thinges cheſe,
Where he woll have her ſuch on night
Or elles upon daies light,
For he ſhall nought have bothe two.
And he began to ſorwe tho
In many a wiſe and caſte his thought,
But for al that yet couth he nought
Deviſe him ſelf, which was the beſt.
And ſhe that wolde his hertes reſt
Praieth, that he ſhulde cheſe algate,
Til at the laſte longe and late
He ſaide: O, ye my lives hele,
Say what ye liſte in my quarele.
I not what anſwere I ſhall yive,
But ever while that I may live
I woll, that ye be my maiſtreſſe,
For I can nought my ſelfe geſſe,
Which is the beſt unto my chois,
Thus graunt I you min hole vois,
Cheſe for us bothe, I you praie,
And what as ever that ye ſaie,
Right as ye wolle ſo woll I.
My lord, ſhe ſaide, grauntmercy,
For of this word that ye now ſain
That ye have made me ſoverein
My deſtine is overpaſſed,
That never here after ſhall be laſſed

My beaute, which that I now have,
Til I be take into my grave.
Both night and day as I am now
I ſhall all way be ſuch to you,
The kinges daughter of Cecile
I am, and fell but ſith a while,
As I was with my fader late,
That my ſtepmoder for an hate,
Which toward me ſhe hath begonne,
Forſhope me, till I hadde wonne
The love and the ſovereinte
Of what knight, that in his degre
All other paſſeth of good name.
And as men ſain ye ben the ſame
The dede proveth it is ſo,
Thus am I youres evermo.
Tho was pleſaunce and joie inough,
Echone with other pleid and lough,
They live longe and well they ferde,
And clerkes, that this chaunce herde,
They writen it in evidence
To teche, how that obedience
May well fortune a man to love
And ſet him in his luſte above
As it befell unto this knight.

Confeſſor. Forthy, my ſone, if thou do right,
Thou ſhalt unto thy love obeie
And folwe her will by alle weie.

Amans. Min holy fader, ſo I will.
For ye have told me ſuch a ſkill

Of this enſample now to-fore,
That I ſhall evermo therfore
Here afterward min obſervaunce
To love and to his obeiſſaunce
The better kepe, and over this
Of pride if there ought elles is,
Wherof that I me ſhrive ſhall,
What thing it is in ſpeciall,
My fader, axeth I you pray.
Now liſt, my ſone, and I ſhall ſay. Confeſſor.
For yet there is ſurquedrie,
Which ſtant with pride of compaignie,
Wherof that thou ſhalt here anone
To knowe if thou have gult or none,
Upon the forme as thou ſhalt here
Now underſtond well the matere.

Omnia ſcire putat, ſed ſe preſumpcio neſcit, 8.
Nec ſibi conſimile quem putat eſſe parem.
Qui magis aſtutus reputat ſe vincere bellum,
In laqueos Veneris forcius ipſe cadit.
Sepe Cupido virum, ſibi qui preſumit, amantem
Fallit, et in vacuas ſpes redit ipſa vias.

Surquedrie is thilke vice
Of pride, which the third office
Hath in his court and wol nought knowe
The trouthe till it overthrowe.
Upon his fortune and his grace
Cometh *had I wiſt* full ofte a place,
For he doth all his thing by geſſe
And voideth alle ſikerneſſe,
None other counſeil good him ſemeth
But ſuch as he him ſelfe demeth.

Hic loquitur de tercia ſpecie ſuperbie, que preſumpcio dicitur, cuius naturam primo ſecundum vicium confeſſor ſimpliciter declarat.

For in ſuch wiſe as he compaſſeth
His wit alone all other paſſeth
And is with pride ſo through ſought,
That he all other ſet at nought
And weneth of him ſelven ſo,
That ſuch as he there be no mo
So fair, ſo ſemely ne ſo wiſe,
And thus he wolde beare a priſe
Above all other, and nought forthy
He ſaith nought ones graunt mercy
To god, which alle grace ſendeth,
So that his wittes he deſpendeth
Upon him ſelfe, as though there were
No god, which might availe there.
But all upon his owne wit
He ſtant, till he fall in the pit
So fer, that he may nought ariſe.

Hic tractat confeſſor cum amante ſuper illa ſaltem preſumpcione, ex cuius ſuperbia quam plures fatui amantes, cum majoris certitudinis in amore ſpem ſibi promittunt, inexpediti cicius deſtituuntur.

And right thus in the ſame wiſe
The vice upon the cauſe of love
So proudely ſet the hert above
And doth him pleinly for to wene,
That he to loven any quene
Hath worthineſſe and ſuffiſaunce.
And ſo withoute purveiaunce
Full ofte he heweth up ſo highe,
That chippes fallen in his eye,
And eke full ofte he weneth this,
There as he nought beloved is
To be beloved altherbeſte.
Now, ſone, telle what ſo the leſte

Of this, that I have told the here.
Ha fader, be nought in a were. Amans.
I trowe there be no man leſſe
Of any maner worthineſſe,
That halt him leſſe worthy than I
To be beloved, and nought forthy
I ſay in excuſing of me
To alle men, that love is fre.
And certes that may no man werne.
For love is of him ſelfe ſo derne,
It luteth in a mannes herte.
But that ne ſhall me nought aſterte
To wene for to be worthy
To loven, but in her mercy.
But ſir, of that ye wolde mene,
That I ſhulde other wiſe wene
To be beloved than I was,
I am beknowe as in this cas.
My gode ſone, telle me how. Confeſſor.
Now liſt, and I woll telle you, Amans.
My gode fader, how it is.
Full ofte it hath befalle er this
Through hope, that was nought certein,
My wening hath be ſet in vein
To truſt in thing, that helpe me nought
But onlich of min owne thought.
For as it ſemeth, that a bell
Like to the wordes that men tell
Anſwereth right ſo no more ne leſſe
To you, my fader, I confeſſe.

Such will my wit hath over ſet,
That what ſo hope me behet
Full many a time I wene it ſoth,
But finally no ſpede it doth.
Thus may I tellen, as I can,
Wening beguileth many a man.
So hath it me, right wel I wot,
For if a man wol in a bote
Whiche is withoute botme rowe,
He muſt nedes overthrowe.
Right ſo wening hath fard by me.
For whan I wende next have be,
As I by my wening caſte,
Than was I furtheſt ate laſte,
And as a fool my bowe unbende
Whan all was failed that I wende.
Forthy, my fader, as of this
That my wening hath gone amis
Touchend to ſurquedrie,
Yef me my penaunce or I die.
But if ye wolde in any forme
Of this mater a tale enforme,
Which were ayein this vice ſet,
I ſhulde fare well the bet.

Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum contra iſtos, qui ſuis viribus preſumentes debiliores efficiuntur. Et narrat, qualiter ille Capaneus miles in armis probatiſſimus de ſua preſumens audacia invocacionem

My ſone, in alle maner wiſe
Surquedrie is to deſpiſe,
Wherof I finde write thus.
The proude knight Capaneus
He was of ſuche ſurquedrie,
That he through his chivalrie

pon him ſelf ſo mochel triſte,
hat to the goddes him ne liſte
n no quarele to beſeche,
ut ſaide, it was an idel ſpeche,
Which cauſe was of pure drede
For lacke of hert and for no nede.
And upon ſuch preſumption
He held this proude opinion,
Till ate laſte upon a day
Aboute Thebes, where he lay,
Whan it of ſiege was belaine,
This knight, as the croniques ſaine,
In alle mannes ſighte there,
Whan he was proudeſt in his gere
And thought how nothing might him dere,
Full armed with his ſhield and ſpere
As he the cite wolde aſſaile,
God toke him ſelfe the bataile
Ayein his pride, and fro the ſky
A firy thonder ſodeinly
He ſende and him to pouder ſmote.
And thus the pride, which was hote,
Whan he moſt in his ſtrengthe wende,
Was brent and loſt withouten ende.
So that it proveth well therfore
The ſtrength of man is ſone lore,
But if that he it well governe.
And over this a man may lerne,
That eke full ofte time it greveth
What that a man him ſelf beleveth,

ad ſuperos tempore neceſſitatis ex vecordia tamen et non aliter primitus proveniſſe aſſeruit, unde in obſidione civitatis Thebarum, cum ipſe quodam die coram ſuis hoſtibus ad debellandum ſe obtulit, ignis de celo ſubito ſuperveniens ipſum armatum totaliter in cineres combuſſit.

As though it ſhulde him well beſeme,
That he all other men can deme
And hath foryete his owne vice.
A tale of hem that be ſo nice
And feigne hem ſelf to be ſo wiſe
I ſhall the telle in ſuche a wiſe,
Wherof thou ſhalt enſample take,
That thou no ſuch thing undertake.

Hic loquitur confeſſor contra illos, qui de ſua ſciencia preſumentes aliorum condiciones dijudicantes indiſcrete redarguunt, et narrat exemplum de quodam principe regis Hungarie germano, qui cum fratrem ſuum pauperibus in publico vidit humiliatum, ipſum redarguendo in contrarium edocere preſumebat, ſed rex omni ſapiencia prepollens ipſum ſic incaute preſumentem ad humilitatis memoriam terribili providencia micius caſtigavit.

I finde upon ſurquedrie,
How that whilom of Hungarie
By olde daies was a king
Wiſe and honeſt in alle thing.
And ſo befell upon a daie
And that was in the month of may,
As thilke time it was uſaunce,
This king with noble purveiaunce
Hath for him ſelfe his chare arraied,
Wherin he wolde ride amaied
Out of the cite for to pleie
With lordes and with great nobleie
Of luſty folk that were yonge,
Where ſome pleide and ſome ſonge
And ſome gone and ſome ride
And ſome prick her horſe aſide
And bridlen hem now in now oute.
The kinge his eye caſt aboute,
Til he was ate laſte ware
And ſigh comend ayein his chare
Two pilgrimes of ſo great age,
That lich unto a drie ymage,

'hat weren pale and fade hewed,
nd as a busſhe, whiche is beſnewed,
ere berdes weren hore and white.
'here was of kinde but a lite,
'hat they ne ſemen fully dede.
'hey comen to the king and bede
ome of his good pur charite.
nd he with great humilite
ut of his chare to grounde lepte
nd hem in both his armes kepte
nd kiſt hem bothe foot and honde
efore the lordes of his londe
nd yaf hem of his good therto.
nd whan he hath this dede do
e goth into his chare ayeine.
ho was murmur, tho was diſdeine,
ho was compleinte on every ſide,
hey ſaiden of their owne pride
chone till other: what is this?
ur king hath do this thing amis
o to abeſſe his roialte,
That every man it mighte ſe,
And humbled him in ſuch a wiſe
To hem that were of none empriſe.
Thus was it ſpoken to and fro
Of hem, that were with him tho
All prively behinde his backe.
But to him ſelfe no man ſpake.
The kinges brother in preſence
Was thilke time and great offence

He toke therof and was the ſame
Above all other, which moſte blame
Upon his lege lord hath laid
And hath unto the lordes ſaid,
Anone as he may time finde,
There ſhall nothing be left behinde,
That he wol ſpeke unto the king.
Now liſt what fell upon this thing.
The weder was merie and fair inough,
Echone with other pleid and lough
And fellen into tales newe,
How that the freſhe floures grewe,
And how the grene leves ſpronge,
And how that love amonge the yonge
Began the hertes thanne awake,
And every brid hath choſe his make.
And thus the maies day to thende
They lede and home ayein they wende.
The king was nought ſo ſone come,
That whan he had his chambre nome,
His brother ne was redy there
And brought a tale unto his ere
Of that he didde ſuch a ſhame
In hindring of his owne name,
Whan he him ſelfe wolde dreche,
That to ſo vile a pouer wrecche
Him deigneth ſhewe ſuch ſimpleſſe
Ayein the ſtate of his nobleſſe.
And ſaith, he ſhall it no more uſe
And that he mot him ſelfe excuſe

oward his lordes everichone.
he king ſtood ſtill as any ſtone
nd to his tale an ere he laide
nd thought more than he ſaide.
ut netheles to that he herde
ell curteiſly the king anſwerde
nd tolde, it ſhulde ben amended.
nd thus whan that here tale is ended,
ll redy was the bord and cloth,
he king unto his ſouper goth
mong the lordes to the halle.
nd whan they hadde ſouped alle,
hey token leve and forth they go.
he king bethought him ſelfe tho,
ow he his brother may chaſtie,
hat he through his ſurquedrie
oke upon honde to diſpreiſe
umilite, which is to preiſe,
nd therupon yaf ſuch counſeil
oward his king, that was nought heil,
herof to be the better lered
e thenketh to make him afered.
It fell ſo, that in thilke dawe
here was ordeigned by the lawe
trompe with a ſterne breth,
hich was cleped the trompe of deth.
nd in the court, where the king was,
certein man this trompe of braſs
ath in keping and therof ſerveth,
hat whan a lord his deth deſerveth,

He ſhall this dredfull trompe blowe
To-fore his gate and make it knowe,
How that the jugement is yive
Of deth, which ſhall nought be foryive.
The king whan it was night anone
This man affent and bad him gone
To trompen at his brothers gate.
And he, which mot ſo done algate,
Goth forth and doth the kinges heſt.
This lord, which herde of this tempeſt,
That he to-fore his gate blewe,
Tho wiſt he by the lawe and knewe,
That he was ſekerlich dede.
And as of helpe he wiſt no rede,
But ſende for his frendes all
And tolde hem how it is befalle.
And they him axe cauſe why,
But he the ſothe nought forthy
Ne wiſt, and there was ſorwe tho.
For it ſtood thilke time ſo,
This trompe was of ſuch ſentence,
That there ayein no reſiſtence
They couthe ordeine by no weie,
That he ne mot algate deie,
But if ſo that he may purchace
To get his lege lordes grace.
Here wittes therupon they caſte
And ben appointed ate laſte.
This lorde a worthy lady had
Unto his wife, whiche alſo drad

r lordes deth, and children five
twene hem two they had alive,
at weren yonge and tender of age
d of ſtature and of viſage
ght faire and luſty on to ſe.
o caſten they, that he and ſhe
rth with their children on the morwe,
they that were full of ſorwe,
naked but of ſmock and ſherte
tendre with the kinges herte
s grace ſhulden go to ſeche
d pardon of the deth beſeche.
us paſſen they that wofull night,
d erly whan they ſigh it light
ey gone hem forth in ſuche a wiſe,
thou to-fore haſt herd diviſe,
naked but here ſhertes on
ey wepte and made mochel mone.
re hair hangend about here eres.
th ſobbing and with ſory teres
is lord goth than an humble pas,
at whilom proud and noble was,
herof the cite ſore a flight
hem that ſawen thilke ſight.
d netheleſs all openly
th ſuch weping and with ſuch cry
rth with his children and his wife
goth to praie for his life.
to the court whan they be come
d men therin have hede nome,

There was no wight, if he hem ſigh,
From water mighte kepe his eye
For ſorwe, which they maden tho.
The king ſuppoſeth of this wo
And feigneth, as he nought ne wiſte,
But netheles at his upriſte
Men tolden him, howe it ferde.
And whan that he this wonder herde,
In haſt he goth into the halle.
And all at ones down they falle,
If any pite may be founde.
The king, which ſeeth hem go to groun
Hath axed hem what is the fere
Why they be ſo diſpuiled there.
His brother ſaid: ha, lord, mercy!
I wote none other cauſe why,
But only that this night full late
The trompe of deth was at my gate
In token that I ſhulde deie,
Thus we be come for to preie
That ye my worldes deth reſpite.
Ha, fool, how thou art for to wite,
The kinge unto his brother ſaith,
That thou art of ſo litel feith,
That only for a trompes ſoun
Hath gone diſpuiled through the town
Thou and thy wife in ſuch manere
Forth with thy children that ben here
In ſight of alle men aboute.
For that thou ſaiſt, thou art in doubte

)f deth, which ſtandeth under the lawe
)f man, and man it may withdrawe,
o that it may perchaunce faile.
Now ſhalt thou nought forthy merveile,
That I down from my chare alight,
Whan I beheld to-fore my ſight
In hem that were of ſo great age
Min owne deth through here ymage,
Which god hath ſet by lawe of kinde,
Wherof I may no bote finde.
For well I wot, ſuche as they be
Right ſuche am I in my degre
Of fleſhe and blood and ſo ſhall deie.
And thus though I that lawe obeie
Of which that kinges ben put under,
It ought ben well the laſſe wonder
Than thou, which art withoute nede
For lawe of londe in ſuche a drede,
Which for to accompte is but a jape
As thing, which thou might overſcape.
Forthy, my brother, after this
I rede, that ſithen it ſo is,
That thou canſt drede a man ſo ſore,
Drede god with all thin herte more.
For all ſhall deie and all ſhall paſſe
As well a leon as an aſſe,
As well a begger as a lorde,
Towardes dethe in one accorde
They ſhullen ſtonde, and in this wiſe
The kinge with his wordes wiſe

His brother taught and all foryive.

Confeſſor. Forthy, my ſone, if thou wolt live
In vertue, thou muſt vice eſcheue
And with lowe herte humbleſſe ſue,
So that thou be nought ſurquedous.

Amans. My fader, I am amorous,
Wherof I wolde you beſeche
That ye me ſome enſample teche,
Which might in loves cauſe ſtonde.

Confeſſor. My ſone, thou ſhalt underſtonde
In love and other thinges alle,
If that ſurquedrie falle,
It may to him nought well betide,
Which uſeth thilke vice of pride
Which torneth wiſdom to wening
And ſothfaſtneſſe into leſing
Through foll imagination.
And for thin enformation,
That thou this vice as I the rede
Eſcheue ſhalte, a tale I rede,
Which fell whilom by daies olde,
So as the clerke Ovide tolde.

Hic in ſpeciali tractat confeſſor cum amante contra illos, qui de propria formoſitate preſumentes amorem mulieris dedignantur. Et narrat exemplum, qualiter cuiuſdam principis filius nomine Narcizus eſtivo tempore, cum ipſe venacionis cauſa quendam cervum ſolus cum ſuis canibus

There was whilom a lordes ſone,
Which of his pride a nice wone
Hath caught, that worthy to his liche
To ſechen all the worldes riche
There was no woman for to love.
So high he ſet him ſelfe above
Of ſtature and of beaute bothe,
That him thought alle women lothe.

there no compariſon
arde his condition.
onge lord Narcizus hight.
ength of love bowe might
rte, whiche is unaffiled.
e laſte he was beguiled.
the goddes purveiaunce
him on a day perchaunce,
ie in all his proude fare
he foreſt gan to fare
ge other, that there were,
nten and diſporte him there.
han he cam into the place,
that he wolde make his chace,
oundes weren in a throwe
pled and the hornes blowe,
reat herte anone was founde
ſwifte feet ſet on the grounde.
e with ſpore in horſe ſide
iaſteth faſte for to ride,
le men be left behinde.
s he rode under a linde
a roche, as I the telle,
h where ſpronge a luſty welle.
ay was wonder hote withalle,
iche a thurſt was on him falle,
ie muſt outher deie or drinke.
owne he light and by the brinke
le his hors unto a braunche
iid him lowe for to ſtaunche

exagitaret, in gravem ſitim incurrens neceſſitate compulſus ad bibendum de quodam fonte pronus inclinavit, ubi ipſe faciem ſuam pulcherrimam in aqua percipiens putabat ſe per hoc illam nimpham, quam poete Ekko vocant, in flumine coram ſuis oculis pocius conſpexiſſe, de cuius amore confeſtim laqueatus, ut ipſam ad ſe de fonte extraheret, pluribus blandiciis adulabatur, ſed cum illud perficere nullatenus potuit, pre nimio languore deficiens contra lapides ibidem adjacentes caput exverberans cerebrum effudit. Et ſic de propria pulchritudine qui fuerat preſumptuoſus de propria pulchritudine fatuatus interiit.

His thurſt. And as he caſt his loke
Into the welle and hede toke,
He ſigh the like of his viſage
And wende there were an ymage
Of ſuche a nimphe, as tho was ſay,
Wherof that love his herte aſſay
Began, as it was after ſene
Of his ſotie and made him wene
It were a woman, that he ſigh.
The more he cam the welle nigh,
The nere cam ſhe to him ayein.
So wiſt he never what to ſain,
For whan he wepte he ſigh her wepe,
And whan he cried he toke good kepe,
The ſame worde ſhe cried alſo,
And thus began the newe wo,
That whilom was to him ſo ſtraunge.
Tho made him love an harde eſchaunge
To ſet his herte and to beginne
Thing, whiche he might never winne.
And ever amonge he gan to loute
And praith, that ſhe to him come oute.
And other while he goth a fer
And other while he draweth ner
And ever he founde her in one place.
He wepeth, he crieth, he axeth grace,
There as he mighte gete none.
So that ayein a roche of ſtone,
As he that knewe none other rede,
He ſmote him ſelf til he was dede,

herof the nimphes of the welles
d other that there weren elles
to the wodes belongende
e body, which was dede ligende,
r pure pite that they have
der grave they begrave.
d than out of his ſepulture
ere ſpronge anone peraventure
floures ſuche a wonder ſight,
at men enſample take might
on the dedes whiche he dede.
d tho was ſene in thilke ſtede,
r in the winter freſh and faire
e floures ben, whiche is contraire
kinde, and ſo was the folie
hich felle of his ſurquedrie.
Thus he, which love had in diſdeigne, Confeſſor.
orſt of all other was beſeine,
d as he ſet his priſe moſt hie,
was leſt worthy in loves eye
d moſt bejaped in his wit,
herof the remembraunce is yit,
that thou might enſample take
d eke all other for his ſake.
My fader, as touchend of me Amans.
is vice I thenke for to fle,
hiche of his wening overthroweth
d namelich of thing, which groweth
loves cauſe or well or wo,
t prided I me never ſo.

But wolde god that grace ſende,
That toward me my lady wende
As I towardes here wene,
My love ſhulde ſo be ſene,
There ſhulde go no pride a place.
But I am fer fro thilke grace
And for to ſpeke of time nowe
So mote I ſuffre and praie you,
That ye woll axe on other ſide,
If there be any point of pride
Wherof it nedeth me to be ſhrive.

Confeſſor. My ſone, god it the foryive,
If thou have any thing miſdo
Touchend of this, but evermo
Ther is another yet of pride
Which couth never his wordes hide,
That he ne wold him ſelfe avaunt.
There may nothing his tunge daunt,
That he ne clappeth as a belle,
Wherof if thou wolt that I telle
It is behovely for to here,
So that thou might thy tunge ſtere
Toward the worlde and ſtonde in grace,
Which lacketh ofte in many a place
To him that can nought ſitte ſtille,
Whiche elles ſhuld have all his wille.

9. *Magniloque propriam minuit jactantia lingue*
Famam, quam ſtabilem firmat honore ſilens.
Ipſe ſui laudem meriti non percipit, unde
Se ſua per verba jactat in orbe palam.
Eſtque viri culpa jactantia, que rubifactas
In muliere reas cauſat habere genas.

The vice cleped avauntance
With pride hath take his acqueintance,
So that his owne priſe he laſſeth
Whan he ſuch meſure overpaſſeth,
That he his owne herald is.
That firſt was wel is thanne mis,
That was thankworthy is than blame,
And thus the worſhip of his name
Through pride of his avauntarie
He torneth into vilenie.
I rede, how that this proude vice
Hath thilke wind in his office,
Which through the blaſtes that he bloweth
The mannes fame he overthroweth
Of vertue which ſhulde elles ſpringe
Unto the worldes knoulechinge.
But he fordoth it all to ſore,
And right of ſuch a maner lore
There ben lovers, forthy if thou
Art one of hem, tell and ſay how,
Whan thou haſt taken any thinge
Of loves yefte or ouche or ringe
Or toke upon the for the colde
Some goodly word that the was tolde
Of frendly chere or token or letter,
Wherof thin herte was the better,
Of that ſhe ſende the gretinge.
Haſt thou for pride of thy likinge
Made thin avaunt, where as the liſte?
I wolde, fader, that ye wiſte

Hic loquitur de quarta ſpecie ſuperbie, que jactancia dicitur, ex cuius natura cauſatur, ut homo de ſe ipſo teſtimonium perhibens ſuarum virtutum merita de laude in culpam transferat et, ſuam famam cum extollere vellet, illam proprio ore ſubvertat. Sed et Venus in amoris cauſa de iſto vicio maculatos a ſua curia ſuper omnes alios abhorrens expellit et eorum multiloquium verecunda deteſtatur, unde confeſſor amanti opponens materiam plenius declarat.

Amans.

My conſcience lith not here.
Yet had I never ſuch matere,
Wherof min herte might amende,
Nought of ſo mochel as ſhe ſende
By mouth and ſaide: grete him wel.
And thus for that there is no dele
Wherof to make min avaunt,
It is to reſon accordaunt,
That I may never, but I lie,
Of love make avauntarie.
I wote nought what I ſhulde have do,
If that I had encheſon ſo
As ye have ſaid here many one.
But I found cauſe never none
But daunger, which me welnigh ſlough.
Therof I couthe telle inough
And of none other avauntaunce.
Thus nedeth me no repentaunce.
Now axeth further of my life,
For herof am I nought gultife.

Confeſſor. My ſone, I am wel paid with all.
For wite it wel in ſpeciall,
That love of his verray juſtice
Above all other ayein this vice
At alle times moſt debateth
With all his hert and moſt it hateth.
And eke in alle maner wiſe
Avauntarie is to deſpiſe,
As by enſample thou might wite,
Whiche I finde in the bokes write.

hem that we Lombardes now calle
ıs was the firſte of alle,
h bare crowne of Lombardie,
vas of great chivalrie
rre ayeinſt divers kinges.
le amonge other thinges,
he that time a werre had
Gurmund, which the Geptes lad,
vas a mightie kinge alſo.
etheles it fell him ſo
ıs ſlough him in the felde,
halpe him nouther ſpere ne ſhelde,
he ne ſmote his heved of thanne,
of he toke awey the panne,
ıiche he ſaide he wolde make
pe for Gurmundes ſake
pe and drawe into memoire
ſ bataile the victoire.
hus when he the felde had wonne,
ɔnde anon was overronne
eſed in his owne honde,
e he Gurmundes doughter fonde,
h maide Roſemunde hight,
vas in every mannes ſight
, a freſh, a luſty one.
erte fell to her anone,
ıche a love on her he caſt,
he her wedded ate laſt.
fter that long time in reſte
her he dwelleth and to the beſte

Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum contra illos, qui vel de ſua in armis probitate, vel de ſuo in amoris cauſa deſiderio completo ſe jactant. Et narrat, qualiter Albinus primus rex Longobardorum, cum ipſe quendam alium regem nomine Gurmundum in bello morientem triumphaſſet, teſtam capitis defuncti auferens ciphum ex ea gemmis et auro circumligatum in ſue victorie memoriam fabricari conſtituit inſuper et ipſius Gurmundi filiam Roſemundam rapiens maritali thoro in conjugem ſibi copulavit. Unde ipſo Albino poſtea coram regni ſui nobilibus in ſuo regali convivio ſedente dicti Gurmundi ciphum infuſo vino ad ſe inter epulas afferri juſſit, quem ſumptum uxori ſue regine porrexit dicens: bibe cum patre tuo, quod et ipſa huiuſmodi operis ignara fecit. Quo facto rex ſtatim ſuper his, que prius geſta fuerant, cunctis audientibus per ſingula ſe jactavit. Regina vero cum talia audiſſet, celato animo factum abhorrens in mortem domini ſui regis circumſpecta induſtria conſpiravit ipſumque auxiliantibus Glodeſida et Helmege brevi ſubſecuto tempore interfecit, cuius mortem dux

Ravenenſis tam in corpus dicte regine quam ſuorum fautorum poſtea vindicavit. Sed et huius tocius infortunii ſola ſuperbie jactancia fomitem miniſtrabat.

They love eche other wonder wele.
But ſhe, that kepeth the blinde whele
Venus, when they be moſt above
In all the hotteſt of her love,
Her whele ſhe torneth, and they felle
In the maner, as I ſhall telle.
This king, which ſtood in all his wel
Of pees, of worſhip and of helth,
And felt him on no ſide greved
As he that hath his worlde acheved,
Tho thought he wolde a feſte make
And that was for his wives ſake,
That ſhe the lordes ate feſte,
That were obeiſaunt to his heſte,
May knowe. And ſo forth there up
He lette ordeigne and ſend anon
By letters and by meſſengers
And warned all his officers,
That every thing be well arraied,
The great ſtedes were aſſaied
For juſtinge and for tornement,
And many a perled garnement
Embrouded was ayein the day.
The lordes in her beſte array
Be comen at the time ſet,
One juſteth well, an other bet,
And other while they torney,
And thus they caſten care awey
And token luſtes upon honde.
And after thou ſhalt underſtonde

o mete into the kinges halle
hey comen, as they be bidden alle.
nd whan they were ſet and ſerved
han after, as it was deſerved
o hem, that worthy knightes were
as they ſetten here and there,
he priſe was yove and ſpoken out
mong the heralds all about.
nd thus benethe and eke above
ll was of armes and of love,
herof aboute ate bordes
en had many ſondry wordes,
hat of the mirthe which they made
he kinge him ſelf began to glade
ithin his hert and toke a pride
nd ſigh the cuppe ſtonde aſide,
hich made was of Gurmundes hed,
s ye have herd, when he was ded,
nd was with golde and riche ſtones
eſet and bounde for the nones,
nd ſtode upon a fote on highte
f burned golde, and with great ſlighte
f werkmenſhip it was begrave,
f ſuch worke as it ſhulde have
nd was policed eke ſo clene,
hat no ſigne of the ſcull was ſene
ut as it were a gripes eye.
he king bad bere his cuppe awey
hich ſtood before him on the borde
nd fette thilke upon his worde.

This ſculle is fette and wine therinne,
Wherof he bad his wife beginne:
Drink with thy fader, dame, he ſaid.
And ſhe to his bidding obeid
And toke the ſculle, and what her liſt
She drank as ſhe, which nothing wiſt
What cup it was. And than all out
The kinge in audience about
Hath tolde, it was her faders ſculle,
So that the lordes knowe ſhulle
Of his bataile a ſoth witneſſe,
And made avaunt through what proweſſe
He hath his wives love wonne,
Whiche of the ſculle hath ſo begonne.
Tho was there mochel pride alofte,
They ſpoken all, and ſhe was ſofte,
Thenkend on thilke unkind pride
Of that her lord ſo nigh her ſide
Avaunteth him, that he hath ſlaine
And piked out her faders braine
And of the ſculle had made a cuppe.
She ſuffreth all till they were uppe,
And tho ſhe hath ſekeneſſe feigned
And goth to chambre and hath compleign
Unto a maide which ſhe triſte,
So that none other wight it wiſte.
This maide Glodeſide is hote,
To whom this lady hath behote
Of ladiſhip all that ſhe can
To vengen her upon this man,

hich did her drink in ſuche a plite
mong hem alle for deſpite
f her and of her fader bothe,
herof her thoughtes ben ſo wrothe,
e ſaith, that ſhe ſhall nought be glad,
ll that ſhe ſe him ſo beſtad,
hat he no more make avaunt.
nd thus they felle in covenaunt,
hat they accorden ate laſte
ith ſuche wiles as they caſte,
hat they wol get of here accorde
me orped knight to ſle this lorde.
nd with this ſleighte they beginne,
ow they Helmege mighten winne,
hich was the kinges boteler,
proude and luſty bachiler,
nd Glodeſide he loveth hote.
nd ſhe to make him more aſſote
er love graunteth, and by nighte
hey ſhape how they to-gider mighte
bedde mete. And done it was
his ſame night. And in this cas
he quene her ſelf the night ſeconde
ent in her ſtede and there ſhe fonde
chambre derke without light
nd goth to bedde to this knight.
nd he to kepe his obſervaunce
o love doth his obeiſaunce
nd weneth it be Glodeſide.
nd ſhe than after lay a ſide

And axeth him what he hath do,
And who ſhe was ſhe tolde him tho
And ſaid: Helmege, I am thy quene,
Now ſhall thy love well be ſene
Of that thou haſt thy wille wrought,
Or it ſhall ſore ben abought,
Or thou ſhalt worche, as I the ſaie.
And if thou wolt by ſuche a waie
Do my pleſaunce and holde it ſtille,
For ever I ſhall ben at thy wille
Bothe I and all min heritage.
Anone the wilde loves rage,
In which no man him can governe,
Hath made him, that he can nought wern
But felle all hole to her aſſent,
And thus the whele is all miſwent,
The which fortune hath upon honde.
For how that ever it after ſtonde,
They ſhope among hem ſuch a wile
The king was ded within a while.
So ſlily came it nought aboute,
That they ne ben diſcovered out,
So that it thought hem for the beſte
To fle, for there was no reſte.
And thus the treſor of the kinge
They truſſe and mochel other thinge
And with a certaine felaſhip
They fled and went awey by ſhip
And helde her right cours from thenne,
Till that they comen to Ravenne,

Where they the dukes helpe ſought.
And he, ſo as they him beſought,
A place graunteth for to dwelle.
But after, whan he herde telle
Of the maner how they have do,
The duke let ſhape for hem ſo,
That of a poiſon which they drunke
They hadden that they have beſwunke.
And all this made avaunt of pride.
Good is therfore a man to hide
His owne priſe, for if he ſpeke,
He may lightly his thanke breke.
In armes lith none avauntance
To him, which thenketh his name avaunce
And be renomed of his dede.
And alſo who that thenketh to ſpede
Of love he may nought him avaunte.
For what man thilke vice haunte,
His purpoſe ſhall full ofte faile.
In armes he that woll travaile
Or elles loves grace atteigne,
His loſe tunge he mot reſtreigne,
Whiche bereth of his honour the keie.
Forthy my ſone, in alle waie — Confeſſor.
Take right good hede of this matere.
I thonke you, my fader dere, — Amans.
This ſcole is of a gentil lore.
And if there be ought elles more
Of pride whiche I ſhall eſcheue,
Nowe axeth forth, and I woll ſue

What thing, that ye me woll enforme.

Confeſſor. My ſone, yet in other forme
There is a vice of prides lore,
Which like an hawk, whan he will ſore,
Fleeth up on high in his delices
After the likinge of his vices
And woll no mannes reſon knowe,
Till he down falle and overthrowe.
This vice veingloire is hote,
Wherof, my ſone, I the behote
To trete and ſpeke in ſuche a wiſe,
That thou the might better aviſe.

10. *Gloria perpetuos pregnat mundana dolores,*
Qui tamen eſt vanus gaudia vana cupit.
Eius amiciciam, quem gloria tollit inanis,
Non ſine blandiciis planus habebit homo.
Verbis compoſitis qui ſcit ſtrigilare favellum,
Scandere ſellata jura valebit eques.
Sic in amore magis qui blanda ſubornat in ore
Verba per hoc bravium que nequit alter habet.
Et tamen ornatos cantus varioſque paratus
Letaque corda ſuis legibus optat amor.

Hic loquitur de quinta ſpecie ſuperbie, que inanis gloria vocatur, et eiuſdem vicii naturam primo deſcribens ſuper eodem in amoris cauſa confeſſor amanti conſequenter opponit.

The proude vice of veingloire
Remembreth nought of purgatoire,
His worldes joies ben ſo grete,
Him thenketh of heven no beyete.
This lives pompe is all his pees,
Yet ſhall he deie netheles,
And therof thenketh he but a lite,
For all his luſt is to delite
In newe thinges, proude and veine,
Als ferforth as he may atteine.

ɔwe, if that he mighte make
body newe, he wolde take
ıewe forme and leve his olde.
what thing, that he may beholde,
e which to comun uſe is ſtraunge,
one his olde guiſe chaunge
woll and falle therupon
:h unto the camelion,
hiche upon every ſondry hewe
ıat he beholt he mote newe
s colour, and thus unaviſed
l ofte time he ſtant deſguiſed
ɔre jolif than the brid in maie.
maketh him ever freſh and gaie
ıd doth all his array deſguiſe,
that of him the newe guiſe
luſty folke all other take.
ıd eke he can carolles make,
ɔundel, balade and virelay.
ıd with all this, if that he may
love gete him avauntage,
ıone he wext of his corage
over glad, that of his ende
e thenketh there is no deth comende.
ɔr he hath than at alle tide
love ſuch a maner pride,
im thenketh his joy is endeles.
Now ſhrive the, ſone, in goddes pees
ıd of thy love tell me plein,
that thy gloire hath be ſo vein.

Salomon. Amictus eius annunciat de eo.

Confeſſor.

Amans. My fader, as touchend of all
I may nought well ne nought ne ſhall
Of vein gloire excuſe me,
That I ne have for love be
The better addreſſed and arraied.
And alſo I have ofte aſſaied
Roundel, balade and virelay
For her, on whom min herte lay,
To make and alſo for to peinte
Carolles with my wordes queinte
To ſette my purpos alofte.
And thus I ſang hem forth full ofte
In halle and eke in chambre aboute
And made merie among the route.
But yet ne ferde I nought the bet.
Thus was my gloire in vein beſet
Of all the joie that I made.
For when I wolde with her glade
And of her love ſonges make,
She ſaide, it was nought for her ſake,
And liſte nought my ſonges here
Ne witen, what the wordes were.
So for to ſpeke of min array
Yet couth I never be ſo gay
Ne ſo well make a ſonge of love,
Wherof I mighte ben above
And have encheſon to be glad.
But rather I am ofte adrad
For ſorwe, that ſhe ſaith me nay.
And netheles I woll nought ſay,

That I nam glad on other ſide
For fame, that can nothing hide.
All day woll bringe unto min ere
Of that men ſpeken here and there,
How that my lady berth the priſe,
How ſhe is faire, how ſhe is wiſe,
How ſhe is womanlich of chere.
Of all this thing whan I may here,
What wonder is though I be fain.
And eke whan I may here ſain
Tidinges of my ladis hele,
All though I may nought with her dele,
Yet am I wonder glad of that.
For whan I wote her good eſtate,
As for that time I dare well ſwere,
None other ſorwe may me dere.
Thus am I gladed in this wiſe.
But, fader, of your lores wiſe,
Of whiche ye be fully taught,
Now tell me if ye thenketh ought,
That I therof am for to wite.
Of that there is, I the acquite, Confeſſor.
My ſone, he ſaide, and for thy good
I woll that thou underſtood,
For I thenke upon this matere
To tell a tale, as thou ſhalt here,
How that ayein this proude vice
The highe god of his juſtice
Is wrothe and great vengeaunce doth.
Nowe herken a tale, that is ſoth,

Though it be nought of loves kinde.
A great enſample thou ſhalt finde
This veingloire for to fle,
Whiche is ſo full of vanite.

11. *Humani generis cum ſit tibi gloria major,*
Sepe ſubeſſe ſolet proximis ille dolor.
Mens elata graves deſcenſus ſepe ſubibit,
Mens humilis ſtabile molleque firmat iter.
Motibus innumeris volutat fortuna per orbem,
Cum magis alta petis, inferiora time.

Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum contra vicium inanis glorie narrans, qualiter Nabugodonoſor rex Caldeorum cum ipſe in omni ſue mageſtatis gloria celſior extitiſſet, deus eius ſuperbiam caſtigare volens ipſum extra formam hominis in beſtiam fenum comedentem tranſmutavit. Et ſic per ſeptennium penitens cum ipſe potenciorem ſe agnovit, miſertus deus ipſum in regni ſui ſolium reſtituta ſanitate emendatum gracioſius collocavit.

There was a king, that mochel might,
Which Nabugodonoſor hight,
Of whom that I ſpake here to-fore.
Yet in the bible this name is bore,
For all the worlde in thorient
Was hole at his commaundement,
As than of kinges to his liche
Was none ſo mighty ne ſo riche,
To his empire and to his lawes
As who ſaith all in thilke dawes
Were obeiſaunt and tribute bere,
As though he god of erthe were.
With ſtrengthe he put kinges under
And wrought of pride many a wonder,
He was ſo full of veingloire,
That he ne hadde no memoire,
That there was any god but he
For pride of his proſperite.
Till that the highe king of kinges,
Which ſeeth and knoweth alle thinges,
Whoſe eye may nothinge aſterte
The privetes of mannes herte,

They ſpeke and ſounen in his ere
As though they loude windes were,
He toke vengeaunce of his pride.
But for he wolde a while abide
To loke, if he wolde him amende,
To him afore token he ſende.
And that was in his ſlepe by night
This proude kinge a wonder ſight
Had in his ſweven, there he lay.
Him thought upon a mery day,
As he beheld the world aboute,
A tre full growe he ſigh there oute
Which ſtood the world amiddes even,
Whos heighte ſtraught up to the heven.
The leves weren faire and large,
Of fruit it bore ſo ripe a charge,
That alle men it mighte fede.
He ſigh alſo the bowes ſprede
Above all erth, in whiche were
The kinde of alle briddes there.
And eke him thought he ſigh alſo
The kinde of alle beſtes go
Under the tre about round
And fedden hem upon the ground.
As he this wonder ſtood and ſigh,
Him thought he herde a vois on high
Criende, and ſaide aboven alle:
Hewe down this tree and let it falle,
The leves let defoule in haſte
And do the fruit deſtruie and waſte.

And let offhreden every braunche,
But ate roote he let it ſtaunche.
Whan all his pride is caſt to grounde,
The roote ſhall be faſte bounde
And ſhall no mannes herte bere,
But every luſt he ſhall forbere
Of man and lich an oxe his mete
Of gras he ſhall purchace and ete,
Till al the waters of the heven
Have waſhen him by times ſeven,
So that he be through-knowe aright,
What is the hevenliche might,
And be made humble to the wille
Of him, which may all ſave and ſpille.
This king out of his ſweven abraide
And he upon the morwe it ſaide
Unto the clerkes, which he hadde.
But none of hem the ſoth aradde,
Was none his ſweven couth undo.
And it ſtood thilke time ſo,
This kinge had in ſubjection
Judee and of affection
Above al other one Daniel
He loveth, for he couthe well
Divine, that none other couthe.
To him were alle thinges couthe,
As he it hadde of goddes grace.
He was before the kinges face
Aſſent and bode, that he ſhulde
Upon the point the kinge of tolde

The fortune of his ſweven expounde,
As it ſhulde afterward be founde.
Whan Daniel this ſweven herde,
He ſtood long time, er he anſwerde,
And made a wonder hevy chere.
The king toke hede of his manere
And bad him telle that he wiſte
As he, to whome he mochel triſte,
And ſaid, he wolde nought be wroth.
But Daniel was wonder loth
And ſaid: upon thy fomen alle,
Sir king, thy ſweven mote falle.
And netheles touchend of this
I woll the tellen, howe it is
And what diſeſe is to the ſhape,
God wote if thou it ſhall eſcape.
The highe tre, which thou haſt ſein,
With lef and fruit ſo wel beſein,
The which ſtood in the world amiddes,
So that the beſtes and the briddes
Governed were of him alone,
Sir king, betokeneth thy perſone,
Which ſtonde above all erthely thinges.
Thus regnen under the the kinges
And all the people unto the louteth
And all the worlde thy perſon doubteth,
So that with vein honour deceived
Thou haſt the reverence weived
Fro him, whiche is thy kinge above,
That thou for drede ne for love

Wolt nothing knowen of this god,
Which now for the hath made a rod,
Thy veingloire and thy folie
With grete peines to chaſtie.
And of the vois thou herdeſt ſpeke,
Which bad the bowes for to breke
And hewe and felle down the tre,
That word belongeth unto the.
Thy regne ſhall be overthrowe,
And thou deſpuiled for a throwe.
But that the roote ſhulde ſtonde,
By that thou ſhalt wel underſtonde,
There ſhall abide of thy regne
A time ayein whan thou ſhall regne.
And eke of that thou herdeſt ſaie
To take a mannes hert aweie
And ſette there a beſtiall,
So that he lich an oxe ſhall
Paſture, and that he be bereined
By times ſeven and ſore peined,
Till that he knowe his goddes mightes,
Than ſhall he ſtond ayein uprightes.
All this betokeneth thine eſtate,
Which now with god is in debate,
Thy mannes forme ſhall be laſſed,
Till ſeven yere ben overpaſſed,
And in the likeneſſe of a beſte
Of gras ſhall be thy roiall feſte,
The weder ſhall upon the reine.
And underſtonde, that all this peine,

Which thou ſhalt ſuffre thilke tide,
s ſhape all only for thy pride
)f veingloire and of the ſinne,
Which thou haſt longe ſtonden inne.
)o upon this condicion
Thy ſweven hath expoſicion.
But er this thing befalle in dede,
Amende the, this wold I rede,
Yif and departe thin almeſſe,
)o mercy forth with rightwiſneſſe,
Beſeche and praie the highe grace,
For ſo thou might thy pees purchace
With god and ſtonde in good accorde.
But pride is loth to leve his lorde
And wol nought ſuffre humilite
With him to ſtonde in no degre.
And whan a ſhip hath loſt his ſtere,
Is none ſo wiſe, that may him ſtere
Ayein the wawes in a rage.
This proude king in his corage
Humilite hath ſo forlore,
That for no ſweven he ſigh to-fore
Ne yet for all that Daniel
Him hath counſeiled every dele,
He let it paſſe out of his minde
Through veingloire, and as the blinde
He ſeth no weie, er him be wo.
And fel withinne a time ſo,
As he in Babiloine wente,
The vanite of pride him hente.

His hert aros of vein gloire,
So that he drough into memoire
His lordſhip and his regalie
With wordes of ſurquedrie.
And whan that he him moſt avaunteth,
That lord, which veingloire daunteth,
All ſodeinlich as who ſaith treis
Where that he ſtood in his paleis
He toke him fro the mennes ſight.
Was none of hem ſo ware, that might
Set eye, where that he becom.
And thus was he from his kingdom
Into the wilde foreſt drawe,
Where that the mighty goddes lawe
Through his power did him transforme
Fro man into a beſtes forme.
And lich an oxe under the fote
He graſeth as he nedes mote
To geten him his lives fode.
Tho thought him colde graſſes goode,
That whilome ete the hote ſpices,
Thus was he torned fro delices.
The wine, which he was wont to drinke,
He toke than of the welles brinke
Or of the pit or of the ſlough,
It thought him thanne good inough.
In ſtede of chambres well arraied
He was than of a buſh well paied,
The harde ground he lay upon
For other pilwes had he non,

ıe ſtormes and the reines fall,
ıe windes blowe upon him all,
e was tormented day and night.
ıch was the highe goddes might,
ill ſeven yere an ende toke.
pon him ſelf tho gan he loke,
ſtede of mete gras and ſtreis,
ſtede of handes longe cleis,
ſtede of man a beſtes like
e ſigh, and than he gan to ſike
ɔr cloth of golde and of perrie,
hich him was wont to magnifie.
hen he beheld his cote of heres
e wepte and with wofull teres
p to the heven he caſte his chere
epend and thought in this manere,
hough he no wordes mighte winne,
hus ſaid his hert and ſpake withinne:
mighty god, that all haſt wrought
nd all might bring ayein to nought
ow knowe I wel but all of the
his world hath no proſperite,
ı thin aſpect ben alle aliche
he pouer man and eke the riche,
ithoute the there may no wight,
nd thou above all other might.
mighty lord, toward my vice
hy mercy medle with juſtice
nd I woll make a covenaunt,
hat of my life the remenaunt

I ſhall it by thy grace amende
And in thy lawe ſo diſpende,
That veingloire I ſhall eſcheue
And bowe unto thin heſte and ſue
Humilite, and that I vowe.
And ſo thenkend he gan down bowe,
And though him lacke vois of ſpeche,
He gan up with his fete areche
And wailend in his beſtly ſteven
He made his plaint unto the heven.
He kneleth in his wiſe and braieth
To ſeche mercy and aſſaieth
His god, which made him nothing ſtraung
Whan that he ſigh his pride chaunge
Anone as he was humble and tame
He found toward his god the ſame,
And in a twinkeling of a loke
His mannes forme ayein he toke
And was reformed to the regne,
In whiche that he was wont to regne,
So that the pride of veingloire
Ever afterward out of memoire
He lett it paſſe. And thus is ſhewed
What is to ben of pride unthewed
Ayein the highe goddes lawe.
To whom no man may be felawe.

Confeſſor. Forthy my ſone, take good hede
So for to lede thy manhede,
That thou ne be nought lich a beſte.
But if thy life ſhall ben honeſte

nuſt humbleſſe take on honde,
nne might thou ſiker ſtonde,
r to ſpeke it other wiſe
d man can no love affiſe.
ugh a woman wolde him pleſe,
de can nought ben at eſe.
may no man to mochel blame
which is for to blame.
men ſhulden nothing hide,
ighte fall in blame of pride,
e is the worſt vice of alle,
ſo as it was befalle
e I thenke of a cronique
, if that it may the like,
thou might humbleſſe ſue
e the vice of pride eſcheue,
the gloire is falſe and veine,
god him ſelf hath in diſdeine,
ough it mounte for a throwe,
down falle and overthrowe.

tus humilis, per quam deus altus ad ima 12.
lit et noſtre viſcera carnis habet.
ilis ſupereſt, et amor ſibi ſubditur omnis,
s habet nulla ſorte ſuperbus opem.
m terra, celum dejecit et ipſum,
us inferni ſtatque receptus ibi.

ng whilom was yonge and wiſe, Hic narrat confeſſor exemplum ſimpliciter contra ſuperbiam et dicit, quod nuper quidam rex famoſe prudencie cuidam militi ſuo ſuper tribus queſ-
ich ſet of his wit great priſe.
e ymaginations
aunge interpretations,

tionibus, ut inde certitudinis reſponſionem daret, ſub pena capitalis ſentencie terminum prefixit. Primo quid minoris indigencie ab inhabitantibus orbem auxilium majus obtinuit. Secundo quid majoris valencie meritum continens minoris expenſe repriſas exiguit. Tercio quid omnia bona diminuens ex ſui proprietate nichil penitus valuit. Quarum vero queſtionum quedam virgo dicti militis filia nomine patris ſapientiſſima ſolucionem aggrediens taliter regi reſpondit. Ad primam dixit, quod terra nullius indiget, quam tantum adjuvare cotidianis laboribus omnes intendunt. Ad ſecundam dixit, quod humilitas omnibus virtutibus prevalet, que tamen nullius prodigalitatis expenſis menſuram excedit. Ad terciam dixit, quod ſuperbia omnia tam corporis quam anime bona devaſtans majores expenſarum exceſſus inducit. Et tamen nullius valoris immo tocius perdicionis cauſam ſua culpa miniſtrat.

Problemes and demaundes eke
His wiſedom was to finde and ſeke,
Wherof he wolde in ſondry wiſe
Oppoſen hem, that weren wiſe.
But none of hem it mighte bere
Upon his word to yive anſwere
Out taken one, which was a knight,
To him was every thing ſo light,
That alſo ſone as he hem herde
The kinges wordes he anſwerde,
What thing the king him axe wolde,
Whereof anone the trouth he tolde.
The king ſomdele had an envie
And thought he wolde his wittes plie
To ſete ſome concluſion,
Which ſhulde be confuſion
Unto this knight, ſo that the name
And of wiſdom the highe fame
Toward him ſelfe he wolde winne.
And thus of all his wit withinne
This king began to ſtudie and muſe
What ſtraunge mater he might uſe
The knightes wittes to confounde,
And ate laſt he hath it founde
And for the knight anon he ſente,
That he ſhall telle what he mente.
Upon thre points ſtood the matere
Of queſtions as thou ſhalte here.

Prima queſtio.

The firſte point of alle thre
Was this: what thing in his degre

Of all this world hath nede leſt
And yet men helpe it allthermeſt.
The ſeconde is: what moſte is worth — Secunda queſtio.
And of coſtage is leſt put forth.
The thrid is: which is of moſt coſt — Tercia queſtio.
And leſt is worth and goth to loſt.
The king theſe thre demaundes axeth,
To the knight this law he taxeth,
That he ſhall gone and comen ayein
The thridde weke and tell him pleine
To every point, what it amounteth.
And if ſo be, that he miſcounteth
To make in his anſwere a faile,
There ſhall none other thinge availe,
The king ſaith, but he ſhall be dede
And leſe his goodes and his hede.
This knight was ſory of this thinge
And wolde excuſe him to the kinge,
But he ne wolde him nought forbere,
And thus the knight of his anſwere
Goth home to take aviſement.
But after his entendement
The more he caſt his wit aboute,
The more he ſtant therof in doubte.
Tho wiſt he well the kinges herte,
That he the deth ne ſhulde aſterte
And ſuche a ſorwe to him hath take,
That gladſhip he hath all forſake.
He thought firſt upon his life
And after that upon his wife,

Upon his children eke alſo,
Of whiche he had doughteres two.
The yongeſt of hem had of age
Fourtene yere, and of viſage
She was right faire and of ſtature
Lich to an hevenlich figure,
And of maner and goodly ſpeche,
Though men wolde alle londes ſeche,
They ſhulden nought have founde her li
She ſigh her fader ſorwe and ſike
And wiſt nought the cauſe why.
So cam ſhe to him prively
And that was, wher he made his mone
Within a gardin all him one.
Upon her knees ſhe gan down falle
With humble herte and to him calle
And ſaide: O good fader dere,
Why make ye thus hevy chere
And I wot nothinge how it is?
And well ye knowe, fader, this,
What aventure that you felle
Ye might it ſaufly to me telle,
For I have ofte herd you ſaide,
That ye ſuch truſte have on me laide,
That to my ſuſter ne to my brother
In all this worlde ne to none other
Ye durſte telle a privete
So well, my fader, as to me.
Forthy, my fader, I you praie
Ne caſteth nought that hert awaie,

or I am ſhe, that wolde kepe
our honour. And with that to wepe
Her eye may nought be forbore,
he wisſheth for to ben unbore,
r that her fader ſo miſtriſte
o tellen her of that he wiſte.
nd ever among mercy ſhe cride,
hat he ne ſhulde his counſeil hide
rom her, that ſo wolde him good
nd was ſo nigh fleſſhe and blood.
o that with weping ate laſte
His chere upon his childe he caſte
nd ſorwefully to that ſhe praide
He tolde his tale and thus he ſaide:
he ſorwe, doughter, which I make
s nought all only for my ſake,
ut for the bothe and for you alle.
or ſuche a chaunce is me befalle,
hat I ſhall er this thridde day
eſe all that ever I leſe may,
y life and all my good therto.
herfore it is I ſorwe ſo.
What is the cauſe, alas, quod ſhe,
y fader, that ye ſhulden be
ede and deſtruied in ſuche a wiſe?
nd he began the points deviſe,
Which as the king tolde him by mouthe
nd ſaid her pleinly, that he couthe
nſweren to no point of this.
nd ſhe, that hereth howe it is,

Her counſeil yaf and ſaide tho:
My fader, ſithen it is ſo,
That ye can ſe none other weie,
But that ye muſt nedes deie,
I wolde pray you of o thinge,
Let me go with you to the kinge,
And ye ſhall make him underſtonde,
How ye my wittes for to fonde
Have laid your anſwere upon me,
And telleth him in ſuch degre
Upon my worde ye wol abide
To life or deth what ſo betide.
For yet perchaunce I may purchace
With ſome good word the kinges grace
Your life and eke your good to ſave.
For ofte ſhall a woman have
Thing, whiche a man may nought arec
The fader herd his doughters ſpeche
And thought there was no reſon in
And ſigh his owne life to winne
He couthe done him ſelf no cure.
So better him thought in aventure
To put his life and all his good,
Than in the maner as it ſtood
His life incertein for to leſe.
And thus thenkend he gan to cheſe
To do the counſeil of this maid
And toke the purpoſe, which ſhe ſaid.
The day was comen and forth they gon
Unto the court they come anone,

Where as the kinge in his jugement
Was ſet and hath this knight aſſent.
Arraied in her beſte wiſe
This maiden with her wordes wiſe
Her fader ledde by the honde
Into the place, where he fonde
The king with other which he wolde,
And to the king knelend he tolde,
As he enformed was to-fore
And praith the king, that he therfore
His doughters wordes wolde take
And ſaith, that he woll undertake
Upon her wordes for to ſtonde.
Tho was ther great merveile on honde,
That he, which was ſo wiſe a knight,
His life upon ſo yonge a wight
Beſette wolde in jeopartie,
And many it helden for folie.
But at the laſte netheles
The king commaundeth ben in pees
And to this maide he caſt his chere
And ſaide, he wolde her tale here
And bad her ſpeke, and ſhe began:
My lege lord, ſo as I can,
Quod ſhe, the pointes which I herde,
They ſhull of reſon ben anſwerde.
The firſt I underſtonde is this,
What thinge of all the worlde it is,
Which men moſt helpe and hath leſt nede.
My lege lord, this wolde I rede

The erthe it is, whiche evermo
With mannes labour is bego
As well in winter as in maie.
The mannes honde doth what he may
To helpe it forth and make it riche,
And forthy men it delve and diche
And eren it with ſtrength of plough,
Wher it hath of him ſelf inough
So that his nede is ate leſte.
For every man, birde and beſte
Of flour and gras and roote and rinde
And every thing by way of kinde
Shall ſterve, and erthe it ſhall become,
As it was out of erthe nome
It ſhall to therthe torne ayein.
And thus I may by reſon ſein
That erthe is moſt nedeles
And moſt men helpe it netheles,
So that, my lord, touchend of this
I have anſwerde how that it is.
That other point I underſtood,
Which moſt is worth and moſt is good
And coſteth leſt a man to kepe,
My lorde, if ye woll take kepe,
I ſay it is humilite,
Through whiche the high Trinite
As for deſerte of pure love
Unto Marie from above
Of that he knewe her humble entente
His owne ſone adown he ſente

Above all other, and her he cheſe
For that vertu, which bodeth pees.
So that I may by reſon calle
Humilite moſt worthe of alle,
And leſt it coſteth to mainteine
In all the worlde, as it is ſeine.
For who that hath humbleſſe on honde
He bringeth no werres into londe,
For he deſireth for the beſt
To ſetten every man in reſte.
Thus with your highe reverence
Me thenketh that this evidence
As to this point is ſuffiſaunt.
And touchend of the remenaunt,
Whiche is the thridde of your axinges,
What leſt is worth of alle thinges
And coſteth moſt, I telle it pride,
Which may nought in the heven abide.
For Lucifer with hem that felle
Bar pride with him into helle.
There was pride of to grete coſt,
Whan he for pride hath heven loſt,
And after that in paradiſe
Adam for pride loſt his priſe
In middel-erth. And eke alſo
Pride is the cauſe of alle wo,
That all the world ne may ſuffiſe
To ſtaunche of pride the repriſe.
Pride is the heved of all ſinne,
Which waſteth all and may nought winne.

Pride is of every mis the pricke,
Pride is the worſte of all wicke
And coſteth moſt and leſt is worth
In place where he hath his forth.
Thus have I ſaid that I woll ſay
Of min anſwere and to you pray,
My lege lorde, of your office,
That ye ſuch grace and ſuche juſtice
Ordeigne for my fader here,
That after this, whan men it here,
The world therof may ſpeke good.
The king, which reſon underſtood
And hath all herde how ſhe hath ſaid,
Was inly glad and ſo well paid,
That all his wrath is over go.
And he began to loke tho
Upon this maiden in the face,
In which he found ſo mochel grace,
That all his priſe on her he laide
In audience and thus he ſaide:
My faire maide, well the be
Of thin anſwere, and eke of the
Me liketh well, and as thou wilte
Foryive be thy faders gilte.
And if thou were of ſuch lignage,
That thou to me were of parage
And that thy fader were a pere,
As he is now a bachelere,
So ſiker as I have a life,
Thou ſholdeſt thanne be my wife.

But this I ſaie netheles,
That I woll ſhape thin encreſe,
What worldes good that thou wolt crave
Are of my yift, and thou ſhalt have.
And ſhe the king with wordes wiſe
Knelende thonketh in this wiſe:
My lege lord, god mot you quite.
My fader here hath but a lite
Of wariſon, and that he wende
Had all be loſt, but now amende
He may well through your noble grace.
With that the king right in his place
Anon forth in that freſhe hete
An erldome, which than of eſchete
Was late falle into his honde,
Unto this knight with rent and londe
Hath yove and with his chartre ſeſed.
And thus was all the noiſe appeſed.
This maiden, which ſate on her knees
To-fore the kinges charitees,
Commendeth and ſaith evermore:
My lege lord, right now to-fore
Ye ſaide, and it is of recorde,
That if my fader were a lorde
And pere unto theſe other grete,
Ye wolden for nought elles lette,
That I ne ſholde be your wife.
And thus wote every worthy life
A kinges worde mot nede be holde.
Forthy my lord, if that ye wolde

So great a charite fulfille,
God wote it were well my wille.
For he, which was a bachelere,
My fader is now made a pere,
So whan as ever that I cam
An erles doughter nowe I am.
This yonge king, which peiſed all
Her beaute and her wit withall,
As he, which was with love hente,
Anone therto yaf his aſſente.
He might nought the place aſterte,
That ſhe nis lady of his herte.
So that he toke her to his wife
To holde, while that he hath life.
And thus the king toward his knight
Accordeth him, as it is right.
And over this good is to wite
In the cronique as it is write
This noble kinge, of whom I tolde,
Of Spaine by tho daies olde
The kingdom had in governaunce,
And as the boke maketh remembraunce
Alphonſe was his propre name.
The knight alſo, if I ſhall name,
Danz Petro hight, and as men telle
His doughter wiſe Petronelle
Was cleped, which was full of grace.
And that was ſene in thilke place,
Where ſhe her fader out of tene
Hath brought and made her ſelfe a quen

f that ſhe hath ſo well deſcloſed
he points, wherof ſhe was oppoſed.
Lo now, my ſone, as thou might here, Confeſſor.
)f all this thing to my matere
3ut one I take, and that is pride,
To whom no grace may betide.
In heven he fell out of his ſtede
And paradiſe him was forbede,
The good men in erthe him hate,
So that to helle he mote algate,
Where every vertue ſhall be weived
And every vice be reſceived.
But humbleſſe is all other wiſe,
Which moſt is worth and no repriſe
It taketh ayein, but ſofte and faire
If any thing ſtant in contraire
With humble ſpeche it is redreſſed.
Thus was this yonge maiden bleſſed,
The whiche I ſpake of now to-fore,
Her faders life ſhe gat therfore
And wan with all the kinges love.
Forthy my ſone, if thou wolt love,
It ſit the well to leve pride
And take humbleſſe on thy ſide,
The more of grace thou ſhalt gete.
My fader, I woll nought foryete Amans.
Of this that ye have told me here,
And if that any ſuch manere
Of humble port may love appaie,
Here afterwarde I thonke aſſaie.

But now forth over I beſeche,
That ye more of my ſhrifte ſeche.

Confeſſor. My gode ſone, it ſhall be do.
Now herken and lay an ere to,
For as touchend of prides fare
Als ferforth as I can declare
In cauſe of vice, in cauſe of love
That haſt thou pleinly herde above,
So that there is no more to ſaie
Touchend of that, but other waie
Touchend envie I thenke telle,
Whiche hath the propre kinde of helle,
Withoute cauſe to miſdo
Toward him ſelf and other alſo
Here afterward as underſtonde
Thou ſhalt the ſpieces, as they ſtonde.

Explicit liber primus.

Incipit Liber Secundus.

lie culpa magis eſt attrita dolore, 1.
am ſua mens nullo tempore leta manet.
gaudent alii, dolet ille, nec unus amicus
ſt, cui de puro commoda velle facit.
imilitatis honor ſua corda veretur, et omnis
ſt ſibi leticia ſic aliena dolor.
etenim vicium quam ſepe repugnat amanti,
on ſibi, ſed reliquis, dum favet ipſa Venus.
amor ex proprio motu fantaſticus, et que
audia fert aliis credit obeſſe ſibi.

Hic in ſecundo libro tractat de invidia et eius ſpeciebus, quarum dolor alterius gaudii prima nuncupatur, cuius condicionem ſecundum vicium confeſſor primitus deſcribens amanti, quatenus amorem concernit, ſuper eodem conſequenter opponit.

NOW after pride the ſecounde
There is, which many a wo-
full ſtounde,
Towardes other berth aboute
in him ſelf and nought withoute.
n his thought he brenneth ever,
n that he wote an other lever
ıore vertuos than he,
:h paſſeth him in his degre.
of he taketh his maladie.
vice is cleped hot envie.
ıy my ſone, if it be ſo, Confeſſor.
ı art or haſt ben one of tho,
ır to ſpeke in loves cas
er yet thin herte was

Seke of an other mannes hele ?

Amans. So god avaunce my quarele,
My fader, ye a thouſand ſithe,
Whan I have ſene another blithe
Of love and hadde a goodly chere,
Ethna, which brenneth yere by yere,
Was thanne nought ſo hote as I
Of thilke ſore which prively
Mine hertes thought withinne brenneth.
The ſhip, which on the wawes renneth
And is forſtormed and forblowe,
Is nought more peined for a throwe
Than I am thanne whan I ſe
Another, which that paſſeth me
In that fortune of loves yifte.
But fader, this I telle in ſhrifte,
That is no where but in o place.
For who that leſe or finde grace
In other ſtede, it may nought greve.
But this ye may right well beleve,
Toward my lady, that I ſerve,
Though that I wiſte for to ſterve,
Min hert is full of ſuch foly,
That I my ſelfe may nought chaſty,
Whan I the court ſe of Cupide
Approche unto my lady ſide
Of hem that luſty ben and freſſhe,
Though it availe hem nought a reſſhe.
But only that they ben of ſpeche,
My ſorwe is than nought to ſeche.

t whan they rounen in her ere,
an groweth all my moſte fere.
d namely whan they talen longe,
y ſorwes thanne be ſo ſtronge,
that I ſee hem well at eſe
an nought telle my diſeſe.
t, ſire, as of my lady ſelve,
ough ſhe have wowers, ten or twelve,
r no miſtruſt I have of her
greveth nought, for certes, ſir,
rowe in all this world to ſeche
s woman, that in dede and ſpeche
oll better aviſe her what ſhe doth,
better for to ſaie a ſothe
pe her honour at alle tide
d yet get her a thank beſide.
t netheles I am beknowe,
at whan I ſe at any throwe
elles if I may it here,
at ſhe make any man good chere,
ough I therof have nought to done,
y thought woll entermete him ſone.
r though I be my ſelven ſtraunge
vie maketh min herte chaunge,
at I am ſorwefully beſtad
that I ſe another glad
ith her, but of other all
love what ſo may befall,
that he faile or that he ſpede,
erof take I but litel hede.

Nowe have I ſaid, my fader, all,
As of this point in ſpeciall
As ferforthly as I have wiſte.
Now axeth, fader, what you liſte

Confeſſor. My ſone, er I axe any more
I thenke ſomdele for thy lore
Tell an enſample of this matere
Touchend envy, as thou ſhalt here.
Write in Civile this I finde,
Though it be nought the houndes kinde
To ete chaff, yet woll he werne
An oxe, which cometh to the berne,
Therof to taken any fode.
And thus who that it underſtode
It ſtant of love in many a place.
Who that is out of loves grace
And may him ſelven nought availe,
He wold an other ſholde faile.
And if he may put any lette,
He doth al that he may to lette.
Wherof I finde, as thou ſhalt wit,
To this purpos a tale write.

Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum ſaltem contra iſtos, qui in amoris cauſa aliorum gaudiis invidentes nequaquam per hoc ſibi ipſis proficiunt. Et narrat, qualiter quidam juvenis miles nomine Acis, quem Galathea nimpha pulcherrima toto corde peramavit, cum ipſi ſub quadam rupe

There ben of ſuche mo than twelve,
That ben nought able as of hem ſelve
To get love, and for none envie
Upon all other they aſpie.
And for hem lacketh that they wolde,
They kepte that none other ſholde
Touchend of love his cauſe ſpede,
Wherof a great enſample I rede,

che unto this mater accordeth,
)vid in his boke recordeth,
· Poliphemus whilom wrought,
ın that he Galathe beſought
›ve, whiche he may nought lacche,
: made him for to waite and wacche
lle waies howe it ferde,
at the laſt he knewe and herde,
· that an other hadde leve
ove there, as he mot leve,
›r to ſpeke of any ſpede,
ıat he knew none other rede,
for to waiten upon alle
he may ſe the chaunce falle,
: he her love mighte greve,
che he him ſelf may nought acheve.
Galathe, ſaith the poete,
ve all other was unmete
eaute, that men thanne knewe,
had a luſty love and trewe
cheler in his degre
ıt ſuch an other as was ſhe,
whom ſhe hath her herte ſet,
ıat it mighte nought be let
yifte ne for no beheſte,
: ſhe ne was all at his heſte.
yonge knight Acis was hote,
che her ayeinwarde alſo hote
›nly loveth and no mo.
›f was Poliphemus wo

juxta litus maris colloquium adinvicem habuerunt, Poliphemus gigas concuſſa rupe magnam inde partem ſuper caput Acis ab alto projiciens ipſum per invidiam interfecit. Et cum ipſe ſuper hoc dictam Galatheam rapere voluiſſet, Neptunus giganti obſiſtens ipſam inviolatam ſalva cuſtodia preſervavit. Sed et dii miſerti corpus Acis defuncti in fontem aque dulciſſime ſubito tranſmutarunt.

Through pure envie and ever aſpide
And waiteth upon every ſide,
Whan he to-gider mighte ſe
This yonge Acis with Galathe.
So longe he waiteth to and fro,
Till at the laſte he founde hem two
In prive place, where they ſtood
To ſpeke and have her wordes good.
The place, where as he hem ſigh,
It was under a banke nigh
The great ſe, and he above
Stood and behelde the luſty love,
Whiche eche of hem to other made
With goodly chere and wordes glade,
That all his hert hath ſette a fire
Of pure envie. And as a vire,
Which flieth out of a mighty bowe,
Away he fledde for a throwe,
As he that was for love wode,
Whan that he ſigh how that it ſtode.
This Polipheme a geaunt was.
And whan he ſigh the ſothe cas,
How Galathe him hath forſake
And Acis to her love take,
His herte may it nought forbere,
That he ne roreth as a bere
And as it were a wilde beaſt,
In whom no reſon might areſte.
He ranne Ethna the hill about,
Where never yet the fire was out,

lled of ſorwe and great diſeſe,
he ſigh Acis well at eſe.
ıte laſt he him bethoughte
:, which all envie ſoughte,
torneth to the banke ayein,
re he with Galathe hath ſein
Acis, whom he thought greve,
ıgh he him ſelf may nought releve.
geaunt with his rude might
of the banke he ſhof down right,
whiche even upon Acis fell,
at with falling of this hill
Poliphemus Acis ſlough,
rof ſhe made ſorwe inough.
as ſhe fledde from the londe,
unus toke her by the honde
kept her in ſo faſte a place
Polipheme and his manace,
he with his falſe envie
ıight atteigne her compaignie.
Galathe, of whom I ſpeke
of her ſelf may nought be wreke,
ıout any ſemblaunt feigned
ıath her loves deth compleigned,
with her ſorwe and with her wo
ıath the goddes moved ſo,
they of pite and of grace
Acis in the ſame place,
e he lay dede, into a welle
sformed, as the bokes telle,

With freſhe ſtremes and with clere,
As he whilom with luſty chere
Was freſh his love for to queme.
And with this rude Polipheme
For his envie and for his hate
They were wroth and thus algate.

Confeſſor. My ſone, thou might underſtonde,
That if thou wolt in grace ſtonde
With love, thou muſt leve envie.
And as thou wolt for thy partie
Toward thy love ſtonde fre,
So muſt thou ſuffre another be
What ſo befalle upon thy chaunce.
For it is an unwiſe vengeaunce
Which to none other man is lefe
And is unto him ſelve grefe.

Amans. My fader, this enſample is good,
But how ſo ever that it ſtood
With Poliphemus love as tho,
It ſhall nought ſtonde with me ſo
To worchen any felonie
In love for no ſuche envie.
Forthy if there ought elles be,
Now axeth forth, in what degre
It is, and I me ſhall confeſſe
With ſhrifte unto your holineſſe.

2. *Vita ſibi ſolito mentalia gaudia livor*
Dum videt alterius damna doloris agit.
Invidus obridet hodie fletus aliorum,
Fletus cui proprios craſtina fata parant.

Sic in amore pari ſtat ſorte jocoſus, amantes
Cum vidit illuſos invidus ille quaſi.
Sic licet in vacuum ſperat tamen ipſe levamen,
Alterius caſu lapſus et ipſe ſimul.

My gode ſone, yet there is
A vice revers unto this,
Whiche envious taketh his gladneſſe
Of that he ſeeth the hevineſſe
Of other men. For his welfare
Is, whan he wote another care
Of that an other hath a falle,
He thenketh him ſelfe ariſe with alle.
Suche is the gladſhip of envie
In worldes thinges and in partie,
Full ofte times eke alſo
In loves cauſe it ſtant right ſo.
If thou, my ſone, haſt joie had,
Whan thou an other ſigh unglad,
Shrive the therof. My fader, yis.
I am beknowe unto you this
Of theſe lovers that loven ſtreite,
And for that point, which they coveite,
Ben purſuauntes from yere to yere
In loves court, when I may here,
How that they climbe upon the whele,
And whan they wene all ſhall be wele,
They ben down throwen ate laſte,
Than am I fed of that they faſte
And laugh, of that I ſe hem loure.
And thus of that they brewe ſoure

Hic loquitur confeſſor de ſecunda ſpecie invidie, que gaudium alterius doloris dicitur, et primo eiuſdem vicii materiam tractans amantis conſcienciam ſuper eodem ulterius inveſtigat.

Amans.

I drinke ſwete and am well eſed
Of that I wote they ben diſeſed.
But this whiche I you telle here
Is only for my lady dere,
That for none other, that I knowe,
Me recheth nought who overthrowe,
Ne who that ſtonde in love upright,
But be he ſquier, be he knight,
Which to my lady warde purſueth
The more he loſt of that he ſueth,
The more me thenketh that I winne.
And am the more glad withinne
Of that I wote him ſorwe endure,
For ever upon ſuche aventure
It is a comfort as men ſain
To him, the which is wo beſein
To ſene an other in his peine.
So that they bothe may compleine,
Where I myſelf may nought availe.
To ſene an other man travaile
I am right glad if he be let.
And though I fare nought the bet,
His ſorwe is to min herte a game,
Whan that I knowe it is the ſame,
Which to my lady ſtant enclined
And hath his love nought termined,
I am right joyfull in my thought,
If ſuch envie greveth ought.
As I beknowe me coupable,
Ye that be wiſe and reſonable,

Boecius. Concluſio miſerorum eſt habere conſortem in pena.

fader, telleth your aviſe.
[y ſone, envie into no priſe
ich a forme I underſtonde
nighte by no reſon ſtonde.
this envie hath ſuch a kinde,
t he woll ſet him ſelf behinde
ninder with another wight
gladly leſe his owne right
nake another leſe his.
for to knowen how ſo it is
le lich to his matere
enke telle, if thou wolte here,
hewe properly the vice
his envie and the malice.
f Jupiter thus I finde iwrite,
whilom that he wolde wite
n the pleinte, whiche he herde
ng the men, how that it ferde
f her wrong condicion
lo juſtificacion.
for that cauſe down he ſent
ungel, which aboute went,
t he the ſothe knowe may.
t befell upon a day
aungel, which him ſhuld enforme,
clothed in a mannes forme
overtoke, I underſtonde,
men, that wenten over londe,
ough which he thoughte to aſpie
cauſe and goth in compaignie.

Confeſſor.

Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum contra illum, qui ſponte ſui ipſius detrimentum in alterius penam majorem patitur, et narrat, quod cum Jupiter angelum ſuum in forma hominis, ut hominum condiciones exploraret, ab excelſo in terram miſit, contigit, quod ipſe angelus duos homines, quorum unus cupidus et alter invidus erat, itinerando ſpacio quaſi unius diei commitabatur. Et cum ſero factum eſſet, angelus eorum noticie ſe ipſum tunc manifeſtans dixit, quod quid alter eorum ab ipſo donari ſibi pecierit, illud ſtatim obtinebit, quod et ſocio ſuo ſecum comitanti affirmat duplicandum. Super

quo cupidus impeditus avaricia ſperans ſibi divicias carpere duplicatas primo petere recuſavit. Quod cum invidus animadverteret naturam ſui vicii concernens, ita ut ſocius ſuus utroque lumine privaretur, ſe ipſum monoculum fieri conſtanter primus ab angelo poſtulabat. Et ſic unius invidia alterius avariciam maculavit.

This aungel with his wordes wiſe
Oppoſeth hem in ſondry wiſe
Now loude wordes and now ſofte,
That made hem to deſputen ofte.
And eche of hem his reſon hadde.
And thus with tales he hem ladde
With good examinacion,
Till he knew the condicion
What men they were bothe two
And ſigh wel ate laſte tho,
That one of hem was coveitous,
And his felaw was envious.
And thus, whan he hath knouleching,
Anone he feigned departing
And ſaid he mote algate wende.
But herken now what fell at ende,
For than he made hem underſtonde,
That he was there of goddes ſonde,
And ſaid hem for the kindeſhip,
That they have done him felaſhip,
He wolde do ſome grace ayein,
And bad that one of hem ſhuld ſain,
What thinge him is leveſt to crave
And he it ſhall of yifte have.
And over that eke forth with all
He ſaith that other have ſhall
The double of that his felawe axeth.
And thus to hem his grace he taxeth.
The coveitous was wonder glad
And to that other man he bad

nd ſaith, that he firſt axe ſholde.
or he ſuppoſeth, that he wolde
lake his axing of worldes good.
or than he knewe well howe it ſtood,
hat he him ſelf by double weight
hall efte take, and thus by ſleight
y cauſe that he wolde winne
e badde his felaw firſt beginne.
his envious, though it be late
Vhan that he ſigh he mote algate
lake his axinge firſt, he thought,
f he worſhip or profit ſought,
ſhall be doubled to his fere
hat wold he cheſe in no manere.
ut than he ſheweth what he was
owarde envie, and in this cas
nto this aungel thus he ſaide
nd for his yifte this he praide
o make him blinde on his one eye,
o that his felaw no thing ſigh.
his word was nought ſo ſone ſpoke,
hat his one eye anon was loke,
nd his felaw forth with alſo
Vas blinde on both his eyen two.
ho was that other gladde inough,
hat one wept, and that other lough,
e ſet his one eye at no coſt,
Vherof that other two hath loſt.
f thilke enſample, which fell tho,
len tellen now full ofte ſo.

The worlde empeireth comunly,
And yet wot none the cauſe why,
For it accordeth nought to kinde
Min owne harme to ſeche and finde,
Of that I ſhall my brother greve
I might never wel acheve.

Confeſſor. What ſaiſt thou, ſone, of this folie?

Amans. My fader, but I ſhulde lie
Upon the point, which ye have ſaide,
Yet was min herte never laide,
But in the wiſe, as I you tolde.
But evermore if that ye wolde
Ought elles to my ſhrifte ſaie
Touchend envie, I wolde praie.

Confeſſor. My ſone, that ſhall well be do.
Now herken and lay thin ere to.

3. *Invidie pars eſt detractio peſſima, peſtem*
Que magis infamem flatibus oris agit.
Lingue venenato ſermone repercutit auris,
Sic ut in alterius ſcandala fama volat.
Morſibus a tergo, quos inficit ipſa fideles,
Vulneris ignoti ſepe ſalute carent.
Sed generoſus amor linguam conſervat, ut eius
Verbum, quod loquitur, nulla ſiniſtra gerat.

Hic tractat confeſſor de tercia ſpecie invidie, que detractio dicitur, cuius morſus vipereos leſa quam ſepe fama deplangit.

Touchend as of envious brood
I wot nought one of alle good,
But netheles ſuche as they be
Yet there is one, and that is he,
Which cleped is detraction.
And to conferme his action
He hath witholde malebouche,
Whoſe tunge nouther pill ne crouche

ay hire, ſo that he pronounce
plein good word withouten frounce.
here behinde a mannes backe,
or though he preiſe, he find ſome lacke,
hiche of his tale is ay the laſte
hat all the priſe ſhall overcaſte.
nd though there be no cauſe why,
et woll he jangle nought forthy,
s he whiche hath the heraldie
f hem, that uſen for to lie.
or as the nettle, whiche up renneth,
he freſhe red roſes brenneth
nd maketh hem fade and pale of hewe,
ight ſo this fals envious hewe
every place, where he dwelleth,
ith fals wordes, where he telleth,
e torneth preiſing into blame
nd worſhip into worldes ſhame.
f ſuch leſinge as he compaſſeth
none ſo good, that he ne paſſeth
etwene his tethe and is backbited
nd through his falſe tunge endited.
ich to the ſharnebudes kinde,
f whoſe nature this I finde,
hat in the hoteſt of the day,
han comen is the mery may,
e ſpret his winge and up he fleeth
nd under all aboute he ſeeth
he faire luſty floures ſpringe.
ut therof hath he no likinge.

But where he ſeeth of any beſte
The filthe, there he maketh his feſte,
And there upon he woll alighte,
There liketh him none other ſighte.
Right ſo this jangler envious,
Though he a man ſe vertuous
And full of good condicion,
Therof maketh he no mencion.
But elles be it nought ſo lite,
Wherof that he may ſet a wite,
There renneth he with open mouth
Behinde a man and maketh it couth.
But all the vertue, whiche he can,
That woll he hide of every man
And openly the vice telle,
As he, which of the ſcole of helle
Is taught and foſtred with envie.
Of houſholde and of compaignie
Where that he hath his propre office
To ſette on every man a vice.
How ſo his mouth be comely,
His worde ſet evermore awry
And ſaith the worſte that he may.
And in this wiſe now a daye
In loves court a man may here
Full ofte pleine of this matere,
That many envious tale is ſtered,
Where that it may nought be anſwered.
But yet full ofte it is beleved,
And many a worthy love is greved

Through backbitinge of falſe envie.
If thou have made ſuche janglerie
In loves court, my ſone, er this,
Shrive the therof. My fader, yis.
But wite ye how nought openly,
But otherwhile prively,
Whan I my dere lady mete
And thenke how that I am nought mete
Unto her highe worthineſſe
And eke I ſe the beſineſſe
Of all this yonge luſty route,
Which all day purſue her aboute,
And eche of hem his time awaiteth,
And eche of hem his tale affaiteth
All to deceive an innocent,
Which woll nought be of her aſſent.
And for men ſain unknowen unkiſte,
Her thombe ſhe holt in her fiſte
So cloſe within her owne honde,
That there winneth no man londe.
She leveth nought all that ſhe hereth
And thus ful ofte her ſelf ſhe ſkiereth
And is all ware of *had I wiſt*.
But for all that min hert ariſte,
Whan I theſe comun lovers ſee,
That wol nought holden hem to thre,
But well nigh loven over al,
Min hert is envious with all,
And ever I am adrad of guile,
In aunter if with any wile

Hic in amoris cauſa huius vicii crimen ad memoriam reducens confeſſor amanti ſuper eodem plenius opponit.

They might her innocence enchaunte.
Forthy my words full ofte I haunte
Behinde hem ſo as I dare,
Wherof my lady may beware.
I ſay what ever cometh to mouth
And wers I wolde, if that I couth.
For whan I come unto her ſpeche
All that I may enquere and ſeche
Of ſuch deceipte, I telle it all
And ay the worſt in ſpeciall.
So faine I wolde that ſhe wiſt,
How litel they ben for to triſt
And what they wold and what they ment
So as they be of double entente,
Thus toward hem, that wicke mene,
My wicked word was ever grene.
And netheles the ſoth to telle
In certein if it ſo befelle
That althertreweſt man ibore
To cheſe amonge a thouſand ſcore,
Which were all fully for to triſte,
My lady loved, and I it wiſte,
Yet rather than he ſhulde ſpede
I wolde ſuche tales ſprede
To my lady, if that I might,
That I ſhuld all his love unright
And therto wolde I do my peine.
For certes though I ſhulde feigne
And telle, that was never thought,
For all this worlde I might nought

To ſuffre an other fully winne
There as I am yet to beginne.
For be they good, or be they bad
I wolde none my lady had.
And that me maketh full ofte aſpie
And uſen wordes of envie.
And for to make hem bere a blame
And that is but of thilke ſame,
The whiche unto my lady drawe,
For ever on them I rounge and gnawe
And hinder hem all that ever I maie.
And that is ſothly for to ſaie,
But only to my lady ſelve,
I telle it nought to ten ne twelve.
Therof I wol me well aviſe
To ſpeke or jangle in any wiſe
That toucheth to my ladies name,
The whiche in erneſt and in game
I wolde ſave into my deth.
For me were lever to lacke breth
Than ſpeken of her name amis.
Now have ye herd touchend of this,
My fader, in confeſſion
And therfore of detraction
In love, of that I have miſpoke,
Tell how ye will it ſhall be wroke.
I am all redy for to bere
My peine, and alſo to forbere
What thing that ye woll nought allowe.
For who is bounden, he muſt bowe.

So woll I bowe unto your heſt,
For I dare make this beheſt,
That I to you have nothing hid,
But told right as it is betide,
And otherwiſe of no miſſpeche
My conſcience for to ſeche.
I can nought of envie finde,
That I miſſpoke have ought behinde,
Wherof love ought be miſpaide.
Now have ye herde and I have ſaide,
What woll ye fader, that I do?

Confeſſor. My ſone, do no more ſo,
But ever kepe thy tunge ſtill,
Thou might the more have thy will.
For as thou ſaiſt thy ſelven here,
My lady is of ſuch manere,
So wiſe, ſo ware in alle thinges,
It nedeth of no bakbitinges,
That thou thy lady miſenforme.
For whan ſhe knoweth all the forme,
How that thy ſelf art envious,
Thou ſhalt nought be ſo gracious,
As thou paraunter ſhuldeſt be elles.
There wol no man drinke of the welles,
Whiche as he wote is poiſon inne.
And ofte ſuche as men beginne
Towardes other, ſuch they finde,
That ſet hem ofte fer behinde,
Whan that they wenen be before.
My gode ſone, and thou therfore

rare and leve thy wicked ſpeche,
rof hath fallen ofte wreche
nany a man before this time.
who ſo wol his hondes lime,
muſten be the more unclene.
many a mote ſhall be ſene,
woll nought cleve elles there.
that ſhulde every wiſe man fere.
who ſo woll another blame,
eketh ofte his owne ſhame,
ch elles might be right ſtille.
hy if that it be thy wille
tonde upon amendement,
le of great entendement
nke telle for thy ſake,
rof thou might enſample take.
worthy knight in Criſtes lawe
reat Rome, as is the ſawe,
ſceptre hadde for to right,
ry Conſtantin he hight,
s wife was cleped Italie.
they to-gider of progenie
hildren hadde but a maide.
ſhe the god ſo wel apaide,
al the wide worldes fame
e worſhip of her gode name.
tance, as the cronique ſaith,
hight and was ſo full of faith,
the greateſt of Barbarie
em, whiche uſen marchandie,

Hic loquitur confeſſor contra iſtos in amoris cauſa detrahentes, qui ſuis obloquiis aliena ſolacia perturbant, et narrat exemplum de Conſtancia Tiberii Rome imperatoris filia omnium virtutum famoſiſſima. Ob eius amorem ſoldanus tunc Perſie, ut eam in uxorem ducere poſſet, criſtianum ſe fieri promiſit, cuius accepta caucione conſilio Pelagii tunc pape dicta filia una cum duobus cardinalibus aliiſque Rome proceribus in Perſiam maritagii cauſa navigio honorifice deſtinata fuit, que tamen obloquencium poſtea

detractionibus variis modis prout inferius articulatur absque sui culpa dolorosa fata multipliciter passa est.

She hath converted, as they come
To her upon a time in Rome
To shewen such thing, as they brought,
Which worthely of hem she bought.
And over that in suche a wise
She hath hem with her wordes wise
Of Cristes feith so full enformed,
That they therto ben all conformed,
So that baptisme they receiven
And all her false goddes weiven.
Whan they ben of the feith certein,
They gone to Barbarie ayein,
And there the souldan for hem sente
And axeth hem to what entente
They have her firste feith forsake.
And they, whiche hadden undertake
The righte feith to kepe and holde,
The mater of her tale tolde
With all the hole circumstaunce.
And whan the souldan of Constaunce
Upon the point that they answerde
The beaute and the grace herde
As he, which thanne was to wedde,
In alle haste his cause spedde
To sende for the mariage.
And furthermore with good corage
He saith, be so he may her have
That Crist, that came this world to save,
He woll beleve, and thus recorded
They ben on either side accorded.

there upon to make an ende
ſouldan his hoſtages ſende
Rome, of princes ſones twelve.
rof the fader in him ſelve
glad, and with the pope aviſed
cardinales he hath aſſiſed
ı other lordes many mo,
with his doughter ſhulden go
e the ſouldan be converted.
ıt that which never was wel herted
e tho began to travaile
ſturbaunce of this ſpouſaile
rively that none was ware.
moder, which the ſouldan bare,
than alive and thoughte this
her ſelfe: if it ſo is,
ſone him wedde in this manere,
ı have I loſt my joies here,
min eſtate ſhall ſo be laſſed.
ıkend thus ſhe hath compaſſed
eight how that ſhe may beguile
ſone, and fell within a while
ene hem two whan that they were,
feigned wordes in his ere
in this wiſe gan to ſay:
y ſone, I am by double way
ı all min herte glad and blithe,
hat my ſelfe have ofte ſithe
ed thou wolte, as men ſaith,
ive and take a newe feith,

Qualiter adveniente Conſtancia in Barbariam mater ſoldani huiuſmodi nupcias perturbare volens filium ſuum una cum dicta Conſtancia cardinalibuſque et aliis Romanis primo die ad convivium invitavit, et conveſcentibus illis in menſa ipſum ſoldanum omneſque ibidem preter Conſtanciam Romanos ab inſidiis latitantibus ſubdola detractione interfici procuravit ipſamque Conſtanciam in quadam navi abſque gubernaculo poſitam per altum mare ventorum flatibus agitandam in exilium dirigi ſolam conſtituit.

Which ſhall be forthringe of thy life.
And eke ſo worſhipfull a wife
The doughter of an emperour
To wedde it ſhall be great honour.
Forthy my ſone, I you beſeche,
That I ſuch grace might areche,
Whan that my doughter come ſhall,
That I may than in ſpeciall
So as me thenketh it is honeſte
Be thilke, which the firſte feſte
Shall make unto her welcominge.
The ſouldan graunteth her axinge.
And ſhe therof was gladde inough,
For under that anone ſhe drough
With falſe wordes that ſhe ſpake
Covin of dethe behinde his backe.
And therupon her ordinaunce
She made ſo, that whan Conſtance
Was comen forth with the Romains
Of clerkes and of citezeins,
A riche feſte ſhe hem made.
And moſte whan they weren glade
With falſe covin, which ſhe hadde,
Her cloſe envie tho ſhe ſpradde.
And alle tho, that hadden be
Or in appert or in prive
Of counſeil to the mariage,
She ſlough hem in a ſodein rage
Endlong the borde as they be ſet,
So that it mighte nought be let

er owne ſone was nought quite,
ut died upon the ſame plite.
ut what the highe god woll ſpare
may for no perill misfare.
his worthy maiden, which was there,
ode than as who ſaith dede for fere
o ſe the feſt, how that it ſtood,
/hiche all was torned into blood.
he diſh forth with the cuppe and all
ebled they weren over all.
he ſigh hem die on every ſide,
o wonder though ſhe wepte and cride
Iakend many a wofull mone.
/han all was ſlain but ſhe al one,
his olde fend, this Sarazin
et take anone this Conſtantin
/ith all the good ſhe thider brought
nd hath ordeigned as ſhe thought
naked ſhip withoute ſtere,
n which the good and her in fere
italed full for yeres five,
/here that the winde it wolde drive,
he put upon the wawes wilde.
But he, which alle thinges may ſhilde,
hre yere til that ſhe cam to londe
Ier ſhip to ſtere hath take on honde,
nd in Northumberlond arriveth,
nd happeth thanne that ſhe driveth
nder a caſtell with the flood,
/hiche upon Humber banke ſtood.

Qualiter navis cum Conſtancia in partes Anglie, que tunc pagana fuit, prope Humber ſub quodam caſtello regis, qui tunc Allee vocabatur, poſt triennium applicuit, quam quidam miles nomine Elda dicti caſtelli tunc cuſtos e navi lete ſuſcipiens

uxori ſue Hermingelde in cuſtodiam honorifice commendavit.

And was the kinges owne alſo,
The whiche Allee was cleped tho,
A Saxon and a worthy knight,
But he beleveth nought aright.
Of this caſtell was caſtellaine
Elda the kinges chamberlaine,
A knightly man after his lawe.
And whan he ſigh upon the wawe
The ſhip drivend alone ſo,
He badde anone men ſhulden go
To ſe, what it betoken may.
This was upon a ſomer day,
The ſhip was loked and ſhe founde.
Elda within a litel ſtounde
It wiſt and with his wife anone
Toward this yonge lady gone,
Where that they founde great richeſſe.
But ſhe her wolde nought confeſſe,
Whan they her axen what ſhe was.
And netheles upon the cas
Out of the ſhip with great worſhip
They toke her into felaſhip
As they, that weren of her glade.
But ſhe no maner joie made,
But ſorweth ſore of that ſhe fonde
No chriſtendome in thilke londe.
But elles ſhe hath all her will,
And thus with hem ſhe dwelleth ſtill.
Dame Hermegild, which was the wife
Of Elda, liche her owne life

ce loveth, and fell ſo
l all day betwene hem two
h grace of goddes purveiaunce
ıiden taught the creaunce
is wife ſo parfitly,
day that faſte by
nce of her huſbonde,
they go walkend on the ſtronde,
e man, which cam ther ladde,
is wife criend he badde
ɔthe his hondes up and praide
and in this wiſe he ſaide:
ıegilde, which Criſtes feith
ed, as Conſtance ſaith,
d haſt: yif me my ſight.
this worde her herte aflight
nd what was beſte to done,
ıeles ſhe herde his bone
le: in truſt of Criſtes lawe,
done was on the croſſe and ſlawe,
linde man beholde and ſe.
ıat to God upon his kne
nd he toke his ſight anone,
they merveil everychone.
a wondreth moſt of alle,
en thing whiche is befalle
leth him by ſuche a way,
the feith mo nede obey.
liſt what fell upon this thinge.
da forth unto the kinge

Qualiter Conſtancia Eldam cum uxore ſua, qui antea Chriſtiani non extiterant, ad fidem Chriſti miraculoſe convertit.

Qualiter quidam miles juvenis in amorem Conſtancie exardeſ-

cens, pro eo quod ipſa aſſentire noluit, eam de morte Hermegilde, quam ipſe noctanter interfecit, verbis detractoriis accuſavit, ſed angelus domini ipſum ſic detrahentem in maxilla ſubito percutiens non ſolum pro mendace comprobavit, ſed ictu mortali poſt ipſius confeſſionem penitus interfecit.

A morwe toke his way and rode,
And Hermegild at home abode
Forth with Conſtance well at eſe.
Elda, which thought his king to pleſe
As he, that than unwedded was,
Of Conſtance all the pleine cas
As godelich as he couth tolde.
The king was glad and ſaid he wolde
Come thider in ſuche a wiſe,
That he him might of her aviſe.
The time appointed forth withall
This Elda truſte in ſpeciall
Upon a knight, which fro childhode
He had updrawe into manhode.
To him he tolde all that he thought,
Wherof that after him forthought.
And netheles at thilke tide
Unto his wife he bad him ride
To make redy alle thinge
Ayeinſt the cominge of the kinge,
And ſaith that he him ſelf to-fore
Thenketh for to come and bad therfore,
That he him kepe and tolde him whan.
This knight rode forth his waie than.
And ſoth was, that of time paſſed
He had in all his wit compaſſed,
Howe he Conſtance mighte winne.
But he ſigh tho no ſpede therinne.
Wherof his luſt began to abate,
And that was love is thanne hate.

Of her honour he had envie,
So that upon his trecherie
A leſinge in his herte he caſt,
Til he come home, he hieth faſt
And doth his lady to underſtonde
The meſſage of her huſebonde.
And therupon the longe daie
They ſetten thinges in arraie,
That all was as it ſhulde be
Of every thinge in his degre.
And whan it came into the night,
This wife her hath to bedde dight,
Where that this maiden with her lay.
This falſe knight upon delay,
Hath taried till they were aſlepe,
As he that woll to his time kepe
His dedly werkes to fulfille.
And to the bed he ſtalketh ſtille,
Where that he wiſte was the wife,
And in his honde a raſour knife
He bar, with whiche her throte he cut
And prively the knife he put
Under that other beddes ſide,
Where that Conſtance lay beſide.
Elda come hom the ſame night
And ſtille with a prive light
As he that wolde nought awake
His wife, he hath his waie take
Into the chambre and there liggend
He fonde his dede wife bledend,

Where that Conſtance faſte by
Was falle aſlepe, and ſodeinly
He cried aloude, and ſhe awoke
And forth with all ſhe caſt a loke
And ſigh this lady blede there,
Wherof ſwounende dede for fere
She was and ſtille as any ſtone
She laie, and Elda therupon
Into the caſtell clepeth out
And up ſterte every man about,
Into the chambre forth they went.
But he whiche all untrouthe ment
This falſe knight among hem all
Upon this thing whiche is befall
Saith that Conſtance hath don this dede.
And to the bed with that he yede
After the falſehed of his ſpeche
And made him there for to ſeche
And fond the knife, where he it laid.
And than he cried and than he ſaid:
Lo, ſe the knife all bloody here,
What nedeth more in this matere
To axe? and thus her innocence
He ſclaundreth there in audience
With falſe wordes, whiche he feigneth.
But yet for al that ever he pleineth.
Elda no full credence toke.
And happed that there lay a boke,
Upon the which, whan he it ſighe,
This knight hath ſwore and ſaid on highe,

That alle men it mighten wite
Now by this boke, which here is write,
Conſtance is gultif well I wote.
With that the honde of heven him ſmote
In token of that he was forſwore,
That he has bothe his eyen lore,
Out of his hed the ſame ſtounde
They ſtert, and ſo they were founde.
A vois was herd, whan that they fel,
Which ſaide: O dampned man to helle,
Lo, thus hath god thy ſclaunder wroke,
That thou ayein Conſtance hath ſpoke,
Beknowe the ſothe er that thou deie.
And he tolde out his felonie
And ſtarf forth with his tale anone.
Into the grounde, where alle gone,
This dede lady was begrave.
Elda, which thought his honour ſave,
All that he may reſtreigneth ſorwe.
For he the ſecond day a morwe
The king came, as they were accorded.
And whan it was to him recorded,
What god hath wrought upon this chaunce,
He toke it into remembraunce
And thought more than he ſaide,
For all his hole herte he laide
Upon Conſtance and ſaide he ſhulde
For love of her, if that ſhe wolde,
Baptiſme take and Criſtes feith
Beleve and over that he ſaith,

Qualiter rex Allee ad fidem Chriſti converſus baptiſmum recepit et Conſtanciam ſuper hoc leto animo deſponſavit, que tamen qualis vel unde fuit alicui nullo modo fatebatur, et cum infra breve poſtea a domino ſuo inpregnata fuiſſet, ipſe ad debellandum cum Scotis iter arripuit et ibidem ſuper guerras aliquandiu permanſit.

He wol her wedde, and upon this
Aſſured eche til other is.
And for to make ſhorte tales
There came a bisſhop out of Wales
Fro Bangor, and Lucie he hight,
Which through the grace of god almight
The king with many an other mo
He criſtned, and betwene hem two
He hath fulfilled the mariage.
But for no luſt, ne for no rage
She tolde hem never what ſhe was.
And netheles upon this cas
The king was glad, how ſo it ſtood,
For well he wiſt and underſtood
She was a noble creature.
The highe maker of nature
Her hath viſited in a throwe,
That it was openliche knowe,
She was with childe by the kinge,
Wherof above all other thinge
He thonketh god and was right glad.
And fell that time he was beſtad
Upon a werre and muſt ride.
And while he ſhulde there abide,
He left at home to kepe his wife
Suche as he knewe of holy life,
Elda forth with the bisſhop eke.
And he with power go to ſeke
Ayein the Scottes for to fonde
The werre, whiche he toke on honde.

time ſet of kinde is come,
dy hath her chambre nome
a ſone bore fulle,
that ſhe was joiefull,
delivered ſauf and ſone.
ſhop, as it was to done,
baptiſme and Moris calleth.
erupon as it befalleth
tters writen of recorde
nd unto her lege lorde
pers weren of the quene.
, that ſhulde go betwene,
ſſanger to Knareſburgh,
town he ſhulde paſſe thurgh,
cam the firſt daie
ges moder there lay,
right name was Domilde,
after all the cauſe ſpilde.
which thonk deſerve wolde,
is lady goth and tolde
meſſage al how it ferde.
with feigned joie it herde
him yeftes largely,
the night al prively
e the letters, whiche he had,
nt to point and overrad
that was through out untrewe,
do writen other newe
of hem, and thus they ſpeke.
lege lord, we the beſeke,

Qualiter regina Conſtancia infantem maſculum, quem in baptiſmo Mauricium vocant, rege abſente enixa eſt, ſed invida mater regis Domilda ſuper iſto facto condolens mendacibus regi certificavit, quod uxor ſua demoniaci et non humani generis quoddam monſtruoſum fantaſma loco geniture adortum produxit, huiuſmodique detractoribus adverſus Conſtanciam in tanto procuravit, quod ipſa in navem, qua prius venerat, iterum ad exilium una cum ſuo partu remiſſa deſolabatur.

Prima littera in commendacionem

Conſtancie ab epiſcopo regi miſſa per Domildam in contrarium falſata.

That thou with us ne be nought wroth,
Though we ſuch thing, as is the loth,
Upon our trouthe certifie.
Thy wife, whiche is of fairie,
Of ſuche a child delivered is
Fro kinde, which ſtant all amis.
But for it ſhulde nought be ſaie
We have it kept out of the waie
For drede of pure worldes ſhame,
A pouer childe, and in the name
Of thilke, whiche is ſo miſbore,
We toke and therto we be ſwore,
That none but only you and we
Shall knowen of this privete.
Moricė it hat, and thus men wene,
That it was bore of the quene
And of thine owne bodie gete.
But this thing may nought be foryete,
That thou ne ſende us worde anone,
What is thy wille therupon.
This letter, as thou haſt herd deviſe,
Was counterfet in ſuche a wiſe,
That no man ſhulde it apperceive.
And ſhe, which thought to deceive,
It laith, where ſhe that other toke.
This meſſanger, whan he awoke,
And wiſt nothinge how it was,
Aroſe and rode the great pas
And toke his letter to the kinge.
And whan he ſigh this wonder thinge,

e maketh the meſſanger no chere,
ıt netheles in wiſe manere,
e wrote ayein and yaf him charge,
hat they ne ſuffre nought at large
is wife to go but kepe her ſtill,
ill they have herd more of his will.
This meſſanger was yefteles,
ıt with his letter netheles
r be him lefe or be him loth
alle haſte ayeine he goth
y Knareſburgh, and as he went,
nto the moder his entent
f that he fond toward the kinge
e tolde, and ſhe upon this thinge
ith, that he ſhulde abide all night
nd made him feſte and chere aright,
eignend as though ſhe couthe him thonke.
ut he with ſtrong wine which he dronke
orth with the travaile of the day
Vas drunke aſlepe, and while he lay,
he hath his letters overſay
nd formed in an other way,
here was a newe letter write,
Which ſaith: I do you for to wite,
That through the counſeil of you two
ſtonde in point to ben undo
s he, whiche is a king depoſed,
or every man it hath ſuppoſed,
low that my wife Conſtance is fay.
nd if that I, they ſain, delay

Secunda littera per regem epiſcopo remiſſa a Domilda iterum falſata.

To put her out of compaignie,
The worſhip of my regalie
Is lore, and over this they telle,
Her child ſhal nought among hem dwel
To claimen any heritage.
So can I ſe none avauntage,
But all is loſt, if ſhe abide.
Forthy to loke on every ſide
Toward the miſchefe as it is
I charge you and bidde this,
That ye the ſame ſhip vittaile,
In which that ſhe toke arrivaile,
Therin and putteth bothe two
Her ſelf forth with her childe alſo,
And ſo forth brought into the depe
Betaketh her the ſee to kepe.
Of foure daies time I ſet,
That ye this thing no lenger let,
So that your life be nought forfete.
And thus this letter counterfete
The meſſanger, which was unware,
Upon the kinges halve bare
And where he ſhulde it hath betake.
But whan that they have hede take
And rad, that writen is withinne,
So great a ſorwe they beginne,
As they her owne moder ſighen
Brent in a fire before her eyen.
There was wepinge and there was wo,
But finally the thinge is do.

on the ſee they have her brought,
t ſhe the cauſe wiſte nought,
d thus upon the flood they wone
is lady with her yonge ſone.
nd than her hondes to the heven
he ſtraught and with a milde ſteven
nelend upon her bare kne
he ſaide: O high mageſte,
Which ſeeſt the point of every trouth,
ake of thy wofull woman routh
nd of this child, that I ſhal kepe.
nd with that word ſhe gan to wepe
wounend as dede, and there ſhe lay.
ut he, whiche alle thinges may,
onforteth her, and ate laſte
he loketh and her eyen caſte
pon her childe and ſayde this:
f me no maner charge it is
What ſorwe I ſuffre, but of the
Me thenketh it is great pite,
or if I ſterve thou ſhalt deie,
o mote I nedes by that weie
or moderhed and for tendereſſe
With all min hole beſineſſe
rdeigne me for thilke office
s ſhe, which ſhall be thy norice.
hus was ſhe ſtrengthed for to ſtonde.
nd tho ſhe toke her childe in honde
nd yaf it ſouke and ever amonge
he wepte and otherwhile ſonge

To rocke with her childe aſlepe,
And thus her owne childe to kepe
She hath under the goddes cure.

Qualiter navis Conſtancie poſt biennium in partes Hiſpanie ſuperioris inter Sarazenos jactabatur, a quorum manibus deus ipſam conſervans gratioſiſſime liberavit.

And ſo fell upon aventure,
Whan thilke yere hath made his ende,
Her ſhip, ſo as it moſte wende,
By ſtrength of wind which god hath yive
Eſtward was into Spaine drive
Right faſt under a caſtell walle,
Where that an hethen admiralle
Was lorde, and he a ſteward had
One Thelous, whiche al was bad,
A fals knight and a renegate.
He goth to loke, in what eſtate
The ſhip was comen, and there he fonde
Forth with a childe upon her honde
This lady, where ſhe was alone.
He toke good hede of the perſone
And ſigh ſhe was a worthy wight
And thought he wolde upon the night
Demene her at his owne wille,
And let her be therinne ſtille,
That no man ſigh ſhe nought that day.
At goddes wille and thus ſhe lay
Unknowe, what her ſhall betide.
And fell ſo that by nightes tide
This knight withoute felaſhip
Hath take a boot and cam to ſhip
And thought of her his luſt to take
And ſwore, if ſhe him daunger make,

at certainly ſhe ſhulde deie.
e ſigh there was none other weie
d ſaide he ſhulde her well conforte,
at he firſt loke out at porte,
at no man were nigh the ſtede,
hich mighte knowe, what they dede.
d than he may do what he wolde.
e was right glad, that ſhe ſo tolde,
d to the port anone he ferde.
She praieth god, and he her herde.
d ſodeinlich he was out throwe
d dreint, and tho began to blowe
inde mevable fro the londe,
d thus the mighty goddes honde
r hath conveied and defended.
d whan thre yere ben full deſpended,
Her ſhip was drive upon a daie,
here that a great navie laie
ſhippes, all the worlde at ones.
d as god wolde for the nones,
r ſhip goth in amonge hem alle
d ſtint nought, er it befalle
d hath that veſſel under gete,
hich maiſter was of all the flete.
t there it reſteth and abode.
is grete ſhip on anker rode,
e lord come forth, and whan he ſigh
at other ligge on bord ſo nigh
wondreth, what it mighte be,
d bad men to go in and ſe.

Qualiter navicula Conſtancie quodam die per altum mare vagans inter copioſam navium multitudinem dilapſa eſt, quarum Arcennius Romanorum conſul, dux et capitaneus ipſam ignotam ſuſcipiens uſque ad Romam ſecum perduxit, ubi equalem uxori ſue Elene permanſuram reverenter aſſociavit nec non et eiuſdem filium Mauricium in omni habundancia quaſi proprium educavit.

This lady tho was crope a ſide
As ſhe, that wolde her ſelven hide,
For ſhe ne wiſte, what they were.
They ſought about and fond her there
And broughten up her childe and her.
And therupon this lord to ſpire
Began, fro whenne that ſhe came
And what ſhe was. Quod ſhe: I am
A woman wofully beſtad.
I had a lorde, and thus he bad,
That I forth with my litel ſone
Upon the wawes ſhulde wone.
But why the cauſe was I not,
But he whiche alle thinges wot
Yet hath, I thonk him, of his might
My childe and me ſo kepte upright,
That we be ſaufe bothe two.
This lorde her axeth evermo
How ſhe beleveth, and ſhe ſaith:
I leve and truſt in Criſtes feith,
Which died upon the rode tre.
What is thy name, tho quod he?
My name is Cuſte, ſhe him ſaide.
But furthermore for nought he praide
Of her eſtate to knowe pleine
She wolde him nothing elles ſaine
But of her name, which ſhe feigned,
All other thinges ſhe reſtreigned,
That o word more ſhe ne tolde.
This lord than axeth if ſhe wolde

'ith him abide in compaignie
nd ſaide, he came from Barbarie
o Rome ward and home he went.
ho ſhe ſuppoſeth what it ment
nd ſaith, ſhe wolde with him wende
nd dwelle unto her lives ende,
' it ſo be to his pleſaunce.
nd thus upon her acqueintaunce
'e tolde her pleinly as it ſtood,
'f Rome how that the gentil blood
ı Barbarie was betraied
nd therupon he hath aſſaied
y werre and taken ſuch vengeaunce,
'hat none of thilke alliaunce,
y whom the treſon was compaſſed,
from the ſwerd alive paſſed.
ut of Conſtance how it was
'hat couthe he knowe by no cas
Vhere ſhe becam, ſo as he ſaid
'er ere unto his word ſhe laid,
ut furthermore made ſhe no chere.
nd netheles in this matere
happed that ilke time ſo
'his lord, with whom ſhe ſhulde go,
f Rome was the ſenatour
nd of her fader themperour
'is brother doughter hath to wive,
'hich hath her fader eke on live,
nd was Saluſtes cleped tho,
is wife Heleine hight alſo,

To whom Conſtance was couſine.
Thus to the ſike a medicine
Hath god ordeigned of his grace,
That forthwith in the ſame place
This ſenatour his trouthe plight
For ever, while he live might
To kepe her in worſhip and in wele,
Be ſo that god woll yive her hele,
This lady, which fortune him ſende.
And thus by ſhip forth ſailende
Her and her childe to Rome be brought,
And to his wife tho he beſought
To take her into compaignie.
And ſhe, which couth of curteſie
All that a good wife ſhulde conne,
Was inly glad, that ſhe hath wonne
The felaſhip of ſo good one.
This emperours doughter Cuſte
Forth with the doughter of Saluſte
Was kept, but no man redely
Knew what ſhe was, and nought forthy
They thoughten well ſhe hadde be
In her eſtate of high degre,
And every life her loveth wele.

Qualiter rex Allee inita pace cum Scotis a guerris rediens et non inventa uxore ſua cauſam exilii diligencius perſcrutans, cum matrem ſuam Domildam inde culpabilem ſciviſſet, ipſam in igne proiciens conburi fecit.

Now herken thilke unſtable whele,
Whiche ever torneth, went aboute.
The king Allee, while he was oute,
As thou to-fore haſt herd this cas,
Deceived through his moder was.
But whan that he come home ayein,
He axeth of his chamberlain

And of the biſhop eke alſo,
Where they the quene hadden do.
And they anſwerde there he bad
And have him thilke letter rad,
Whiche he hem ſende for warrant,
And tolde him pleinly as it ſtant
And ſain, it thought hem great pite
To ſe a worthy one as ſhe
With ſuche a childe, as there was bore,
So ſodeinly to be forlore.
He axeth hem, what child that were.
And they him ſaide, that no where
In all the world, though men it ſought,
Was never woman, that forth brought
A fairer child, than it was one.
And than he axeth hem anone,
Why they ne hadden writen ſo.
They tolden, ſo they hadden do.
He ſaide nay. They ſaiden yis.
The letter ſhewed rad it is,
Which they forſoken every dele.
Tho was it underſtonde wele,
That there is treſon in the thinge.
The meſſanger to-fore the kinge
Was brought and ſodeinlich oppoſed
As he, which no thinge hath ſuppoſed
But alle wel, began to ſaie,
That he no where upon the waie
Abode but only in a ſtede,
And cauſe why, that he ſo dede,

Was, as he went to and fro,
At Knareſburgh by nightes two
The kinges moder made him dwelle.
And when the king it herde telle,
Within his hert he wiſte als faſte
The treſon, whiche his moder caſte,
And thought he wolde nought abide.
But forth right in the ſame tide
He toke his hors and rode anone,
With him there riden many one,
To Knareſburgh and forth they wente
And lich the fire, which thonder hente,
In ſuche a rage, as ſaith the boke,
His moder ſodeinlich he toke
And ſaide unto her in this wiſe:
O beſte of helle, in what juiſe
Haſt thou deſerved for to deie,
That haſt ſo falſely put aweie
With treſon of thy backbitinge
The treweſt at my knoulechinge
Of wives and the moſt honeſt?
But I wol make this beheſt,
I ſhall be venged or I go.
And let a fire do make tho
And bad men for to caſte her inne.
But firſt ſhe tolde out all the ſinne
And did hem alle for to wite,
How ſhe the letters hadde write
Fro point to point, as it was wrought.
And tho ſhe was to dethe brought

And brent to-fore her ſones eye,
Wherof theſe other, whiche it ſighe
And herden how the cauſe ſtood,
Sain, that the jugement was good,
Of that her ſone her hath ſo ſerved.
For ſhe it hadde wel deſerved
Through treſon of her falſe tunge,
Which through the lond was after ſonge,
Conſtance and every wight compleineth.
But he, whom alle wo diſtreigneth,
This ſorwefull king was ſo beſtad,
That he ſhall never more be glad,
He ſaith, eftſone for to wedde,
Till that he wiſt how that ſhe ſpedde,
Which hadde ben his firſte wife,
And thus his yonge unluſty life
He driveth forth ſo as he may.
Till it befel upon a day,
Whan he his werres hadde acheved
And thought he wolde be releved
Of ſoule hele upon the feith,
Whiche he hath take, than he ſaith,
That he to Rome in pelrinage
Wol go, where pope was Pelage,
To take his abſolucion.
And upon this condicion
He made Edwin his lieutenaunt,
Whiche heir to him was apparaunt,
That he the lond in his abſence
Shall reule. And thus by providence

Qualiter poſt lapſum .xii. annorum rex Allee abſolucionis cauſa Romam proficiens uxorem ſuam Conſtanciam una cum filio ſuo divina providencia ibidem letus invenit.

Of alle thinges well begonne
He toke his leve and forth is gone.
Elda, which was with him tho there,
Er they fulliche at Rome were,
Was ſent to-fore to purveie,
And he his guide upon the weie
In helpe to ben his herbergeour
Hath axed, who was ſenatour,
That he his name mighte kenne.
Of Capadoce, he ſaide, Arcenne
He hight and was a worthy knyght.
To him goth Elda tho forth right
And tolde him of his lord tiding
And praide, that for his cominge
He wolde aſſigne him herbergage.
And he ſo did of good corage.
Whan all is do, that was to done,
The kinge him ſelf cam after ſone.
This ſenatour whan that he come
To Cuſte and to his wife at home,
Hath tolde how ſuche a kinge Allee
Of great array to the citee
Was come, and Cuſt upon his tale
With herte cloſe and colour pale
A ſwoune felle, and he merveileth
So ſodeinly what thinge her eileth
And caught her up, and whan ſhe woke,
She ſiketh with a pitous loke
And feigneth ſikeneſſe of the ſee,
But it was for the kinge Allee

For joie, which fell in her thought,
That god him hath to towne brought.
This king hath ſpoke with the pope
And tolde all that he couthe grope,
What greveth in his conſcience,
And than he thought in reverence
Of his eſtate, er that he went,
To make a feſte and thus he ſent
Unto the ſenatour to come
Upon the morwe and other ſome
To ſitte with him at the mete.
This tale hath Cuſt nought foryete.
But to Morice her ſone tolde,
That he upon the morwe ſholde
In all that ever he couth and might
Be preſent in the kinges ſight,
So that the kinge him ofte ſigh.
Morice to-fore the kinges eye
Upon the morwe, where he ſat,
Full ofte ſtood, and upon that
The king his chere upon him caſte
And in his face him thought als faſte
He ſigh his owne wife Conſtance,
For nature, as in reſemblaunce
Of face, him liketh ſo to clothe,
That they were of a ſuite bothe.
The king was moved in his thought
Of that he ſigh and knew it nought.
This childe he loveth kindely,
And yet he wot no cauſe why.

But wel he ſigh and underſtode,
That he toward Arcenne ſtode,
And axeth him anone right there,
If that this childe his ſone were.
He ſaide: ye, ſo I him calle,
And wolde it were ſo befalle,
But it is all in other wiſe.
And tho began he to deviſe,
How he the childes moder fonde
Upon the ſee from every londe
Within a ſhip was ſtereles,
And how this lady helpeles
Forth with her childe he hath forth draw
The kinge hath underſtood his ſawe
The childes name and axeth tho,
And what the moder hight alſo,
That he him wolde telle he praide.
Morice this childe is hote, he ſaide,
His moder hat Cuſte, and this
I not what maner name it is.
But Allee wiſte wel inough,
Wherof ſomdele ſmilend he lough.
For Cuſte in Saxon is to ſaine
Conſtance upon the word Romaine.
But who that couthe ſpecifie,
What tho fell in his fantaſie,
And how his witte aboute renneth
Upon the love, in which he brenneth,
It were a wonder for to here.
For he was nouther there ne here,

But clene out of him ſelfe awey,
That he not what to thenke or ſay.
So faine he wolde it were ſhe,
Wherof his hertes privete
Began the werre of ye and nay,
The whiche in ſuch balaunce lay,
That contenaunce for a throwe
He loſte, till he mighte knowe
The ſoth. But in his memoire
The man, which lieth in purgatoire,
Deſireth nought the heven more,
That he ne longeth alſo ſore
To wite, what him ſhall betide.
And whan the bordes were aſide
And every man was riſe aboute,
The kinge hath weived all the route
And with the ſenatour alone
He ſpake and praid him of a bone,
To ſe this Cuſte where ſhe dwelleth
At home with him, ſo as he telleth.
The ſenatour was wel apaide.
This thing no lenger was delaide.
To ſe this Cuſte goth the kinge,
And ſhe was warned of the thinge,
And with Heleine forth ſhe came
Ayein the kinge, and he tho name
Good hede, and whan he ſigh his wife,
Anone with all his hertes life
He caught her in his armes and kiſte.
Was never wight that ſigh ne wiſte

A man that more joie made,
Wherof they weren alle glade,
Which herde tellen of this chaunce.
This king tho with his wife Conſtance,
Whiche had a great part of his will,
In Rome for a time ſtill
Abode and made him well at eſe.
But ſo yet couth he never pleſe
His wife, that ſhe him wolde ſaine
Of her eſtate the trouthe pleine,
Of what contre that ſhe was bore,
Ne what ſhe was, and yet therfore
With all his wit he hath done ſeke.
Thus as they ligh in bedde and ſpeke,
She praith him and counſeileth both,
That for the worſhip of hem both
So that her thought it were honeſte
He wolde an honourable feſte
Make er he went in that citee,
Where themperour him ſelf ſhall be.
He graunteth all that ſhe him praide.
But as men in that time ſaide,
This emperour fro thilke day
That firſt his doughter went away
He was than after never gladde,
But what that any man him badde
Of grace for his doughter ſake
That grace wolde he nought forſake,
And thus ful great almeſſe he dede,
Wherof he hadde many a bede.

emperour out of the towne,
a ten mile enviroune,
as it thought him for the beſte
ndry places for to reſte,
fortune wolde tho
dwellend at one of tho.
nge Allee forth with thaſſent
te his wife hath thider ſent
his ſone, as he was taught,
mperour, and he goth ſtraught
his fader halve he ſought
whiche his lordſhip ſought,
f his highe worthineſſe
lde do ſo great mekeneſſe
ne town to come and ſe
ve a time in the citee,
his fader might him gete,
e wolde ones with him ete.
rde hath graunted his requeſte.
han the day was of the feſte,
ſhip of her emperour
nge and eke the ſenatour
with her wives bothe two,
nany a lorde and lady mo,
s riden him ayeine,
befell upon a pleine
igh, where he was comend.
hat Conſtance anone praiend
o her lord, that he abide,
I may to-fore ride

Qualiter Conſtancia, que antea per totum tempus exilii ſui penes omnes incognitam ſe celavit, tunc demum patri ſuo imperatori ſe ipſam per omnia manifeſtavit, quod cum rex Allee ſciviſſet, una cum univerſa Romanorum multitudine ineſtimabili gaudio admirantes cunctipotentem laudarunt.

To ben upon his bienvenue
The firſte, which ſhall him ſalue.
And thus after her lordes graunte
Upon a mule white amblaunte
Forth with a fewe rode this quene.
They wondred, what ſhe wolde mene,
And riden after ſofte pas.
But whan this lady comen was
To themperour, in his preſence
She ſaide aloude in audience:
My lord, my fader, wel you be!
And of this time that I ſe
Your honour and your gode hele,
Whiche is the helpe of my quarele,
I thonke unto the goddes might.
For joie his herte was aflight
Of that ſhe tolde in remembraunce.
And whan he wiſte, it was Conſtance,
Was never fader half ſo blithe.
Wepend he kiſte her often ſithe,
So was his hert all overcome,
For though his moder were come
Fro deth to life out of the grave,
He might no more wonder have
Than he hath, whan that he her ſigh.
With that her owne lord come nigh
And is to themperour obeied.
And whan the fortune is bewreied,
How that Conſtance is come aboute,
So harde an herte was none oute,

That he for pite tho ne wepte.
Arcennus, which her fonde and kepte,
Was thanne glad of that is falle,
So that with joie among hem alle
They riden in at Rome gate.
This emperour thought all to late,
Till that the pope were come
And of the lordes ſende ſome
To pray him, that he wolde haſte.
And he cam forth in alle haſte.
And whan that he this tale herde,
How wonderly this chaunce ferde,
He thonketh god of his miracle,
To whos might may be none obſtacle.
The king a noble feſte hem made,
And thus they weren alle glad.
A parlement er that they went
They ſetten unto this entent,
To putten Rome in full eſpeire,
That Morice was apparant heire
And ſhulde abide with hem ſtille,
For ſuch was all the londes wille.

Qualiter Mauricius cum imperatore ut heres imperii remanſit et rex Allee et Conſtancia in Angliam regreſſi ſunt.

Whan every thing was fully ſpoke
Of ſorwe and queint was all the ſmoke,
Tho toke his leve Allee the kinge
And with full many a riche thinge
Which themperour him hadde yive
He goth a gladde life to live.
For he Conſtance hath in his honde,
Which was the comfort of the londe.

For whan that he cam home ayein,
There is no tunge that might ſain,
What joie was that ilke ſtounde
Of that he hath his quene founde,
Which firſt was ſent of goddes ſonde,
Whan ſhe was driven upon the ſtronde,
By whom the miſbeleve of ſinne
Was lefte and Criſtes feith came inne
To hem that whilome were blinde.
But he, which hindreth every kinde
And for no gold may be forbought,
The deth comend er he beſought
Toke with this king ſuch acqueintaunce,
That he with all his retenaunce
Ne mighte nought defend his life,
And thus he parteth from his wife,
Which thanne made ſorwe inough.
And therupon her herte drough
To leven Englond for ever
And go where that ſhe hadde lever
To Rome whanne that ſhe came.
And thus of all the lond ſhe nam
Her leve, and goth to Rome ayein.
And after that the bokes ſain
She was nought there but a throwe,
Whan deth of kinde hath overthrowe
Her worthy fader, which men ſaide
That he betwene her armes deide.
And afterward the yere ſuende
Tho god hath made of her an ende,

Qualiter rex Allee poſt biennium in Anglia humane carnis reſolucionem ſubiens nature debitum perſoluit, poſt cuius obitum Conſtancia cum patre ſuo Rome ſe tranſtulit moraturam.

De morte imperatoris.

De morte Conſtancie.

And fro this worldes fairie
Hath take her into compaignie.
  Morice her ſone was corouned,
Which ſo ferforth was abandouned
To Criſtes feith, that men him calle
Morice the chriſteneſt of alle.
And thus the whel meving of love
Was ate laſte ſet above.
And ſo, as thou haſt herd to-fore,
The falſe tunges weren lore,
Whiche upon love wolden lie.
Forthy touchend of this envie,
Which longeth unto bakbitinge,
Be ware thou make no leſinge
In hindring of another wight.
And if thou wolt be taught aright,
What miſchefe bakbitinge doth,
By other waie a tale ſoth
Now might thou here next ſuende,
Which to this vice is accordende.
  In a cronique as thou ſhalt wite
A great enſample I finde write,
Whiche I ſhall telle upon this thinge.
Philip of Macedoine kinge
Two ſones hadde by his wife,
Whoſe fame yet in Grece is rife.
Demetrius the firſte brother
Was hote and Perſeus that other.
Demetrius men ſaiden tho
The better knight was of the two,

De coronacione Mauricii, qui adhuc in cronicis Mauricius imperator chriſtianiſſimus nuncupatur.

Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum contra iſtos detractores, qui in alterius vituperium mendacia confingentes diffamacionem fieri procurant. Et narrat, qualiter Perſeus, Philippi regis Macedonie filius, Demetrio fratri ſuo ob eius probitatem invidens, compoſito detractionis mendacio ipſum apud patrem ſuum mortaliter accuſavit, dicens, ipſe non ſolum patrem, ſed et totum

Macedonie regnum Romanis hoſtibus proditorie vendidiſſet, quem ſuper hoc in judicium producens teſtibuſque judicibus auro ſubornatis, quamvis falſiſſime morte condempnatum evicit, quo defuncto eciam et pater infra breve poſtea mortuus eſt. Et ſic Perſeo ſucceſſive regnante deus huiuſmodi detractionis invidiam abhorrens ipſum cum univerſa ſuorum pugnatorum multitudine extra Danubii fluvium ab Emilio tunc Romanorum conſule eventu bellico interfici fortunavit. Ita quod ab illo die Macedonie poteſtas penitus deſtructa Romano imperio ſubjugata deſervivit, et eius detractio, quam contra alium conſpiraverat, in ſui ipſius diffamacionem pro perpetuo divulgata conſiſtit.

To whom the lond was attendant
As he, whiche heir was apparant
To regne after his faders day.
But that thing, which no water may
Quenche in this world but ever brenneth,
Into his brothers hert it renneth,
The proud envie of that he ſighe
His brother ſhulde climbe on highe,
And he to him mot than obeie
That may he ſuffre by no waie,
With ſtrengthe durſt he no thing fonde.
So toke he leſinge upon honde,
Whan he ſigh time and ſpake therto.
For it befell that time ſo
His fader grete werres hadde
With Rome, whiche he ſtreite ladde
Through mighty hond of his manhod,
As he which hath inough knighthod.
And ofte hem hadde ſore greved.
But er the werre were acheved,
As he was upon ordenaunce
At home in Grece, it fell par chaunce
Demetrius, whiche ofte aboute
Ridend was, ſtood that time out,
So that this Perſe in his abſence,
Which bar the tunge of peſtilence
With falſe wordes whiche he feigneth
Upon his owne brother pleineth,
In privete behinde his bake
And to his fader thus he ſpake:

My dere fader, I am holde
By way of kinde, as reſon wolde
That I fro you ſhall nothing hide,
Which mighte torne in any ſide
Of youre eſtate into grevaunce.
Forthy min hertes obeiſaunce
Toward you I thenke kepe.
For it is good ye take kepe
Upon a thing, whiche is me tolde.
My brother hath us alle ſolde
To hem of Rome, and you alſo,
For thanne they behote him ſo,
That he with hem ſhall regne in pees.
Thus hath he caſt for his encres,
That your eſtate ſhall go to nought.
And this to prove ſhall be brought
So ferforth, that I undertake
It ſhall nought wel mow be forſake.
The kinge upon this tale anſwerd
And ſaid, if this thing which he herd
Be ſoth and may be brought to prove,
It ſhall nought be to his behove,
Which ſo has ſhapen us the werſte,
For he him ſelf ſhall be the ferſte
That ſhall be dede, if that I may.
Thus afterwarde upon a day,
Whan that Demetrius was come,
Anone his fader hath him nome
And bad unto his brother Perſe,
That he his tale ſhall reherſe

Of thilke treſon, whiche he tolde.
And he whiche all untrouthe wolde
Counſeileth, that ſo high a nede
Be treted, where as it may ſpede,
In comun place of jugement.
The king therto yaf his aſſent.
Demetrius was put in holde,
Wherof that Perſeus was bolde.
Thus ſtood the trouth under the charge
And the falſehede goth at large,
Which through beheſt hath overcome
The greateſt of the lordes ſome,
That priveliche of his accorde
They ſtonde as witneſſe of recorde,
The juge was made favourable,
Thus was the lawe deceivable,
So ferforth that the trouthe fonde
Reſcouſſe none, and thus the londe
Forth with the king deceived were.
The gilteles was dampned there
And deide upon accuſement.
But ſuche a fals conſpirement,
Though it be prive for a throwe,
God wolde nought it were unknowe,
And that was afterward wel proved
In him, which hath the deth controved,
Of that his brother was ſo ſlaine.
This Perſeus was wonder faine
As he, that tho was apparant
Upon the regne expectant,

herof he wax ſo proude and veine,
nat he his fader in diſdeigne
ath take and ſette at none accompte,
he, which thought him to ſurmounte,
hat where he was firſt debonaire
e was tho rebell and contraire,
nd nought as heir, but as a kinge
e toke upon him alle thinge
f malice and of tirannie
contempte of regalie
ivend his fader and ſo wrought,
hat whan the fader him bethought
nd ſighe to whether ſide it drough,
none he wiſte well inough,
ow Perſe after his falſe tonge
ath ſo thenvious belle ronge,
hat he hath ſlain his owne brother,
herof as thanne he knew none other.
ut ſodeinly the juge he nome,
hich corrupt ſat upon the dome,
ſuche a wiſe and hath him preſſed,
hat he the ſoth him hath confeſſed
f all that hath ben ſpoke and do.
ore ſory than the king was tho
as never man upon this molde
nd thought in certain, that he wolde
engeaunce take upon this wronge.
ut thother partie was ſo ſtronge,
hat for the lawe of no ſtatute
here may no right ben execute.

Forth with her litel houndes dethe
Betokeneth, and thus forth he geth
Comforted of this evidence
With the Romains in his defence
Ayein the Grekes that ben comende.
This Perſeus as nought ſeende
This miſchef which that him abode
With all his multitude rode
And prided him upon this thinge,
Of that he was become a kinge,
And howe he had his regne gete.
But he hath all the right foryete,
Which longeth unto governaunce,
Wherof through goddes ordenaunce
It felle upon the winter tide,
That with his hoſte he ſhulde ride
Over Danubie thilke flood,
Whiche all befroſe thanne ſtood
So harde, that he wende wele
To paſſe. But the blinde whele,
Which torneth ofte er men be ware,
Thilke ice, which that the horſmen bare,
To-brake, ſo that a great partie
Was dreint of the chivalrie,
The rerewarde it toke aweie,
Came none of hem to londe drey.
Paulus this worthy knight Romain
By his aſpie it herde ſain,
And haſteth him all that he may,
So that upon that other day

The pompe, which that Perſe lad,
And the Romains that time had
A conſul, which was cleped thus
By name Paul Emilius,
A noble, a worthy knight withalle,
And he, which chef was of hem alle
This werre on honde hath undertake.
And whan he ſhulde his leve take
Of a yong doughter, which was his,
he wepte, and he what cauſe it is
Her axeth, and ſhe him anſwerde,
That Perſe is dede, and he it herde
And wondreth what ſhe mene wolde.
And ſhe upon childehod him tolde,
That Perſe her litel hounde is dede.
With that he pulleth up his hede
And made right a glad viſage
And ſaid, how it was a preſage
Touchend unto that other Perſe,
Of that fortune him ſhulde adverſe.
He ſaith for ſuche a prenoſtike
Moſt of an hound was to him like,
For as it is an houndes kinde
To berke upon a man behinde,
Right ſo behinde his brothers bake
With falſe wordes whiche he ſpake
He hath do ſlaine, and that is routh.
But he, whiche hateth all untrouth
The highe god it ſhall redreſſe.
For ſo my doughter propheteſſe

Which hinder woll an other wight.
Forthy with all thin hole might,
My ſone, eſcheue thilke vice.

Amans. My fader, elles were I nice.
For ye therfore ſo well have ſpoke,
That it is in min herte loke
And ever ſhall, but of envie,
If there be more in his bailie
Towardes love, ſay me what.

Confeſſor. My ſone, as guile under the hat
With ſleightes of a tregetour
Is hid, envie of ſuch colour
Hath yet the fourthe deceivaunt,
The whiche is cleped fals ſemblaunt,
Wherof the mater and the forme
Nowe herken, and I the ſhall enforme.

4. *Nil bilinguis aget, niſi duplo concinat ore,*
Dumque diem loquitur nox ſua vota tegit.
Vultus habet lucem, tenebras mens, ſermo ſalutem,
Actus ſed morbum dat ſuus eſſe gravem.
Pax tibi, quam ſpondet, magis eſt prenoſtica guerre,
Commoda ſi dederit, diſce ſubeſſe dolum.
Quod patet eſſe fides, in eo fraus eſt que politi
Principium pacti finis habere negat.
O quem condicio talis deformat amantem,
Qui magis apparens eſt in amore nihil.

Hic tractat confeſſor ſuper quarta ſpecie invidie, que diſſimulacio dicitur, cuius vultus quanto majoris amicicie apparenciam oſtendit, tanto ſubtilioris doli fallacias ad decipi-

Of fals ſemblaunt if I ſhall telle
Above all other it is the welle,
Out of the which deceipte floweth.
There is no man ſo wiſe, that knoweth
Of thilke flood, whiche is the tide,
Ne howe he ſhulde him ſelven guide

To take ſauf paſſage there.
And yet the wind to mannes ere
Is ſofte, and as it ſemeth oute
It maketh clere weder all aboute.
But though it ſeme, it is nought ſo.
For fals ſemblaunt hath ever mo
Of his counſeil in compaignie
The derke untrewe ypocriſie,
Whoſe word diſcordeth to his thought.
Forthy they ben to-gider brought
Of one covine, of one houſholde,
As it ſhall after this be tolde.
Of fals ſemblaunt it nedeth nought
To telle of olde enſamples ought.
For all day in experience
A man may ſee thilke evidence
Of faire wordes, whiche he hereth.
But yet the barge envie ſtereth
And halt it ever fro the londe,
Where fals ſemblaunt with ore in honde
It roweth and will nought arrive,
But let it on the wawes drive
In great tempeſt and great debate,
Wherof that love and his eſtate
Empeireth. And therfore I rede,
My ſone, that thou fle and drede
This vice, and what that other ſain
Let thy ſemblaunt be trewe and plein.
For fals ſemblaunt is thilke vice,
Which never was without office,

endum mens ymaginatur.

Where that envie thenketh to guile
He ſhall be for that ilke while
Of prive counſeil meſſagere.
For whan his ſemblaunt is moſt clere
Than is he moſt derke in his thought,
Though men him ſe they knowe him nough
But as it ſheweth in the glas
Thing which therinne never was,
So ſheweth it in his viſage
That never was in his corage.
Thus doth he all his thing by ſleighte.
Now lith thy conſcience in weighte,
My gode ſone, and ſhrive the here
If thou were ever cuſtumere
To fals ſemblaunt in any wiſe.

Confeſſio amantis. For ought I can me yet aviſe,
My gode fader, certes no,
If I for love have ought don ſo,
Now axeth, I wolde pray you.
For elles I wot never how
Of fals ſemblaunt that I have gilt.

Confeſſor. My ſone, and ſithen that thou wilt,
That I ſhall axe, gabbe nought,
But telle, if ever was thy thought
With fals ſemblaunt and coverture
To wite of any creature,
How that he was with love ladde,
So were he ſory, were he gladde.
Whan than thou wiſteſt howe it were
All that he rouned in thin ere,

Thou toldeſt forth in other place
To ſetten him fro loves grace,
Of what woman that the beſt liſte.
There as no man his counſeil wiſte
But thou, by whom he was deceived
Of love and from his purpoſe weived,
And thoughteſt that his diſturbaunce
Thin owne cauſe ſhuld avaunce,
As who ſaith, I am ſo ſely,
There may no mannes privete
Ben heled half ſo well as min.
Art thou, my ſone, of ſuche engin?
Tell on. My gode fader, nay, Amans.
As for the more part I ſaie.
But of ſomedele I am beknowe,
That I may ſtonde in thilke rowe
Amonges hem, that ſaundres uſe.
I woll nought me therof excuſe,
That I with ſuch colour ne ſteine,
Whan I my beſte ſemblant feigne
To my felow, till that I wote
All his counſeil both colde and hote.
For by that cauſe I make him chere,
Till I his love knowe and here.
And if ſo be min herte ſoucheth,
That ought unto my lady toucheth
Of love, that he woll me telle,
Anon I renne unto the welle
And caſte water in the fire,
So that his cart amid the mire

By that I have his counſeil knowe
Full ofte ſith I overthrowe,
Whan that he weneth beſt to ſtonde.
But this I do you underſtonde,
If that a man love elles where,
So that my lady be nought there,
And he me tell, I will it hide,
There ſhall no worde eſcape aſide.
For with deceipt of no ſemblaunt
To him breke I no covenaunt.
Me liketh nought in other place
To lette no man of his grace
Ne for to ben inquiſitife
To knowe an other mannes life,
Where that he love or love nought,
That toucheth nothing to my thought.
But all it paſſeth through min ere
Right as a thing that never were
And is foryete and laid beſide.
But if it toucheth any ſide
My lady, as I have er ſpoken,
Min eres ben thanne nought loken.
For certes whanne that betit,
My will, min herte and all my wit
Ben fully ſet to herken and ſpire,
What any man woll ſpeke of hire.
Thus have I feigned compaignie
Full ofte, for I wolde aſpie
What thinge it is, that any man
Tell of my worthy lady can.

d for two cauſes I do this.
e firſte cauſe wherof is,
hat I might of herken and ſeke
at any man of her miſſpeke,
oll excuſe her ſo fully,
at whan ſhe wiſt it inderly,
n hope ſhulde be the more
have her thank for evermore.
at other cauſe, I you aſſure,
why that I by coverture
ve feigned ſemblaunt ofte time
hem that paſſen all day byme
d ben lovers als well as I.
this I wene truely,
at there is of hem alle none,
at they ne loven everychone
lady. For ſothlich I leve
d durſte ſetten it in preve,
one ſo wiſe that ſhulde aſterte,
t he were luſtles in his herte,
why and he my lady ſigh,
r viſage and her goodlich eye,
t he her loved, er he went.
d for that ſuche is min entent,
at is the cauſe of min aſpie,
y that I feigne compaignie
d make felowe over all.
gladly wolde I knowen all
d holde me covert alway,
at I full ofte ye or nay

Ne liſt anſwere in any wiſe,
But feignen ſemblaunt as the wiſe
And herken tales, till I knowe
My ladies lovers all arowe.
And whan I here, how they have wrou
I fare as though I herd it nought
And as I no worde underſtood.
But that is nothing for her good.
For leveth well, the ſoth is this,
That whan I knowe all how it is,
I woll but furthren hem a lite,
But all the werſte I can endite
I tell it unto my lady plat
For furthering of min own eſtate
And hinder hem all that ever I may.
But for all that yet dare I ſay,
I finde unto my ſelf no bote,
All though min herte nedes mote
Through ſtrength of love al that I her
Diſcover unto my lady dere.
For in good feith I have no might
To hele fro that ſwete wight,
If that it toucheth her any thinge.
But this wote wel the heven kinge,
That ſithen firſt the world began
Unto none other ſtraunge man
Ne feigned I ſemblaunt ne chere
To wite or axe of his matere,
Though that he loved ten or twelve,
Whan it was nought my ladies ſelve.

if he wold axe any rede
lich of his owne hede,
v he with other love ferde,
tales with min eres I herde,
t to min herte came it nought
ſank no deper in my thought
t held counſeil, as I was bede,
d tolde it never in other ſtede,
t let it paſſen as it come.
w fader, ſay, what is thy dome,
d how thou wolt, that I be peined
r ſuch ſemblaunt as I have feigned.
My ſone, if reſon woll be peiſed, Confeſſor.
ere may no vertue ben unpreiſed
vice none be ſet in priſe.
thy, my ſone, if thou be wiſe
no viſer upon thy face,
ich wolde nought thin hert embrace.
if thou do, within a throwe
other men it ſhall be knowe,
might thou lightly fall in blame
l leſe a great part of thy name.
l netheles in this degre
l ofte time thou might ſe
ſuche men, as now a day
s vice ſetten in aſſay,
eke it for no mannes blame
for to warne the the ſame.
ſone, as I may here talke
very place where I walke,

I not, if it be ſo or none,
But it is many daies gone,
That I firſt herde telle this,
How fals ſemblaunt hath be and is
Moſt comunly from yere to yere
With hem that dwelle among us here,
Of ſuche as we Lumbardes calle.
For they ben the ſlieſt of alle
So as men ſain in towne about
To feigne and ſheue thing without,
Whiche is revers to that withinne,
Wherof that they full ofte winne,
Whan they by reſon ſhulde leſe.
They ben the laſt and yet they cheſe,
And we the firſte and yet behinde
We gone, there as we ſhulden finde
The profit of our owne londe,
Thus gone they free withouten bonde
To done her profit all at large,
And other men bere all the charge,
Of Lumbardes unto this covine,
Whiche alle londes conne engine,
May fals ſemblaunt in eſpeciall
Be likened, for they over all,
Where that they thenken for to dwelle,
Among hem ſelf, ſo as they telle,
Firſt ben enformed for to lere
A craft, which cleped is facrere.
For if facrere come about,
Than afterward hem ſtant no doubt

voide with a ſubtil honde
e beſte goodes of the londe
d bringe chaffe and take corne,
here as facrere goth beforne
all his waie he fint no lette,
at dore can none uſher ſhette,
whiche he liſt to take entre.
d thus the counſeil moſt ſecre
f every thing facrere knoweth,
hiche into ſtraunge place he bloweth,
here as he wote it may moſt greve.
nd thus facrere maketh beleve,
› that full ofte he hath deceived,
r that he may ben apperceived.
hus is this vice for to drede,
or who theſe olde bokes rede
f ſuche enſamples as were er,
im oughte be the more ware
f alle tho that feigne chere,
herof thou ſhalte a tale here.
Of fals ſemblant, whiche is beleved,
ul many a worthy wight is greved,
nd was long time or we were bore.
o the, my ſone, I will therfore
tale tell of fals ſemblaunt,
hich falſeth many a covenaunt
nd many a fraude of fals counſeil
here ben hangend upon his ſail.
nd that aboughten gilteles
oth Deianire and Hercules,

Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum contra iſtos, qui ſub diſſimulate benivolencie ſpeculo alios in amore defraudant, et narrat, qualiter Hercules, cum ipſe quoddam fluvium cuius vada non novit cum Deianira tranſmeare propoſuit, ſuperveniens Neſſus gygas ob amiciciam Herculis, ut dixit, Deianiram in ulnas ſuas ſuſcipiens trans ripam ſalvo perduxit. Et ſtatim cum

ad litus perveniſſet, quam cito currere potuit, ipſam tanquam propriam in prejudicium Herculis aſportare fugiens conabatur. Per quod non ſolum ipſi ſed etiam Herculi mortis eventum fortuna poſtmodum cauſavit.

The whiche in great diſeſe fell
Through fals ſemblaunt, as I ſhall tell.
Whan Hercules within a throwe
All only hath his herte throwe
Upon this faire Deianire,
It fell him on a day deſire,
Upon a river as he ſtood
That paſſe he wolde over the flood
Withoute bote and with him lede
His love, but he was in drede
For tendreſſe of that ſwete wight,
For he knewe nought the forde aright.
There was a geaunt thanne nigh,
Which Neſſus hight, and whan he ſigh
This Hercules and Deianire,
Within his herte he gan conſpire
As he, which through his trecherie
Hath Hercules in great envie,
Whiche he bare in his herte loke,
And than he thought it ſhall be wroke.
But he ne durſte netheles
Ayein this worthie Hercules
Fall in debate as for to feight,
But feigned ſemblaunt all by ſleight
Of frendſhip and of alle good,
And cometh, where as they both ſtood,
And maketh hem all the chere he can
And ſaith, that as her owne man
He is all redy for to do
What thinge he may, and it fel ſo,

That they upon this ſemblaunt triſte
And axen him, if that he wiſte
What thinge hem were beſt to done,
So that they mighten ſauf and ſone
The water paſſe, he and ſhe.
And whan Neſſus the privete
Knew of her herte what it ment
As he, that was of double entent,
He made hem right a glad viſage.
And whan he herde of the paſſage
Of him and her, he thoughte guile
And feigneth ſemblant for a while
To done hem pleſaunce and ſerviſe,
But he thought all an other wiſe.
This Neſſus with his wordes ſligh
Yaf ſuch counſeil to-fore her eye,
Which ſemeth outward profitable
And was withinne deceivable.
He bad hem of the ſtremes depe
That they beware and take kepe,
So as they knowe nought the pas.
But for to helpe in ſuche a cas
He ſaith him ſelf, that for her eſe
He wolde, if that it mighte hem pleſe,
The paſſage of the water take
And for this lady undertake
To bere her to that other ſtronde
And ſauf to ſet her up a londe,
And Hercules may than alſo
The waie knowe, how he ſhall go.

And herto they accorden all.
But what as after ſhall befall
Well paid was Hercules of this.
And this geaunt alſo glad is
And toke this lady up alofte
And ſet her on his ſhulder ſofte
And in the flood began to wade
As he, which no grucchinge made,
And bare her over ſauf and ſounde.
But whan he ſtood on drie grounde
And Hercules was fer behinde,
He ſet his trouth all out of minde,
Who ſo therof be lefe or loth
With Deianire forth he goth,
As he that thoughte to diſſever
The compaignie of hem for ever.
Whan Hercules therof toke hede,
As faſte as ever he might him ſpede
He hieth after in a throwe.
And hapneth that he had a bowe,
The whiche in alle haſt he bende,
As he that wolde an arwe ſende,
Whiche he to-fore had envenimed.
He hath ſo well his ſhotte timed,
That he him through the body ſmette
And thus the falſe wight he lette.
But liſt now, ſuche a felonie.
Whan Neſſus wiſt he ſhulde deie,
He toke to Deianire his ſherte,
Which with the blood was of his herte

Through out diſteigned over all,
And tolde how ſhe it kepe ſhall
And prively to this entent,
That if her lorde his herte went
To love in any other place,
This ſhert he ſaith hath ſuche a grace,
That if ſhe may ſo mochel make,
That he the ſherte upon him take,
He ſhall all other lette in veine
And torne unto her love ayeine.
Who was ſo glad but Deianire?
Her thought her herte was on a fire,
Till it was in her cofre loke,
So that no word therof was ſpoke.
The daies gone, the yeres paſſe,
The hertes waxen laſſe and laſſe
Of hem, that ben to love untrewe.
This Hercules with herte newe
His love hath ſet on Eolen,
And therof ſpeken alle men.
This Eolen, this faire maide
Was as men thilke time ſaide
The kinges doughter of Eurice.
And ſhe made Hercules ſo nice
Upon her love and ſo aſſote,
That he him clotheth in her cote,
And ſhe in his was clothed ofte.
And thus febleſſe is ſet alofte,
And ſtrengthe was put under fote.
There can no man therof do bote.

Whan Deianire hath herd this ſpeche,
There was no ſorwe for to ſeche,
Of other helpe wot ſhe none,
But goth unto her cofre anone,
With wepend eye and wofull herte
She toke out thilke unhappy ſherte,
As ſhe that wende wel to do,
And brought her werke aboute ſo,
That Hercules this ſhert on dede
To ſuche entent, and as ſhe was bede
Of Neſſus, ſo as I ſaid er.
But therof was ſhe nought the ner,
As no fortune may be weived,
With fals ſemblant ſhe was deceived.
But whan ſhe wende beſt have wonne,
She loſt all that ſhe hath begonne.
For thilke ſhert unto the bone
His body ſette a fire anone
And cleveth ſo, it may nought twinne
For the venim, that was therinne.
And he than as a wilde man
Unto the highe wode he ran,
And as the clerke Ovide telleth,
The grete trees to grounde he felleth
With ſtrengthe of his owne might
And made an hughe fire upright
And lept therin him ſelf at ones
And brent him ſelf both fleſh and bones,
Which thinge cam through fals ſemblant,
That falſe Neſſus the geaunt

Made unto him and to his wife,
Wherof that he hath loſt his life,
And ſhe ſory for evermo.
Forthy my ſone, er the be wo — Confeſſor.
I rede, be wel ware therfore.
For whan ſo great a man was lore,
It ought to yive a great conceipt
To warne all other of ſuch deceipt.
Graunt mercy, fader, I am ware — Amans.
So fer, that I no more dare
Of fals ſemblaunt take acqueintaunce.
But rather I wol do penaunce,
That I have feigned chere er this.
Now axeth forth, what ſo there is
Of that belongeth to my ſhrifte.
My ſone, yet there is the fifte, — Confeſſor.
Whiche is conceived of envie
And cleped is ſupplantarie,
Through whos campaſſement and guile
Ful many a man hath loſt his while
In love as wel as other wiſe
Here after as I ſhall deviſe.

Invidus alterius eſt ſupplantator honoris — 5.
Et tua quo vertat culmina ſubtus arat.
Eſt opus occultum, quaſi que latet anguis in herba
Quod facit, et ſubita ſorte nocivus adeſt.
Sic ſubtilis amans alium ſupplantat amantem
Et capit occulte, quod nequit ipſe palam,
Sepeque ſupplantans in plantam plantat amoris,
Quod putat in propriis alter habere bonis.

The vice of ſupplantacion — Hic tractat confeſſor de quinta ſpecie invidie, que ſup-
With many a fals collacion,

plantacio dicitur, cuius cultor priuſquam percipiatur aliene dignitatis et officii multociens intruſor exiſtit.

Whiche he conſpireth all unknowe,
Full ofte time hath overthrowe
The worſhip of another man.
So wel no life awaite can
Ayein his ſleighte for to caſte,
That he his purpoſe ate laſte
Ne hath, er that it be withſet.
But moſt of all his hert is ſet
In court upon theſe great offices
Of dignites and benifices.
Thus goth he with his ſleighte about
To hinder and ſhove another out
And ſtonden with his ſligh compas
In ſtede there another was,
And ſo to ſet him ſelven inne.
He recheth nought be ſo he winne
Of that another man ſhall leſe,
And thus full ofte chalk for cheſe
He chaungeth with full litel coſte,
Wherof another hath the loſte
And he the profit ſhall receive.
For his fortune is to deceive
And for to chaunge upon the whele
His wo with other mennes wele,
Of that another man availeth
His own eſtate thus he up haileth
And taketh the brid to his beyete,
Where other men the buſſhes bete.
My ſone, and in the ſame wiſe
There ben lovers of ſuche empriſe,

That ſhapen hem to be relieved,
Where it is wronge to ben acheved.
For it is other mannes right
Whiche he hath taken day and night
To kepe for his owne ſtore
Toward him ſelf for evermore
And is his proper by the lawe,
Which thing that axeth no felawe,
If love holde his covenaunt.
But they that worchen by ſupplant,
Yet wolden they a man ſupplant
And take a part of thilke plant,
Whiche he hath for him ſelve ſet.
And ſo ful ofte is all unknet,
That ſome man weneth be right faſte.
For ſupplaunt with his ſlie caſte
Full ofte happeneth for to mowe
Thing, which another man hath ſowe,
And maketh comun of proprete
With ſleighte and with ſubtilte,
As men may ſen from yere to yere.
Thus claimeth he the bote to ſtere,
Of whiche another maiſter is.

Hic in amoris cauſa opponit confeſſor amanti ſuper eodem.

Forthy my ſone, if thou er this
Haſt ben of ſuch profeſſion,
Diſcover thy confeſſion,
Haſt thou ſupplanted any man?

Confeſſio amantis.

For ought that I you telle can,
Min holy fader, as of dede
I am withouten any drede

And gilteles, but of my thought
My conſcience excuſe I nought.
For were it wronge or were it right,
Me lacketh no thinge but might,
That I ne wolde longe er this
Of other mannes love iwis
By way of ſupplantation
Have made appropriation
And holde that I never bought,
Though it another man forthought.
And all this ſpeke I but of one,
For whom I let all other gone.
But her I may nought overpaſſe,
That I ne mote alway compaſſe,
Me rought nought by what queintiſe,
So that I might in any wiſe
Fro ſuche, that my lady ſerve,
Her herte make for to ſwerve
Withoute any part of love.
For by the goddes alle above
I wolde it mighte ſo befalle,
That I alone ſhuld hem alle
Supplant and welde her at my wille.
And that thing may I nought fulfille,
But if I ſhulde ſtrengthe make.
And that I dare nought undertake,
Though I were as was Aliſaunder,
For therof might ariſe a ſclaunder.
And certes that ſhall I do never,
For in good feith yet had I lever

n my ſimpleſſe for to deie,
Than worche ſuch ſupplantarie.
)f other wiſe I woll nought ſay,
That if I founde a ſiker way,
wolde as for concluſion
Vorche after ſupplantacion
o highe a love for to winne.
Now fader, if that this be ſinne,
I am all redy to redreſſe
The gilt, of whiche I me confeſſe.
My gode ſone, as of ſupplant — Confeſſor.
The there nought drede tant ne quant,
As for no thing that I have herde,
But only that thou haſt misferde
Thenkend and that me liketh nought.
For god beholt a mannes thought.
And if thou underſtood in ſoth
n loves cauſe what it doth
A man to ben a ſupplantour,
Thou woldeſt for thin own honour
By double waie take kepe.
Firſt for thin own eſtate to kepe
To be thy ſelf ſo well bethought,
That thou ſupplanted were nought.
And eke for worſhip of thy name
Towardes other do the ſame
And ſuffre every man have his.
But netheles it was and is,
That in awaite at all aſſaies
upplant of love in our waies

The lief full ofte for the lever
Forſaketh, and ſo it hath done ever.
Enſample I finde therupon,

Qualiter Agamemnon de amore Brexeide Achillem, et Diomedes de amore Criſeide Troilum ſupplantavit.

At Troie how that Agamemnon
Supplanted the worthy knight
Achilles for that ſwete wight,
Which named was Briſſeida,
And alſo of Criſeida,
Whom Troilus to love ches,
Supplanted hath Diomedes,

Qualiter Amphitrion ſocium ſuum Getam, qui Alcmenam peramavit, ſe ipſum loco alterius cauteloſa ſupplantacione ſubſtituit.

Of Geta and Amphitrione,
That whilom were both as one
Of frendſhip and of compaignie,
I rede how that ſupplantarie
In love, as it betid tho,
Beguiled hath one of hem two.
For this Geta, that I of mene,
To whom the luſty faire Alcmene
Aſſured was by way of love,
Whan he beſt wende have ben above
And ſikereſt of that he hadde,
Cupido ſo the cauſe ladde,
That while he was out of the way,
Amphitrion her love away
Hath take and in this forme he wrought
By night unto the chambre he ſought,
Where that ſhe lay, and with a wile
He counterfeteth for the while
The vois of Get in ſuche a wiſe,
That made her of her bedde ariſe

enende, that it were he,
ad lete him in, and whan they be
o-gider a bedde in armes faſte,
his Geta cam than ate laſte
nto the dore and ſaide: undo.
ad ſhe anſwerd and badde him go
ad ſaide, how that abed all warme
er lief lay naked in her arme.
e wende, that it were ſoth.
, what ſupplant of love doth.
his Geta forth bejaped went,
ad yet ne wiſt he, what it ment.
mphitrion him hath ſupplanted
ith ſleight of love and her enchaunted,
ad thus put every man out other.
he ſhip of love hath loſt his rother,
that he can no reſon ſtere.
ad for to ſpeke of this matere
ouchende love and his ſupplaunt
tale, whiche is accordaunt,
nto thin ere I thenke enforme.
ow herken, for this is the forme.
Of thilke citee chefe of alle,
hich men the noble Rome calle,
r it was ſet to Criſtes feith,
here was, as the cronique ſaith,
n emperour, the whiche it ladde
pees, that he no werres hadde.
here was no thing diſobeiſaunt,
hich was to Rome appertenaunt,

Hic in amoris cauſa contra fraudem detractionis ponit confeſſor exemplum et narrat de quodam Romani imperatoris filio, qui probitates armorum ſuper omnia exercere affectans neſciente patre ultra mare in partes Perſie ad deſerviendum ſoldano ſuper guerras cum ſolo milite tan-

quam ſocio ſuo ignotus ſe tranſtulit, et cum ipſius milicie fama ſuper alios ibidem celſior accreviſſet, contigit, ut in quodam bello contra caliphum Egipti inito ſoldanus a ſagitta mortaliter vulneratus priuſquam moreretur quendam annulum filie ſue ſecretiſſimum iſto nobili Romano tradidit dicens, qualiter filia ſua ſub paterne benedictionis vinculo adjurata eſt, quod quicumque dictum annulum ei afferret, ipſum in conjugem pre omnibus ſuſciperet. Defuncto autem ſoldano verſus civitatem, que Kaire dicitur, itinerantes iſte Romanus commilitoni ſuo huius miſterii ſecretum revelavit, qui noctanter a burſa domini ſui annulum furto ſurripiens hec, que audivit, uſui proprio falſiſſima ſupplancione applicuit, et ſic ſervus pro domino deſponſata ſibi ſoldani filia coronatus Perſie regnavit.

But all was torned into reſt.
To ſome it thought hem for the beſt,
To ſome it thought nothinge ſo.
And that was only unto tho,
Whoſe herte ſtood upon knighthode.
But moſt of alle his manhode
The worthy ſone of themperour,
Which wolde ben a werriour,
As he, that was chivalrous
Of worldes fame and deſirous,
Began his fader to beſeche,
That he the werres mighte ſeche
In ſtraunge marches for to ride.
His fader ſaide he ſhulde abide
And wolde graunte him no leve.
But he, which wolde nought beleve,
A knight of his, to whom he triſt,
So that his fader nothing wiſt,
He toke and tolde him his corage,
That he purpoſeth a viage,
If that fortune with him ſtonde.
He ſaid how that he wolde fonde
The grete ſee to paſſe unknowe
And there abide for a throwe
Upon the werres to travaile.
And to this point withoute faile
This knight, whan he hath herde his lor
Is ſwore and ſtant of his accorde.
And they that bothe yonge were,
So that in prive counſeil there

ney ben aſſented for to wende
nd therupon to make an ende
reſure inough with hem they token.
nd whan the time is beſt they loken
hat ſodeinlich in a galeie
ro Rome-lond they went their waie
nd londed upon that other ſide.
he worlde fell ſo thilke tide,
Vhiche ever his happes hath diverſe,
he grete ſouldan than of Perſe
yein the caliphe of Egipte
werre, which that him beclipte,
ath in a marche coſteaunt.
nd he, which was a purſiuaunt
Vorſhip of armes to atteigne,
his Romain let anon ordeigne,
hat he was redy every dele.
nd whan he was arraied wele
f every thing, which him belongeth,
traught unto Kaire his wey he fongeth,
Vher he the ſouldan thanne fonde
nd axeth, that within his londe
e might him for the werre ſerve
s he, which woll his thank deſerve.
he ſouldan was right glad withall
nd well the more in ſpeciall,
Vhan that he wiſt he was Romain.
ut what was elles incertain
hat might he wite by no way.
nd thus the knight of whom I ſay

Toward the ſouldan is belefte
And in the marches now and efte,
Where that the dedly werres were,
He wroughte ſuch knighthode there,
That every man ſpake of him good.
And thilke time ſo it ſtood,
This mighty ſouldan by his wife
A doughter hath, that in this life
Men ſaide there was none ſo faire,
She ſhulde ben her faders heire,
And was of yeres ripe inough,
Her beaute many an herte drough
To bowen to that ilke lawe,
Fro which no life may be withdrawe.
And that is love, whoſe nature
Set life and deth in a venture
Of hem, that knighthode undertake.
This luſty peine hath overtake
The hert of this Romain ſo ſore,
That to knighthode more and more
Proweſſe avaunteth his corage.
Lich to the leon in his rage,
Fro whom that alle beſtes fle,
Such was this knight in his degre.
Where he was armed in the felde,
Ther durſte none abide his ſhelde.
Great price upon the werre he hadde.
But ſhe, whiche all the chaunce ladde,
Fortune ſhope the marches ſo,
That by thaſſent of bothe two

The ſouldan and the caliphe eke
Bataile upon a day they ſeke,
Which was in ſuche a wiſe ſet,
That lenger ſhulde it nought be let.
They made hem ſtronge on every ſide,
And whan it drough toward the tide,
That the bataile ſhulde be,
The ſouldan in great privete
A gold ringe of his doughter toke
And made her ſwere upon a boke
And eke upon the goddes all,
That if fortune ſo befall
In the bataile that he deie,
That ſhe ſhall thilke man obeie
And take him to her huſebonde,
Which thilke ſame ring to honde
Her ſhulde bringe after his deth.
This hath ſhe ſwore, and forth he geth
With all the power of his londe
Unto the marche, where he fonde
His enemy full embatailed.
The ſouldan hath the feld aſſailed.
They that ben hardy ſone aſſemblen,
Wherof the dredfull hertes tremblen.
That one fleeth, and that other ſterveth,
But aboven all his priſe deſerveth
This knightly Romain, where he rode
His dedly ſwerd no man abode,
Ayein the which was no defence,
Egipte fledde in his preſence,

And they of Perſe upon the chace
Purſuen, but I not what grace
Befell, an arwe out of a bowe
All ſodeinly within a throwe
The ſouldan ſmote, and there he lay.
The chas is left for thilke day,
And he was bore into a tent.
The ſouldan ſigh how that it went,
And that he ſhulde algate deie.
And to this knight of Romainie,
As unto him, whome he moſt triſte,
His doughters ring that none it wiſte
He toke and tolde him all the cas,
Upon her othe what token it was,
Of that ſhe ſhulde ben his wife.
Whan this was ſaid, the hertes life
Of this ſouldan departeth ſone.
And therupon, as was to done,
The dede body well and faire,
They carry till they come at Kaire,
There he was worthely begrave.
The lordes, whiche as wolden ſave
The regne, which was deſolate,
To bringe it into good eſtate
A parlement they ſet anone.
Now herken what fell therupon.
This yonge lord, this worthy knight
Of Rome upon the ſame night,
That they a morwe trete ſholde,
Unto his bacheler he tolde

His counſeil and the ring with al
He ſheweth, through which that he ſhall,
He ſaith, the kinges doughter wedde,
For ſo the ring was leid to wedde,
He tolde, into her faders honde,
That with what man that ſhe it fonde
She ſhulde him take unto her lorde.
And thus, he ſaith, ſtant of recorde.
But no man wot who hath this ring.
This bacheler upon this thing
His ere and his entente laid
And thoughte more than he ſaid
And feigneth with a fals viſage,
That he was glad, but his corage
Was all ſet in another wiſe.
Theſe olde philoſophres wiſe
They writen upon thilke while,
That he may beſt a man beguile
In whom the man hath moſt credence.
And this befell in evidence
Toward this yonge lord of Rome.
His bacheler, which hadde come,
Whan that his lorde by night ſlepte,
This ring, the which his maiſter kepte,
Out of his purs awey he dede
And put another in the ſtede.
A morwe whan the court is ſet
The yonge lady was forth fet,
To whom the lordes done homage,
And after that of mariage

They treten and axen of her wille.
But ſhe, which thoughte to fulfille
Her faders heſt in this matere,
Said openly, that men may here,
The charge whiche her fader bad.
Tho was this lorde of Rome glad
And drough toward his purs anone,
But all for nought, it was agone.
His bacheler it hath forth drawe
And axeth therupon the lawe,
That ſhe him holde covenaunt.
The token was ſo ſuffiſaunt,
That it ne mighte be forſake.
And netheles his lorde hath take
Quarele ayein his owne man,
But for no thing that ever he can
He might as thanne nought be herde,
So that his claime is unanſwerde,
And he hath of his purpos failed.
This bacheler was tho counſeiled
And wedded and of thilke empire
He was corouned lord and ſire,
And all the lond him hath received,
Wherof his lord, which was deceived,
A ſikneſſe er the thridde morwe
Conceived hath of dedly ſorwe.
And as he lay upon his deth,
There while him laſteth ſpeche and bre
He ſende for the worthieſt
Of all the londe and eke the beſt

And tolde hem all the ſothe tho,
That he was ſone and heire alſo
Of themperour of grete Rome,
And how that they to-gider come
This knight and he, right as it was
He tolde hem all the pleine cas.
And for that he his counſeil tolde,
That other hath all that he wolde
And he hath failed of his mede.
As for the good he taketh none hede,
He ſaith, but only of the love,
Of which he wend have ben above.
And therupon by letter write
He doth his fader for to wite
Of all the mater how it ſtode.
And thanne with an hertely mode
Unto the lordes he beſought
To tell his lady howe he bought
Her love, of whiche another gladdeth.
And with that worde his hewe fadeth
And ſaide: a dieu my lady ſwete.
The life hath loſt his kindely hete,
And he lay dede as any ſtone,
Wherof was ſory many one,
But none of alle ſo as ſhe.
This falſe knight in his degre
Areſted was and put in holde.
For openly whan it was tolde
Of the treſon, whiche is befalle,
Throughout the lond they ſaiden alle,

If it be ſoth, that men ſuppoſe
His owne untrouth him ſhall depoſe.
And for to ſeche an evidence
With honour and great reverence,
Wherof they mighte knowe an ende,
To themperour anon they ſende
The letter, whiche his ſone wrote.
And whan that he the ſothe wote,
To tell his ſorwe is endeles,
But yet in haſte netheles,
Upon the tale, whiche he herde,
His ſteward into Perſe ferde
With many a worthy Romain eke
His lege tretour for to ſeke.
And whan they thider come were,
This knight him hath confeſſed there,
How falſly that he hath him bore,
Wherof his worthy lord was lore.
Tho ſaiden ſome he ſhulde deie,
But yet they founden ſuch a weie,
That he ſhall nought be dede in Perſe.
And thus the ſkilles ben diverſe
By cauſe that he was coroned,
Of that the lond was abandoned
To him, all though it were unright.
There is no peine for him dight,
But to this point and to this ende
They graunten wel, that he ſhall wende
With the Romains to Rome ayein.
And thus accorded full and plein

The quicke body with the dede
With leve take forth they lede,
Where that ſupplant hath his juiſe.
Wherof that thou the might aviſe
Upon this enformacion
Touchend of ſupplantacion,
That thou, my ſone, do nought ſo
And for to take hede alſo
What ſupplant doth in other halve
There is no man can finde a ſalve
Pleinly to helen ſuche a ſore.
It hath and ſhall ben evermore,
Whan pride is with envie joint,
He ſuffreth no man in good point,
Where that he may his honour let.
And therupon if I ſhall ſet
Enſample, in holy chirche I finde
How that ſupplant is nought behinde.
God wote, if that it now be ſo.
For in cronique of time ago
I finde a tale concordable
Of ſupplant, which that is no fable,
In the maner as I ſhall telle
So as whilom the thinges felle.
At Rome as it hath ofte falle
The viker generall of alle
Of hem that leven Criſtes feith
His laſte day, which none with-ſaith,
Hath ſhette as to the worldes eye,
Whos name, if I ſhall ſpecifie,

Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum contra iſtos in cauſa dignitatis adquirende ſupplantatores. Et narrat, qualiter papa Bonefacius predeceſſorem ſuum Celeſtinum a papatu contrajectata circumvencione

fraudulenter ſupplantavit. Sed qui potentes a ſede deponit, huiuſmodi ſupplantacionis fraudem non ſuſtinens, ipſum ſic in ſublime exaltatum poſtea in profundi carceris miſeriam proici fameque ſiti cruciari nec non et ab huius vite gaudiis doloroſa morte ſupplantari finali concluſione permiſit.

He highte pope Nicholas.
And thus whan that he paſſed was,
The cardinals, that wolden ſave
The forme of lawe in the conclave,
Gon for to cheſe a newe pope,
And after that they couthe agrope
Hath eche of hem ſaid his entent.
Til ate laſte they aſſent
Upon an holy clerk recluſe,
Which full was of goſtly vertuſe.
His pacience and his ſimpleſſe
Hath ſet him into highe nobleſſe.
Thus was he pope canoniſed
With great honour and introniſed.
And upon chaunce, as it is falle,
His name Celeſtin men calle,
Which notified was by bulle
To holy chirche and to the fulle
In alle londes magnified.
But every worſhip is envied,
And that was thilke time ſene.
For whan this pope, of whome I mene,
Was choſe and other ſet beſide,
A cardinal was thilke tide,
Which the papate long hath deſired
And therupon gretely conſpired.
But whan he ſigh fortune is failed,
For which long time he hath travailed,
That ilke fire, whiche Ethna brenneth,
Throughout his wofull herte renneth,

iche is reſembled to envie,
erof ſupplant and trecherie
endred is. And netheles
feigneth love, he feigneth pees.
ward he doth the reverence,
all within his conſcience
ough fals ymaginacion
thoughte ſupplantacion.
l therupon a wonder wile
wrought. For at thilke while
el ſo, that of his lignage
hadde a clergeon of yonge age,
om he hath in his chambre affaited.
This cardinal his time hath waited
d with his wordes ſly and queint,
e whiche he couthe wiſely peint,
ſhope this clerke, of whiche I telle,
ward the pope for to dwelle,
that within his chamber a night
lay, and was a prive wight
ward the pope on nightes tide.
ay no man fle, that ſhall betide.
This cardinal, which thoughte guile,
on a day, whan he hath while,
is yonge clerke unto him toke
d made him ſwere upon a boke
d tolde him what his wille was.
d forth with al a trompe of bras
e hath him take and bad him this:
hou ſhalt, he ſaide, whan time is

Awaite and take right good kepe,
Whan that the pope is faſt aſlepe
And that none other man be nigh.
And thanne that thou be ſo ſligh
Through out the trompe into his ere,
Fro heven as though a vois it were,
To ſoune of ſuch prolacion,
That he his meditacion
Therof may take and underſtonde,
As though it were of goddes ſonde.
And in this wiſe thou ſhalt ſay,
That he do thilk eſtate away
Of pope, of whiche he ſtant honoured,
So ſhall his ſoule be ſocoured
Of thilke worſhip ate laſt
In heven, which ſhall ever laſt.
This clerk, whan he hath herd the fort
How he the pope ſhuld enform,
Toke of the cardinal his leve
And goth him home, till it was eve.
And prively the trompe he hadde,
Til that the pope was a bedde.
And at the midnight, whan he knewe
The pope ſlepte, than he blewe
Within his trompe through the wall
And tolde, in what maner he ſhall
His papacie leve and take
His firſte eſtate. And thus awake
This holy pope he made thries,
Wherof diverſe fantaſies

on his grete holineſſe
ithin his hert he gan impreſſe.
ıe pope full of innocence
nceiveth in his conſcience
ıat it is goddes wil, he ceſſe.
ıt in what wiſe he may releſſe
is highe eſtate, that wote he nought.
ıd thus within him ſelfe be thought,
e bare it ſtille in his memoire,
ll he cam to the conſiſtoire,
ıd there in preſence of hem alle
e axeth if it ſo befalle,
hat any pope ceſſe wolde,
ow that the lawe it ſuffre ſholde.
hey ſeten alle ſtille, and herde
as none, which to the point anſwerde.
or to what purpos that it ment,
here was no man knew his entent
ut only he, which ſhop the guile.
This cardinal the ſame while
ll openly with wordes pleine
ith if the pope woll ordeigne,
hat there be ſuche a lawe wrought,
han might he ceſſe, and elles nought.
And as he ſaide, done it was.
he pope anone upon the cas
f his papall auctorite
ath made and yove the decre.
ıd whan the lawe was confermed
ı due forme and all affermed,

This innocent, which was deceived,
His papacie anone hath weived,
Renounced and reſigned eke.
That other was no thing to ſeke,
But undernethe ſuche a jape
He hath ſo for him ſelfe ſhape,
That how as ever it him beſeme
The mitre with the diademe
He hath through ſupplantacion
And in his confirmacion
Upon the fortune of his grace.
His name was cleped Boneface.
Under the viſer of envie
Lo, thus was hid the trecherie,
Whiche hath beguiled many one.
But ſuch counſeil there may be none
Which treſon, whan it is conſpired,
That it nis lich the ſparke fired
Up in the roof, which for a throwe
Lith hid, til whan the windes blowe,
It blaſeth out on every ſide.
This Boneface, which can nought hide
The trecherie of his ſupplaunt,
Hath openly made his avaunt,
How he the papacie hath wonne.
But thing which is with wrong begonn
May never ſtonde wel at ende.
Where pride ſhall the bowe bende,
He ſhet ful oft out of the way.
And thus the pope, of whom I ſay,

Vhan that he ſtood on high the whele,
Ie can nought ſuffre himſelf be wele.
nvie, whiche is loveles,
nd pride, whiche is laweles,
Vith ſuch tempeſte made him erre,
hat charite goth out of herre.
o that upon miſgovernaunce
yein Lewis the king of Fraunce
Ie toke quarell of his oultrage
nd ſaid, he ſhulde don homage
nto the chirche bodely.
ut he, that wiſt no thinge why
He ſhulde do ſo great ſervice
After the worlde in ſuche a wiſe,
Withſtood the wrong of that demaunde,
For nought the pope may commaunde
The king woll nought the pope obeie.
This pope tho by alle weie,
That he may worche of violence,
Hath ſent the bulle of his ſentence
With curſinge and enterdite.
The king upon this wrongfull plite
To kepe his regne from ſervage,
Counſeiled was of his barnage,
That might with might ſhall be withſtond.
Thus was the cauſe tak on hond,
And ſaiden, that the papacie
They wolden honour and magnifie
In all that ever is ſpirituall,
But thilke pride temporall

Of Boneface in his perſone
Ayein that ilke wronge alone
They wolden ſtonde in debate,
And thus the man and nought the ſtate
The Frenſhe ſhopen by her might
To greve. And fel there was a knight
Sire Guilliam de Langharet,
Which was upon this cauſe ſet.
And therupon he toke a route
Of men of armes and rode oute
So longe and in a waite he lay,
That he aſpied upon a day
The pope was at Avinon
And ſhulde ride out of the town
Unto Pontſorge, the whiche is
A caſtell in Provence of his.
Upon the way and as he rode,
This knight, whiche hoved and abode
Embuisſhed upon horſebake,
All ſodeinlich upon him brake,
And hath him by the bridell ſeſed
And ſaid: O thou, which haſt diſeſed
The courte of Fraunce by thy wronge,
Now ſhalt thou ſinge an other ſonge.
Thin enterdite and thy ſentence
Ayein thin owne conſcience
Hereafter thou ſhalt fele and grope.
We pleigne nought ayein the pope,
For thilke name is honourable,
But thou, whiche haſt be deceivable

And trecherous in all thy werke,
Thou Boneface, thou proude clerke,
Miſleder of the papacie,
Thy falſe body ſhall abie
And ſuffre, that it hath deſerved.
Lo, thus this ſupplantor was ſerved.
For they him ladde into Fraunce
And ſetten him to his penaunce
Within a toure in harde bondes,
Where he for hunger both his hondes
Ete of and died, god wote how.
Of whome the writinge is yet now
Regiſtred as a man may here,
Which ſpeketh and ſaith in this maner:
Thin entre lich a fox was ſligh,
Thy regne alſo with pride on high
Was lich the leon in his rage,
But ate laſte of thy paſſage
Thy deth was to the houndes like.
Suche is the letter of his cronique
Proclamed in the court of Rome,
Wherof the wiſe enſample nome.
And yet as ferforth as I dare,
I rede all other men beware
And that they loke well algate,
That none his owne eſtate tranſlate
Of holy chirche in no degre
By fraude ne by ſubtilte.
For thilke honour whiche Aaron toke
Shall none receive as ſaith the boke,

Chronica Bonefacii. Intraſti ut vulpis, regnaſti ut leo, et mortuus es ut canis, etc.

But he becleped as he was.
What ſhall I thenken in this cas
Of that I here nowe a day?
I not, but he which can and may
By reſon both and by nature
The helpe of every mannes cure
He kepe Simon fro the folde.

Nota de prophecia Joachim abbatis. Quanti mercenarii erunt in ovile dei, tuas aures meis narracionibus fedare volo.

For Joachim, thilke abbot tolde,
How ſuche daies ſhulden falle,
That comunlich in places alle
The chapmen of ſuch mercerie
With fraude and with ſupplantarie
So many ſhulden beie and ſelle,
That he ne may for ſhame telle
So foule a ſinne in mannes ere.
But god forbede, that it were
In oure daies, that he ſaith.
For if the clerk beware his faith,
In chapmanhode at ſuche a faire
The remenaunt mot nede empeire
Of all that to the world belongeth.
For whan that holy chirche wrongeth,
I not what other thing ſhall righte.
And netheles at mannes ſighte
Envie for to be preferred
Hath conſcience ſo differred,
That no man loketh to the vice,
Whiche is the moder of malice,
And that is thilke fals envie,
Which cauſeth many a trecherie.

For where he may another ſe
That is more gracious than he,
He ſhall nought ſtonden in his might,
But if he hinder ſuche a wight.
And that is well nigh over all
This vice is now ſo generall.
Envie thilke unhap indrough,
Whan Joab by deceipte ſlough
Abner, for drede he ſhulde be
With king David ſuch as was he.
And through envie alſo it felle
Of thilke fals Achitofelle,
For his counſeil was nought acheved,
But that he ſigh Cuſy beleved
With Abſolon and him forſake,
He henge him ſelfe upon a ſtake.
Senec witneſſeth openly,
How that envie properly
Is of the court the comun wenche.
And halt taverne for to ſchenche
That drink, which maketh the hert brenne,
And doth the wit aboute renne
By every waie to compaſſe,
How that he might all other paſſe
As he, which through unkindeſhip
Envieth every felaſhip.
So that thou might well knowe and ſe,
There is no vice ſuche as he
Firſt toward god abhominable
And to mankinde unprofitable.

Qualiter Joab princeps milicie David invidie cauſa Abner ſubdole interfecit. Et qualiter eciam Achitofell ob hoc, quod Cuſy in conſilio Abſolon preferebatur, accenſus invidia laqueo ſe ſuſpendit.

And that by wordes but a fewe
I ſhall by reſon prove and ſhewe.

6. *Invidie ſtimulus ſine cauſa ledit abortus,*
Nam ſine temptante crimine crimen habet.
Non eſt huius opus temptare Cupidinis archum,
Dumque faces Veneris Ethnica flamma vorat,
Abſque rubore gene pallor, quas fuſcus obumbrat,
Frigida nature cetera membra docent.

Hic deſcribit confeſſor naturam invidie tam in amore quam aliter ſecundum proprietatem vicii ſub compendio.

Envie if that I ſhall deſcrive,
He is nought ſhaply for to wive
In erth among the women here.
For there is in him no matere,
Wherof he mighte do pleſaunce.
Firſt for his hevy contenaunce
Of that he ſemeth ever unglad
He is nought able to be hadde
And eke he brenneth ſo withinne,
That kinde may no profit winne,
Wherof he ſhulde his love pleſe.
For thilke blood, which ſhuld have eſe
To regne among the moiſte veines,
Is drie of thilke unkindly peines
Through which envie is fired ay.
And this by reſon prove I may,
That toward love envie is nought,
And other wiſe if it be ſought,
Upon what ſide as ever it falle
It is the werſte vice of alle,
Which of him ſelf hath moſt malice.
For underſtond that every vice
Some cauſe hath, wherof it groweth.
But of envie no man knoweth

o whenne he cam, but out of helle.
r thus the wiſe clerkes telle,
hat no ſpirit but of malice
way of kinde upon a vice
tempted, and by ſuch a way
nvie hath kinde put away
nd of malice hath his ſtering,
herof he maketh his bakbiting,
nd is him ſelf therof diſeſed.
may there be no kinde pleſed.
or ay the more that he envieth,
he more ayein him ſelf he plieth.
hus ſtant envie in good eſpeire
o ben him ſelf the divels heire
s he, whiche is his nexte liche
nd furtheſt from the heven riche.
or there may he never wone.
Forthy my gode dere ſone,
thou wolt finde a ſiker way
o love, put envie away.
Min holy fader, reſon wolde,
at I this vice eſcheue ſholde.
t yet to ſtrengthen my corage
that ye wolde in avauntage
erof ſet a recoverir,
were to me a great deſir,
at I this vice mighte flee.
Now underſtond, my ſone, and ſee,
here is phiſique for the ſeke
nd vertues for the vices eke.

Who that the vices wolde eſcheue,
He mot by reſon thanne ſue
The vertues. For by thilke way
He may the vices done away.
For they to-gider may nought dwelle.
For as the water of the welle
Of fire abateth the malice,
Right ſo vertu fordoth the vice.
Ayein envie is charite,
Whiche is the moder of pite,
That maketh a mannes herte tender,
That it may no malice engender
In him, that is inclined therto.
For his corage is tempred ſo,
That though he might him ſelf releve,
Yet wolde he nought another greve,
But rather for to do pleſaunce
He bereth him ſelven the grevaunce,
So fain he wolde another eſe.
Wherof, my ſone, ſor thin eſe
Now herken a tale, whiche I rede,
And underſtonde it well I rede.

Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum de virtute charitatis contra invidiam et narrat de Conſtantino Elene filio, qui cum imperii Romani dignitatem obtinuerat, a morbo lepre infectus, medici pro ſanitate recuperanda ipſum in ſanguine puerorum maſculorum balneare propoſuerant, ſed cum

Among the bokes of latin
I finde it writ of Conſtantin,
The worthy emperour of Rome,
Such infortunes to him come,
Whan he was in his luſty age,
The lepre caught in his viſage
And ſo forth over all aboute,
That he ne mighte riden oute.

: he bothe ſhield and ſpere,
that might him nought beſtere,
ielde him in his chamber cloſe.
igh all the world the fame aroſe.
e grete clerkes ben aſſent
om at his commaundement
et upon this lordes hele.
ige they to-gider dele,
they upon this medicine
inten hem and determine,
in the maner as it ſtood
wolde him bath in childes blood
inne ſeven winter age.
s they ſain, that ſhulde aſſuage
eper and all the violence,
h that they knewe of accidence
nought by way of kinde is falle.
herto they accorden alle
r finall concluſion
olden her opinion
iemperour. And he anone
ounſeil toke, and therupon
letters and with ſeales out
ſend in every londe about
yonge children for to ſeche,
ſe blood, they ſaid, ſhulde be leche
hemperours maladie.
iere was inough to wepe and crie
ng the moders, whan they herde,
wofully this cauſe ferde.

immanera multitudo matrum cum filiis huiuſmodi medicine cauſa in circuitu palacii affuiſſet imperatorque eorum gemitus et clamores percepiſſet, charitate motus ingemiſcens ſic ait: O vere eſt ipſe dominus, qui ſe facit ſervum pietatis. Et his dictis ſtatum ſuum cunctipotentis medele committens, ſui ipſius morbum pocius quam infancium mortem benignius elegit, unde ipſe, qui antea paganus et leproſus extiterat, ex unda baptiſmatis renatus utriuſque materie tam corporis quam anime divino miraculo conſecutus eſt ſalutem.

But netheles they moten bowe,
And thus women there come inowe,
With children ſoukend on the tete
Tho was there many teres lete.
  But were hem liefe or were hem loth,
The women and the children both
Into the paleis forth be brought
With many a ſory hertes thought
Of hem, whiche of her body bore
The children hadde, and ſo forlore
Within a while ſhulden ſe.
The moders wepe in her degre
And many of hem a ſwoune falle,
The yonge babies crieden alle.
This noiſe aroſe, this lorde it herde
And loked out, and how it ferde
He ſigh, and as who ſaith abraide
Out of his ſlepe and thus he ſaide:
  O thou divine purveaunce,
Which every man in the balaunce
Of kinde haſt formed to be liche,
The pouer is bore as is the riche
And dieth in the ſame wiſe,
Upon the fole, upon the wiſe
Sikneſſe and hele enter comune,
May none eſcheue that fortune,
Which kinde in her lawe hath ſette.
Her ſtrengthe and beaute ben beſette
To every man aliche free,
That ſhe preferreth no degree

s in the diſpoſicion
f bodely complexion.
nd eke of ſoule reſonable
he pouer childe is bore as able
o vertue as the kinges ſone.
or every man his owne wone
fter the luſt of his aſſay
he vice or vertue cheſe may.
hus ſtonden alle men fraunchiſed,
ut in eſtate they ben deviſed,
o ſome worſhip and richeſſe,
o ſome pouerte and diſtreſſe.
ne lordeth and an other ſerveth,
ut yet as every man deſerveth
he world yeveth nought his yeftes here.
ut certes he hath great matere
o ben of good condicion,
Vhiche hath in his ſubjection
he men, that ben of his ſemblaunce.
nd eke he toke his remembraunce,
ow he that made lawe of kinde
olde every man to lawe binde
nd bad a man, ſuche as he wolde,
ward him ſelf right ſuch he ſholde
ward an other done alſo.
And thus this worthy lord as tho
t in balaunce his owne eſtate
nd with him ſelf ſtood in debate
nd thoughte, howe it was nought good
o ſe ſo mochel mannes blood

Be ſpilt by cauſe of him alone.
He ſigh alſo the grete mone
Of that the moders were unglad
And of the wo the children made,
Wherof that all his herte tendreth
And ſuch pite within engendreth,
That him was lever for to cheſe
His owne body for to leſe,
Than ſe ſo great a mordre wrought
Upon the blood, which gilteth nought.
Thus for the pite, whiche he toke,
All other leches he forſoke
And put him out of aventure
Alonly into goddes cure
And ſaith: who that woll maiſter be
He mot be ſervaunt to pite.
So ferforth he was overcome
With charite, that he hath nome
His counſeil and his officers,
And badde unto his treſorers,
That they his treſour all about
Departe among the pouer route
Of women and of children both,
Wherof they might hem fede and cloth
And ſaufly tornen home ayein
Withoute loſs of any grein.
Through charite thus he diſpendeth
His good, wherof that he amendeth
The pouer people and countrevaileth
The harm, that he hem ſo travaileth.

And thus the wofull nightes ſorwe
To joie is torned on the morwe.
All was thanking, all was bleſſing,
Whiche erſt was wepinge and curſing.
Theſe women gone home glad inough,
Echone for joie on other lough
And praiden for this lordes hele,
Whiche hath releſed the quarele
And hath his owne will forſake
In charite for goddes ſake.
But now hereafter thou ſhalte here
What god hath wrought in this matere,
As he that doth all equite.
To him that wroughte charite
He was ayeinward charitous
And to pite he was pitous.
For it was never knowe yit,
That charite goth unaquit.
The night whan he was laid to ſlepe,
The highe god, which wold him kepe,
Saint Peter and ſaint Poule him ſende,
By whom he wolde his lepre amende.
They two to him ſlepend appere
Fro god and ſaid in this manere:
O Conſtantin, for thou haſt ſerved
Pite, thou haſt pite deſerved.
Forthy thou ſhalt ſuch pite have,
That god through pite woll the ſave.
So ſhalt thou double hele finde,
Firſt for thy bodeliche kinde,

And for thy wofull ſoule alſo.
Thou ſhalt ben hole of bothe two.
And for thou ſhalt the nought deſpeire,
Thy lepre ſhall no more empeire
Till thou wolt ſende therupon
Unto the mount of Celion,
Where that Silveſter and his clergie
To-gider dwelle in compaignie
For drede of the, which many a day
Haſt ben a fo to Criſtes lay
And haſt deſtruied to mochel ſhame
The prechours of his holy name.
But now thou haſt ſomdele appeſed
Thy god and with good dede pleſed,
That thou thy pite haſt bewared
Upon the blood, which thou haſt ſpared.
Forthy to thy ſalvacion
Thou ſhalt have informacion,
Such as Silveſter ſhall the teche,
The nedeth of none other leche.
This emperour, whiche all this herde:
Graunt mercy lorde, he anſwerde,
I woll do ſo as ye me ſay.
But of o thing I wolde pray,
What ſhall I telle unto Silveſtre
Or of your name or of your eſtre?
And they him tolden what they hight
And forth with all oute of his ſight
They paſſen up into the heven.
And he awoke out of his ſweven

And clepeth, and men come anone
And tolde his dreme, and therupon
In ſuche a wiſe as he hem telleth
The mount, wher that Silveſter dwelleth,
They have in alle haſte ſought,
And founde he was, and with hem brought
To themperour, which to him tolde
His ſweven and elles what he wolde.
And whan Silveſter hath herd the king,
He was right joyfull of this thing
And him began with all his wit
To techen upon holy writ.
First how mankinde was forlore,
And how the highe god therfore
His ſone ſende from above,
Which bore was for mannes love,
And after of his owne chois
He toke his deth upon the crois.
And how in grave he was beloke,
And how that he hath helle broke
And toke hem out, that were him leve.
And for to make us full beleve
That he was verray goddes ſone
Ayein the kinde of mannes wone
Fro deth he roſe the thridde day.
And whan he wolde, as he well may,
He ſtigh up to his father even
With fleſh and blood into the heven.
And right ſo in the ſame forme
In fleſh and blood he ſhall reforme,

Whan time cometh, the quicke and dede
At thilke wofull day of drede,
Where every man ſhall take his dome
Als well the maiſter as the grome.
The mighty kinges retenue
That day may ſtonde of no value
With worldes ſtrengthe to defende.
For every man mot than entende
To ſtond upon his owne dedes
And leve all other mennes nedes.
That day may no counſeil availe,
The pledour and the plee ſhall faile
The ſentence of that ilke day,
May none appele ſette in delay.
There may no gold the juge plie,
That he ne ſhall the ſothe trie
And ſetten every man upright,
As well the plowman as the knight.
The leude man, the grete clerke
Shall ſtonde upon his owne werke,
And ſuche as he is founde tho,
Such ſhall he be for evermo.
There may no peine be releſed,
There may no joie ben encreſed,
But endeles as they have do
He ſhall receive one of two.
And thus Silveſter with his ſawe
The ground of all the newe lawe
With great devocion he precheth
Fro point to point and plainly techeth

nto this hethen emperour
nd ſaith : the highe creatour
ath underfonge his charite
f that he wroughte ſuche pite,
han he the children had on honde.
Thus whan this lord hath underſtonde
f all this thing how that it ferde,
nto Silveſter he than anſwerde
ith all his hole herte and ſaith,
hat he is redy to the feith.
nd ſo the veſſell, which for blood
as made, Silveſter, there it ſtood
ith clene water of the welle
alle haſte he let do felle
nd ſette Conſtantin therinne
ll naked up unto the chinne.
nd in the while it was begunne
light, as though it were a ſunne,
ro heven into the place come,
here that he toke his chriſtendome,
nd ever amonge the holy tales
ich as they weren fiſhes ſcales
hey fellen from him now and efte,
ill that there was nothing belefte
f all this grete maladie.
or he that wolde him purifie
he highe god hath made him clene,
o that there lefte nothing ſene.
e hath him clenſed bothe two
he body and the ſoule alſo.

Tho knew this emperour in dede,
That Criſtes feith was for to drede,
And ſende anone his letters out
And let do crien all aboute
Up pein of deth, that no man weive,
That he baptiſme ne receive.
After his moder quene Eleine
He ſende, and ſo betwene hem tweine
They treten, that the citee all
Was chriſtned, and ſhe forth with all.
This emperour, which hele hath found,
Withinne Rome anone let founde
Two churches, whiche he did make
For Peter and for Poules ſake,
Of whom he hadde a viſion
And yaf therto poſſeſſion
Of lordſhip and of worldes good.
But how ſo that his will was good
Toward the pope and his fraunchiſe,
Yet hath it proved otherwiſe
To ſe the worching of the dede.
For in cronique thus I rede
Anone as he hath made the yefte
A vois was herde on high the lefte,
Of which all Rome was adradde
And ſaid: this day is venim ſhadde
In holy chirche of temporall,
Which medleth with the ſpirituall.
And how it ſtant of that degre
Yet a man may the ſothe ſe,

od may amende it, whan he wille,
can therto none other ſkille.
ut for to go there I began, Confeſſor.
ow charite may helpe a man
o bothe worldes, I have ſaide.
nd if thou have an ere laide,
y ſone, thou might underſtonde,
charite be take on honde,
here folweth after mochel grace.
orthy if that thou wolt purchace
ow that thou might envie flee,
cqueinte the with charite,
hiche is the vertue ſovereine.
My fader, I ſhall do my peine. Amans.
or this enſample whiche ye tolde
ith all min herte I have witholde,
o that I ſhall for evermore
ſcheue envie well the more.
nd that I have er this miſdo
ive me my penaunce er I go.
nd over that to my matere
f ſhrifte, why we ſitten here
privete betwene us twey,
ow axeth, what there is I prey.
My gode ſone, and for thy lore Confeſſor.
woll the telle, what is more,
o that thou ſhalt the vices knowe.
or whan they be to the full knowe,
hou might hem wel the better eſchue.
nd for this cauſe I thenke ſue

The forme bothe and the matere,
As now ſuende thou ſhalt here,
Which vice ſtant nexte after this.
And whan thou woſt, how that it is,
As thou ſhalt here my deviſe,
Thou might thy ſelf the better aviſe.

Explicit liber ſecundus.

Incipit Liber Tercius.

Ira ſuis paribus eſt par furiis Acherontis,
Quo furor ad tempus nil pietatis habet.
Ira malencolicos animos perturbat, ut equo
Jure ſui pondus nulla ſtatera tenet.
Omnibus in cauſis gravat ira ſed inter amantes,
Illa magis facili ſorte gravamen agit.
Eſt ubi vir diſcors leviterque repugnat amori,
Sepe loco ludi fletus ad ora venit.

1.

IF thou the vices liſt to knowe,
My ſone, it hath nought be unknowe
Fro firſt, that men their ſwerdes grounde,
hat there nis one upon this grounde
vice foreine fro the lawe,
herof that many a good felawe
ath be deſtraught by ſodein chaunce.
nd yet to kinde no pleſaunce
doth, but where he moſt acheveth
is purpoſe moſt to kinde he greveth
s he, whiche out of conſcience
enemy unto pacience.
nd is by name one of the ſeven,
hiche oft hath ſet the world uneven,

Hic in tercio libro tractat ſuper quinque ſpeciebus ire, quarum prima malencolia dicitur, cuius vicium confeſſor primo deſcribens amanti ſuper eodem conſequenter opponit.

And cleped is the cruel ire,
Whoſe herte is evermore on fire
To ſpeke amis and to do bothe,
For his ſervaunts ben ever wrothe.

Amans. My gode fader, tell me this

Confeſſor. What thinge is ire? Sone, it is
That in our engliſh wrath is hote,
Whiche hath his wordes ay ſo hote,
That all a mannes pacience
Is fired of the violence.
For he with him hath ever five
Servaunts, that helpen him to ſtrive.
The firſt of hem malencoly
Is cleped, whiche in compaignie
An hundred times in an houre
Woll as an angry beſte loure,
And no man wot the cauſe why.
My ſone, ſhrive the now forthy,
Haſt thou be malencolien?

Amans. Ye fader, by ſaint Julien.
But I untrewe wordes uſe
I may me nought therof excuſe.
And all maketh love well I wote,
Of which min herte is ever hote,
So that I brenne as dothe a glede
For wrathe, that I may nought ſpede.
And thus full oft a day for nought
Saufe onlich of min owne thought
I am ſo with my ſelven wroth,
That how ſo that the game goth

With other men I am nought glad.
But I am well the more unglad,
For that is other mennes game
It torneth me to pure grame.
Thus am I with my ſelf oppreſſed
Of thought the whiche I have impreſſed,
That all wakend I dreme and mete,
That I with her alone mete
And pray her of ſome good anſwere.
But for ſhe wol nought gladly ſwere,
She ſaith me nay withouten othe.
And thus waxe I withinne wrothe
That outward I am all affraied
And ſo diſtempred and ſo eſmaied.
A thouſand times on a day
There ſouneth in min eres nay,
The which ſhe ſaide me to-fore.
Thus be my wittes all forlore.
And namely whan I beginne
To reken with my ſelf withinne,
How many yeres ben agone,
Sith I have truely loved one
And never toke of her other hede
And ever a liche for to ſpede,
I am, the more I with her dele,
So that min hap and all min hele
Me thenketh is ay the lenger the ferre.
That bringeth my gladſhip out of erre,
Wherof my wittes ben empeired
And I, as who ſaith, all diſpeired,

For finally whan that I muſe
And thenke, how ſhe woll me refuſe,
I am with anger ſo beſtad,
For al this world might I be glad.
And for the while that it laſteth
All up ſo down my joie it caſteth,
And ay the further that I be
Whan I ne may my lady ſe,
The more I am redy to wrathe,
That for the touching of a lath
Or for the torning of a ſtre
I wode as doth the wilde ſee
And am ſo malencolious,
That there nis ſervaunt in min houſe
Ne none of tho, that be aboute,
That eche of hem ne ſtant in doute
And wenen, that I ſhulde rave
For anger, that they ſe me have.
And ſo they wonder more and laſſe,
Til that they ſeen it overpaſſe.
But fader, if it ſo betide,
That I approche at any tide
The place, where my lady is,
And thanne that her like iwis
To ſpeke a goodly word unto me,
For all the gold that is in Rome
Ne couth I after that be wroth,
But all min anger overgoth.
So glad I am of the preſence
Of her, that I all offence

Foryete, as though it were nought
So over glad is my thought.
And netheles, the ſoth to telle,
Ayeinward if it ſo befelle,
That I at thilke time ſigh,
On me that ſhe miſcaſte her eye
Or that ſhe liſte nought to loke
And I therof good hede toke,
Anone into my firſt eſtate
I torne and am with that ſo mate,
That ever it is a liche wicke.
And thus min honde ayein the pricke
I hurte and have don many a day
And go ſo forth as I go may
Full ofte biting on my lippe
And make unto my ſelf a whippe,
With whiche in many a chele and hete
My wofull herte is ſo to bete,
That all my wittes ben unſofte
And I am wrothe, I not how ofte.
And all it is malencolie,
Which groweth on the fantaſie
Of love, that me woll nought loute.
So bere I forth an angry ſnoute
Full many times in a yere.
But fader, now ye ſitten here
In loves ſtede, I you beſeche,
That ſome enſample ye me teche,
Wherof I may my ſelf appeſe.

My ſone, for thin hertes eſe — Confeſſor.

I ſhall fulfille thy praiere,
So that thou might the better lere,
What miſchefe that this vice ſtereth,
Whiche in his anger nought forbereth,
Wherof that after him forthenketh,
Whan he is ſobre, and that he thenketh
Upon the folie of his dede.
And of this point a tale I rede.

Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum contra iſtos, qui cum vires amoris non ſunt realiter experti contra alios amantes malencolica ſeveritate ad iracundiam vindicte provocantur, et narrat, qualiter rex Eolus filium nomine Macharium et filiam nomine Canacem habuit, qui cum ab infancia uſque ad pubertatem invicem educati fuerant, Cupido tandem cum ignito jaculo amborum cordis deſideria amoroſe penetravit, itaque Canacis natura cooperante a fratre ſuo inpregnata parturit, ſuper quo pater intolerabilem juventutis concupiſcenciam ignorans nimiaque furoris malencolia preventus dictam filiam cum partu doloroſiſſimo caſu interfici adjudicavit.

There was a king, whiche Eolus
Was hote, and it befell him thus,
That he two children hadde faire,
The ſone cleped was Machaire,
The doughter eke Canace hight.
By day bothe and eke by night
While they be yonge of comun wone
In chambre they to-gider wone,
And as they ſhulden pleid hem ofte,
Till they be growen up alofte
In the youthe of luſty age,
Whan kind aſſaileth the corage
With love and doth him for to bowe,
That he no reſon can allowe,
But halt the lawes of nature,
For whom that love hath under cure
As he is blinde him ſelf, right ſo
He maketh his client blinde alſo.
In ſuch maner, as I you telle,
As they all day to-gider dwelle,
This brother might it nought aſterte,
That he with all his hole herte

His love upon his ſuſter caſt.
And ſo it felle hem ate laſt,
That this Machaire with Canace,
Whan they were in a prive place
Cupide bad hem firſt to keſſe,
And after ſhe, whiche is maiſtreſſe
In kinde and techeth every life
Withoute lawe poſitife,
Of which ſhe taketh no maner charge,
But kepe her lawes all at large,
Nature toke hem into lore
And taught hem ſo, that overmore,
She hath hem in ſuch wiſe daunted,
That they were, as who ſaith, enchaunted.
And as the blinde an other ledeth
And till they falle nothing dredeth,
Right ſo they hadde none inſight,
But as a brid, which woll alight
And ſeeth the mete and nought the nette,
Whiche in deceipt of him is ſette,
Theſe yonge folk no perill ſigh,
But that was liking in her eye.
So that they fell upon the chaunce,
Where wit hath lore his remembraunce,
So longe they to-gider aſſemble.
The wombe aroſe, and ſhe gan tremble
And helde her in her chambre cloſe
For drede it ſhulde be diſcloſe.
And come unto her faders ere,
Wherof the ſone had alſo fere,

And feigneth cauſe for to ride,
For longe durſt he nought abide
In aunter if men wolde ſain,
That he his ſuſter hath forlain.
For yet ſhe had it nought beknowe,
Whoſe was the childe at thilke throwe.
Machaire goth, Canace abit,
The which was nought delivered yit,
But right ſone after that ſhe was.
Now liſt and herken a wofull cas.
The ſothe which may nought ben hid,
Was ate laſte knowe and kid
Unto the king, how that it ſtood.
And whan that he it underſtood,
Anone into malencolie,
As though it were a freneſie,
He fell, as he which nothing couthe,
How maiſterfull love is in youthe.
And for he was to love ſtraunge
He wolde nought his herte chaunge
To be benigne and favourable
To love, but unmerciable
Betwene the wawe of wode and wroth.
Into his doughters chambre he goth
And ſigh the childe was late bore,
Wherof he hath his othes ſwore,
That ſhe it ſhall full ſore abie.
And ſhe began mercy to crie
Upon her bare knees and praide
And to her fader thus ſhe ſaide:

Have mercy fader, thenke I am
Thy childe, and of thy blood I cam,
That I miſdede, youth it made
And in the floodes bad me wade,
Where that I ſigh no peril tho.
But nowe it is befalle ſo,
Mercy my fader, do no wreche.
And with that worde ſhe loſt ſpeche
And fell down ſwounend at his fote,
As ſhe for ſorwe nedes mote.
But his horrible crueltie
There might attempre no pite.
Out of her chambre forth he wente
All full of wrath in his entente
And toke the counſeil in his herte,
That ſhe ſhall nought the deth aſterte.
And he, whiche is malencolien,
Of pacience hath nought lien
Wherof his wrath he may reſtreigne.
And in this wilde wode peine,
Whan all his reſon was untame,
A knight he cleped by his name
And toke him as by way of ſonde
A naked ſwerde to bere on honde,
And ſaid him, that he ſhulde go
And telle unto his doughter ſo
In the maner as he him bade,
How ſhe that ſharpe ſwerdes blade
Receive ſhulde and do withall,
So that ſhe wot whereto ſhe ſhall.

Forth in meſſage goth this knight
Unto this wofull yonge wight,
This ſharpe ſwerd to her he toke,
Wherof that all her body quoke.
For well ſhe wiſte what it ment
And that it was to thilke entent,
That ſhe her ſelven ſhulde ſlee.
And to the knight ſhe ſaide : ye,
Now that I wot my faders will,
That I ſhall in this wiſe ſpill,
I woll obeie me therto,
And as he woll it ſhall be do.
But now this thing may be none other,
I woll a letter unto my brother,
So as my feble hond may write,
With all my wofull herte endite.
She toke a penne on honde tho
Fro point to point and all the wo
Als ferforth as her ſelf it wote
Unto her dedly frend ſhe wrote
And told, how that her faders grace
She mighte for nothing purchace.
And over that, as thou ſhalt here,
She wrote and ſaid in this manere :
O thou my ſorwe and my gladneſſe,
O thou my hele and my ſikeneſſe,
O thou my wanhope and my truſt,
O thou my diſeſe and all my luſt,
O thou my wele, O thou my wo,
O thou my frende, O thou my fo,

thou my love, O thou my hate,
Or the mote I be dede algate.
Whilk ende may I nought aſterte,
And yet with all min hole herte,
While that there laſteth me any breth,
I woll the love unto my deth.
But of o thinge I ſhall the preie,
That my litel ſone deie,
Set him be buried in my grave
Beſide me, ſo ſhalt thou have
Upon us bothe remembraunce.
For thus it ſtondeth of my grevaunce,
Now at this time, as thou ſhalt wite,
With teres and with inke write
This letter I have in cares colde.
In my right hond my penne I holde,
And in my lefte my ſwerde I kepe,
And in my barme there lith to wepe
Thy childe and min, which ſobbeth faſt.
Nowe am I come unto my laſt,
Fare well, for I ſhall ſone deie,
And thenke, how I thy love abeie.
The pomel of the ſwerd to grounde
She ſet, and with the point a wounde
Through out her hert anone ſhe made
And forth with that all pale and fade
She fell down dede fro ther ſhe ſtood.
The child lay bathend in her blood
Out rolled fro the mother barme.
And for the blood was hote and warme,

He baſketh him about therinne.
Ther was no bote for to winne,
For he which can no pite knowe,
The king cam in the ſame throwe
And ſigh, how that his doughter died
And how this babe all bloody cried.
But all that might him nought ſuffiſe,
That he ne bad to do juiſe
Upon the childe and bere him out
And ſeche in the foreſt about
Som wilde place, that it were
To caſt him out of honde there,
So that ſome beſte him may devoure,
Where as no man him ſhall ſocoure.
All that he bad was done in dede.
Ha, who herd ever ſing or rede
Of ſuche a thinge, as that was do.
But he, which lad his wrathe ſo,
Hath knowe of love but a lite,
But for all that he was to wite
Through his ſodein malencolie
To do ſo great a felonie.

Confeſſor. Forthy my ſone, how ſo it ſtonde,
By this cas thou might underſtonde,
That if thou ever in cauſe of love
Shalt deme and thou be ſo above,
That thou might lede it at thy wille,
Let never through thy wrathe ſpille,
Whiche every kinde ſhulde ſave.
For it ſit every man to have

ard to love and to his might,
in whos ſtrengthe may no wight.
ſith an hert is ſo conſtreigned,
reddour ought to be reſtreigned
him that may us bet awey,
an he mot to nature obey.
it is ſaid thus overall,
t nedes mot, that nedes ſhall
hat a life doth after kinde,
erof he may no bote finde.
at nature hath ſet in her lawe,
r may no mannes might withdrawe,
who that worcheth there ayein,
ofte time it hath be ſein,
re hath befalle great vengeaunce,
erof I finde a remembraunce.
)vide after the time tho
de an enſample and ſaide ſo,
v that whilom Tireſias,
ıe walkend goth par cas
ɔn an high mountein he ſigh
ɔ ſerpentes in his waie nigh.
they ſo, as nature hem taught,
mbled were, and he tho cought
erde, which he bare on honde,
thoughte, that he wolde fonde
letten hem, and ſmote hem bothe,
erof the goddes weren wrothe.
for he hath deſtourbed kinde
was ſo to nature unkinde,

Hic narrat, qualiter Tireſias in quodam monte duos ſerpentes invenit pariter commiſcentes, quos cum virga percuſſit. Irati dii ob hoc, quod naturam impedivit, ipſum contra naturam a forma virili in muliebrem tranſmutarunt.

Unkindelich he was transformed,
That he, which erſt a man was formed,
Into a woman was forſhape,
That was to him an angry jape.
But for that he with anger wrought
His anger angerliche he bought.

Confeſſor. Lo, thus my ſone, Ovide hath write,
Wherof thou might by reſon wite,
More is a man than ſuche a beſte,
So might it never ben honeſt
A man to wrathen him to ſore
Of that another doth the lore
Of kinde, in whiche is no malice,
But only that it is a vice.
And though a man be reſonable,
Yet after kinde he is mevable
To love, where he woll or none.
Thenk thou, my ſone, therupon
And do malencolie awey,
For love hath ever his luſt to pley
As he, which wold no life greve.

Amans. My fader, that I may well leve
All that ye tellen it is ſkille,
Let every man love as he wille,
Be ſo it be nought my lady.
For I ſhall nought be wroth thereby.
But that I wrath and fare amis
Alone upon my ſelf it is,
That I with bothe love and kinde
Am ſo beſtad, that I can finde

No wey, howe I it may aſtert,
Which ſtant upon min owne hert
And toucheth to none other life
Sauf onely to that ſwete wife,
For whom, but if it be amended,
My gladde daies ben diſpended.
That I my ſelf ſhall nought forbere
The wrath the whiche I now bere,
For therof is none other liche,
Nowe axeth forth I you beſeche
Of wrathe, if there ought elles is,
Wherof to ſhrive. Sone yis. Confeſſor.

Ira movet litem, que lingue frena reſolvens 2.
Laxa per infames currit ubique vias.
Rixarum nutrix quos educat iſta loquaces,
Hos Venus a latere linquit habere vagos.
Sed pacienter agens taciturno qui celat ore,
Vincet et optati carpit amoris iter.

Of wrathe the ſecond is cheſt, Hic tractat confeſſor ſuper ſecunda ſpecie ire, que lis dicitur, ex cuius contumeliis innumeroſa dolorum occaſio tam in amoris cauſa quam aliter in quam pluribus ſepiſſime exorta eſt.
Which hath the windes of tempeſt
To kepe, and many a ſodein blaſt
He bloweth, wherof ben agaſt
They, that deſiren pees and reſt.
He is that ilke ungoodlieſt,
Which many a luſty love hath twinned,
For he bereth ever his mouth unpinned,
So that his lippes ben unloke
And his corage is all to-broke,
That every thing, whiche he can telle,
It ſpringeth up as doth a welle,
Which may none of his ſtremes hide,
But renneth out on every ſide.

So boilen up the foule ſawes,
That cheſte wote of his felawes.
For as a ſive kepeth ale,
Right ſo can cheſte kepe a tale,
All that he wote, he woll diſcloſe
And ſpeke er any man oppoſe.
As a citee withoute a walle,
Where men may gon out overalle
Withouten any reſiſtence,
So with his croked eloquence
He ſpeketh all, that he wot withinne,
Wherof men leſe more than winne.
For often time of his chiding
He bringeth to houſe ſuch tiding,
That maketh werre at beddes hede.
He is the levein of the brede,
Which ſoureth all the paſt about.
Men ought well ſuche one to doute.
For ever his bowe is redy bent,
And whome he hit I tell him ſhent,
If he may perce him with his tonge.
And eke ſo loude his belle is ronge,
That of the noiſe and of the ſoune
Men feren him in all the towne,
Well more than they done of thonder.
For that is cauſe of more wonder.
For with the windes, which he bloweth
Full ofte ſith he overthroweth
The citees and the polecie,
That I have herd the people crie

And echone ſaide in his degre:
Ha, wicke tunge, wo thou be.
For men ſain, that the harde bone
All though him ſelve have none,
A tunge braketh it all to pieces.
He hath ſo many ſondry ſpieces
Of vice, that I may nought wele
Deſcrive hem by a thouſand dele.
But whan that he to cheſte falleth,
Full many a wonder thing befalleth,
For he ne can no thing forbere.
Now tell, my ſone, thin anſwere,
If it hath ever ſo betid,
That thou at any time haſt chid
Toward thy love. Fader nay. Confeſſio amantis.
Such cheſte yet unto this day
Ne made I never, god forbede.
For er I ſinge ſuche a crede,
I hadde lever to be lewed,
For thanne were I all beſhrewed
And worthy to be put abacke
With all the ſorwe upon my backe,
That any man ordeigne couthe.
But I ſpake never yet by mouthe
That unto cheſte mighte touche.
And that I durſt right wel avouche
Upon her ſelfe, as for witneſſe.
For I wote of her gentileſſe,
That ſhe me wolde wel excuſe,
That I no ſuche thinges uſe.

And if it ſhulde ſo betid,
That I algates muſt chid,
It mighte nought be to my love.
For ſo yet was I never above
For all this wide world to winne,
That I durſt any word beginne,
By which ſhe might have ben amoved,
And I of cheſte alſo reproved.
But rather if it might her like,
The beſte wordes wolde I pike,
Whiche I couthe in min herte cheſe
And ſerve hem forth in ſtede of cheſe.
For that is helpelich to defie,
And ſo I wolde my wordes plie,
That mighten wrath and cheſte avale
With telling of my ſofte tale.
Thus dar I make a forward,
That never unto my lady ward
Yet ſpake I word in ſuche a wiſe,
Wherof that cheſte ſhulde ariſe.
Thus ſay I nought, that I full ofte
Ne have, whan I ſpake moſt ſofte,
Par cas ſaid more than inough,
But ſo well halt no man the plough,
That he ne balketh other while.
Ne ſo wel can no man affile
His tunge, that ſomtime in rape
Him may ſome light word overſcape,
And yet ne meneth he no cheſte.
But that I have ayein her heſte

Full ofte ſpoke, I am beknowe.
And how my wille is that ye knowe,
For whan my time cometh about,
That I dar ſpeke and ſay all out
My longe love, of which ſhe wot,
That ever in one aliche hot
Me greveth, than all my diſeſe
I telle, and though it her diſpleſe
I ſpeke it forth and nought ne leve.
And though it be beſide her leve
I hope and trowe netheles,
That I do nought ayein the pees.
For though I telle her all my thought,
She wot well, that I chide nought.
Men may the highe god beſeche,
And he wol here a mannes ſpeche
And be nought wroth of that he ſaith,
So yiveth it me the more feith
And maketh me hardy ſoth to ſay,
That I dar wel the better prey
My lady, whiche a woman is.
For though I telle her that er is
Of love, which me greveth ſore,
Her ought nought be wroth the more,
For I withoute noiſe or cry
My plaint make all buxomly
To putten alle wrath away,
Thus dar I ſay unto this day
Of cheſte, in erneſt or in game,
My lady ſhall me no thing blame.

But ofte time it hath betid,
That with my ſelven I have chid,
That no man couthe better chide,
And that hath ben at every tide,
Whan I cam to my ſelve alone.
For than I made a prive mone
And every tale by and by,
Whiche as I ſpake to my lady,
I thenke and peiſe in my balaunce
And drawe into my remembraunce.
And than, if that I finde a lacke
Of any word, that I miſſpake,
Which was to moche in any wiſe,
Anone my wittes I deſpiſe
And make a chiding in min herte,
That any word me ſhulde aſterte,
Whiche as I ſhulde have holden inne.
And ſo forth after I beginne
And loke if there was elles ought
To ſpeke, and I ne ſpake it nought.
And than if I may ſeche and finde,
That any word ben left behinde,
Whiche as I ſhuld more have ſpoke,
I wold upon my ſelf be wroke
And chide with my ſelven ſo,
That all my wit is over-go.
For no man may his time lore
Recover, and thus I am therfore
So overwroth in all my thought,
That I my ſelf chide all to nought.

Thus for to moche, or for to lite
Full ofte I am my ſelf to wite.
But all that may me nought availe
With cheſte though I me travaile,
But oule on ſtoke and ſtoke on oule,
The more that a man defoule,
Men witen wel which hath the werſe.
And ſo to me nis worth a kerſe,
But torneth unto min owne hede,
Though I tell, that I were dede,
Wolde ever chide in ſuche a wiſe
Of love, as I to you deviſe.
But fader, now ye have all herd
In this maner, howe I have ferd
Of cheſte and of diſſenſion,
Yif me your abſolucion.
My ſone, if that thou wiſteſt all, Confeſſor.
What cheſte doth in ſpeciall
To love and to his welwilling,
Thou woldeſt fleen his knowleching
And lerne to be debonaire.
For who that moſt can ſpeke faire
Is moſt accordend unto love.
Fair ſpeche hath ofte brought above
Full many a man, as it is knowe,
Whiche elles ſhuld have ben right lowe
And failed mochel of his wille.
Forthy hold thou thy tunge ſtille
And let thy wit thy will areſte,
So that thou falle nought in cheſte,

Whiche is the ſource of great diſtaunce,
And take into thy remembraunce,
If thou might gete pacience,
Whiche is the leche of all offence,
As tellen us theſe olde wiſe.
Seneca. Paciencia eſt vindicta omnium injuriarum. For whan nought elles may ſuffiſe
By ſtrengthe ne by mannes wit,
Than pacience it over ſit
And over cometh it at laſte.
But he may never longe laſte,
Which woll nought bow er that he breke.
Take hede, ſone, of that I ſpeke.
Amans. My fader, of your goodly ſpeche
And of the wit, whiche ye me teche,
I thonke you with all min hert.
For that word ſhall me never aſtert,
That I ne ſhall your wordes holde
Of pacience, as ye me tolde,
Als ferforth as min herte thenketh
And of my wrath it me forthenketh.
But fader, if ye forth with all
Some good enſample in ſpeciall
Me wolden teche of ſome cronique,
It ſhulde well min herte like
Of pacience for to here,
So that I might in my matere
The more unto my love obey
And putten my diſeſe awey.
Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum de pacien-cia in amore contra My ſone, a man to bye him pees
Behoveth ſuffre as Socrates

Enſample left, whiche is write,
And for thou ſhalt the ſothe wite
Of this enſample, what I mene,
All though it be now litel ſene
Among the men thilke evidence,
Yet he was upon pacience
So ſet, that he him ſelf aſſay
In thing, which might him moſt miſpay,
Deſireth and a wicked wife
He weddeth, which in ſorwe and ſtrife
Ayein his eſe was contraire.
But he ſpake ever ſoft and faire,
Till it befell, as it is tolde,
In winter, whan the day is colde,
This wife was fro the welle come,
Where that a pot with water nome
She hath and brought it into houſe,
And ſigh, how that her ſely ſpouſe
Was ſet and loked on a boke
Nigh to the fire as he, which toke
His eſe as for a man of age.
And ſhe began the wode rage
And axeth him, what divel he thought
And bare on hond, that him ne rought
What labour that ſhe toke on honde,
And ſaith, that ſuche an huſbonde
Was to a wife nought worth a ſtre.
He ſaide nouther nay ne ye,
But helde him ſtille and lete her chide.
And ſhe, which may her ſelf nought hide,

lites habenda, et narrat, qualiter uxor Socratis ipſum quodam die multis ſermonibus litigavit, ſed cum ipſe abſque ulla reſponſione omnia probra pacienter ſuſtulit, indignata uxor quandam ydriam plenam aque, quam in manu tenebat, ſuper caput viri ſui ſubito effudit, dicens: evigila et loquere, qui reſpondens tunc ait: O vere jam ſcio et expertus ſum, quod poſt ventorum rabiem ſequuntur ymbres. Et iſto modo litis contumeliam ſua paciencia devicit.

Began withinne for to ſwelle
And that ſhe brought in fro the welle
The water pot ſhe hent a lofte
And bad him ſpeke, and he all ſofte
Sat ſtille and nought a word anſwerd.
And ſhe was wroth, that he ſo ferd,
And axeth him, if he be dede,
And all the water on his hede
She poured out and bad him awake.
But he, whiche wol nought forſake
His pacience, thanne ſpake
And ſaid, how that he fond no lake
In nothing which ſhe hadde do,
For it was winter time tho
And winter, as by wey of kinde,
Which ſtormy is as men it finde,
Firſt maketh the windes for to blowe
And after that within a throwe
He reineth and the water gates
Undoth, and thus my wife algates,
Which is with reſon well beſein,
Hath made me bothe winde and rein
After the ſeſon of the yere.
And than he ſet him ner the fire
And as he might his clothes dreide,
That he nomore o word ne ſaide,
Wherof he gat him ſomdele reſt,
For that him thought was for the beſt.

Confeſſor. I not if thilke enſample yit
Accordeth with a mannes wit

To ſuffre, as Socrates dede.
And if it fal in any ſtede
A man to leſe ſo his galle,
Him ought among the women alle
In loves court by jugement
The name bere of pacient
To yive enſample to the good
Of pacience how that it ſtood,
That other men it mighte knowe.
And ſone, if thou at any throwe
Be tempted ayein pacience,
Take hede upon this evidence,
It ſhall par cas the laſſe greve.
My fader, ſo as I beleve — Amans.
Of that ſhall be no maner nede,
For I woll take ſo good hede,
That er I fall in ſuche aſſay
I thenke eſcheue, if that I may.
But if there be ought elles more,
Wherof I mighte take lore
I praie you, ſo as I dare,
Now telleth, that I may beware,
Some other tale of this mater.
Sone, it is ever good to lere, — Confeſſor.
Wherof thou might thy word reſtreigne,
Er that thou falle in any peine.
For who that can no counſeil hide,
He may nought faile of wo beſide,
Which ſhall befalle, er he it wite,
As I finde in the bokes write.

Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum, quod de alterius lite intromittere cavendum eſt. Et narrat, qualiter Jupiter cum Junone ſuper quadam queſtione litigabat, videlicet utrum vir an mulier in amoris concupiſcencia fervencius ardebat, ſuper quo Tireſiam eorum judicem conſtituebant. Et quia ille contra Junonem in dicte litis cauſa ſentenciam diffinivit, irata dea ipſum amborum oculorum lumine claritatis abſque remiſſione privavit.

Yet cam there never good of ſtrife
To ſeche in all a mannes life,
Though it beginne on pure game,
Full ofte it torneth into grame
And doth grevaunce on ſom ſide.
Wherof the grete clerk Ovide
After the lawe, which was tho,
Of Jupiter and of Juno
Maketh in his bokes mencion,
How they felle at diſſencion
In maner as it were a borde,
As they begunne for to worde
Among hem ſelf in privete.
And that was upon this degre,
Whiche of the two more amorous is
Or man or wife. And upon this
They mighten nought accorde in one
And toke a juge therupon,
Which cleped is Tireſias
And bede him demen in this cas.
And he withoute aviſement
Ayein Juno yaf jugement.
This goddeſſe upon his anſwere
Was wroth and wolde nought forbere,
But toke awey for evermo
The light from both his eyen two.
Whan Jupiter this harm hath ſein
Another bienfait there ayein
He yaf and ſuche a grace him doth,
That for he wiſte he ſaide ſoth

A ſoth-ſaier he was for ever.
But yet that other were lever
Have had the loking of his eye
Than of his word the prophecie.
But how ſo that the ſothe went,
Strife was the cauſe, of that he hent
So great a peine bodily.
My ſone, be thou ware thereby — Confeſſor.
And hold thy tunge ſtille cloſe,
For who that hath his word diſcloſe
Er that he wite what he mene
He is full ofte nigh his tene
And leſeth full many time grace,
Wher that he wold his thank purchace.
And over this, my ſone dere,
Of other men, if thou might here
In privite, what they have wrought,
Hold counſeil and diſcover it nought,
For cheſte can no counſeil hele,
Or be it wo or be it wele,
And take a tale into thy minde,
The which of olde enſample I finde.
Phebus, which maketh the daies light,
A love he hadde, which tho hight
Cornide, whom aboven alle
He pleſeth. But what ſhall befalle
Of love, there is no man knoweth.
But as fortune her happes throweth,
So it befell upon a chaunce
A yonge knight toke her acqueintaunce

Quia litigantes ora ſua cohibere nequeunt, hic ponit confeſſor exemplum contra illos, qui in amoris cauſa alterius conſilium revelare preſumunt. Et narrat, qualiter quedam avis tunc albiſſima nomine Corvus, conſilium domine ſue Cornide Phebo denudavit, unde contigit non ſo-

lum ipſam Cornidem interfici, ſed et Corvum, qui antea tanquam nix albus fuit, in piceum colorem pro perpetuo tranſmutari.

And had of her all that he wolde.
But a fals bird, which ſhe hath holde
And kept in chambre of pure youthe
Diſcovereth all that ever he couthe.
The briddes name was as tho
Corvus, the which was than alſo
Well more white than any ſwan,
And he the ſhrewe all that he can
Of his lady to Phebus ſaide.
And he for wrath his ſwerd out braide,
With which Cornide anone he ſlough,
But after him was wo inough
And toke a full great repentaunce,
Wherof in token and remembraunce
Of hem, whiche uſen wicke ſpeche,
Upon this brid he toke his wreche,
That there he was ſnow-white to-fore
Ever afterward cole black therfore
He was transformed, as it ſheweth.
And many a man yet him beſhreweth
And clepen him into this day
A raven, by whom yet men may
Take evidence, whan he crieth,
That ſome miſhap it ſignifieth.
Beware therfore and ſay the beſt,
If thou wolt be thy ſelf in reſt,
My gode ſone, as I the rede.

Hic loquitur ſuper eodem et narrat, qualiter Laar nimpha eo, quod Jupiter Juturnam adulteravit, Ju-

For in another place I rede
Of thilke nimphe, which Laar hight.
For ſhe the privete by night,

How Jupiter lay by Jutorne,
Hath told, god made her overtorne,
Her tunge he cut and into helle
For ever he ſent her for to dwelle,
As ſhe that was nought worthy here
To ben of love a chamberere,
For ſhe no counſeil couthe hele.
And ſuche a daies be now fele
In loves courte, as it is ſaide,
That let her tunges gone unteide.
My ſone, be thou none of tho
To jangle and telle tales ſo,
And namely that thou ne chide,
For cheſte can no counſeil hide,
For wrathe ſaide never wele.
My fader, ſothe is every dele, Amans.
That ye me teche, and I woll holde
The reule to whiche I am holde,
To fle the cheſte, as ye me bidde.
For well is him, that never chidde.
Now telle me forth if there be more,
As touchinge unto wrathes lore.

noni Jovis uxori ſecretum revelavit. Quapropter Jupiter ira commotus lingua Laaris prius abſciſſa ipſam poſtea in profundum Acherontis exulem pro perpetuo mancipavit.

Demonis eſt odium quaſi ſcriba, cui dabit ira
Materiam ſcripti cordis ad antra ſui.
Non laxabit amor, odii quem frena reſtringunt
Nec ſecreta ſui juris adire ſcivit.

3.

Of wrathe yet there is another,
Whiche is to cheſte his owne brother,
And is by name cleped hate,
That ſuffreth nought within his gate,

Hic tractat confeſſor de tercia ſpecie ire, que odium dicitur, cuius natura omnes ire inimicicias ad mentem reducens illas uſque

ad tempus vindicte velut ſcriba demonis in cordis papiro commemorandas inſerit.

That there come other love or pees,
For he woll make no releſe
Of no debate, whiche is befalle.
Now ſpeke, if thou arte one of alle,
That with this vice hath be witholde.

Amans. As yet for ought that ye me tolde,
My fader, I not what it is.

Confeſſor. In good feith, ſone, I trowe yis.

Amans. My fader, nay, but ye me lere.

Confeſſor. Now liſt, my ſone, and thou ſhalt here.
Hate is a wrathe nought ſhewend,
But of long time gaderend,
And dwelleth in the herte loken
Till he ſe time to be wroken.
And than he ſheweth his tempeſt
More ſodein than the wilde beſte,
Which wot nothing, what mercy is.
My ſone, art thou knowen of this?

Confeſſio amantis. My gode fader, as I wene,
Now wote I ſomedele what ye mene,
But I dare ſaufly make an othe,
My lady was me never lothe.
I woll nought ſwere netheles,
That I of hate am gilteles.
For whan I to my lady ply
Fro day to day and mercy cry,
And ſhe no mercy on me laith,
But ſhorte wordes to me ſaith,
Though I my lady love algate,
Tho wordes mote I nedes hate

And wolde they were all diſpent
Or ſo fer out of londe went,
That I never after ſhuld hem here.
And yet love I my lady dere.
Thus is there hate, as ye may ſe,
Betwene my ladies word and me.
The worde I hate and her I love,
What ſo me ſhall betide of love.
But furthermore I woll me ſhrive,
That I have hated all my live
Theſe janglers, whiche of her envie
Ben ever redy for to lie.
For with her fals compaſſement
Full often they have made me ſhent
And hindred me full ofte time,
Whan they no cauſe wiſten byme,
But onlich of her owne thought.
And thus full ofte have I bought
The lie and drank nought of the wine.
I wolde her hap were ſuch as mine.
For how ſo that I be now ſhrive,
To hem ne may I nought foryive,
Till I ſe hem at debate
With love, and thanne min eſtate
They mighten by her owne deme
And loke, how wel it ſhuld hem queme
To hinder a man, that loveth ſore.
And thus I hate hem evermore,
Til love on hem wold done his wreche,
For that I ſhall alway beſeche

Unto the mighty Cupido,
That he ſo mochel wolde do,
So as he is of love a god,
To ſmite hem with the ſame rod,
With whiche I am of love ſmiten,
So that they mighten know and witen,
How hindring is a wofull peine
To him, that love wold atteigne.
Thus ever on hem I wait and hope,
Till I may ſe hem lepe a lope
And halten on the ſame ſore,
Whiche I do now for evermore.
I wolde thanne do my might
So for to ſtonden in her light,
That they ne ſhulden have a wey
To that they wolden put awey.
I wolde hem put out of the ſtede
Fro love, right as they me dede
With that they ſpeke of me by mouthe,
So wolde I do, if that I couthe
Of hem, and thus ſo god me ſave
Is all the hate that I have
Toward theſe janglers every dele,
I wolde all other ferde wele.
Thus have I, fader, ſaid my wille.
Say ye now forth, for I am ſtille.

Confeſſor. My ſone, of that thou haſt me ſaid
I holde me nought fully paid,
That thou wold haten any man
To that accorden I ne can,

Though he have hindred the to-fore.
But this I telle the therfore,
Thou might upon my beniſon
Well haten the condicion
Of tho janglers, as thou me toldeſt,
But furthermore, of that thou woldeſt
Hem hinder in any other wiſe,
Suche hate is ever to deſpiſe.
Forthy my ſone, I wold the rede,
That thou drawe in by frendly hede,
That thou ne might nought do by hate,
So might thou gete love algate
And ſette the, my ſone, in reſt.
For thou ſhalt finde it for the beſt,
And over this ſo as I dare
I rede, that thou be right ware
Of other mennes hate about,
Whiche every wiſe man ſhulde dout,
For hate is ever upon await.
And as the fiſher on his bait
Sleeth, whan he ſeeth the fiſhes faſte,
So whan he ſeeth time ate laſt,
That he may worche an other wo,
Shall no man tornen him ther fro,
That hate nill his felonie
Fulfill and feigne compaignie.
Yet netheles for fals ſemblaunt
Is toward him of covenaunt
Witholde, ſo that under bothe
The prive wrathe can him clothe,

That he ſhall ſeme a great beleve.
But ware the well, that thou ne leve
All that thou ſeeſt to-fore thin eye,
So as the Gregois whilom ſigh,
The boke of Troie who ſo rede,
There may he finde enſample in dede.

Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum contra illos, qui cum ire ſue odium aperte vindicare non poſſint, ficta diſſimulacione vindictam ſubdole aſſequentur. Et narrat, quod cum Palamides princeps Grecorum in obſidione Troie a quibuſdam ſuis emulis proditorie interfectus fuiſſet paterque ſuus rex Nanplus in patria ſua tunc exiſtens huiuſmodi eventus certitudinem ſciviſſet, Grecos in ſui cordis odium ſuper omnia recollegit, unde contigit, quod cum Greci devicta Troia per altum mare verſus Greciam navigio remeantes obſcuriſſimo noctis tempore nimia ventorum tempeſtate jactabantur, rex Nanplus in terra ſua contra litus maris, ubi majora ſaxorum eminebant pericula ſuper cacumina moncium, grandiſſimos noctanter fecit ignes, quos Greci aſpicientes ſalvum portum ibidem invenire certiſſime putabant, et terram approximantes diruptis navibus magna pars Grecorum periclita-

Sone, after the deſtruction,
Whan Troy was alle bete down
And ſlain was Priamus the king,
The Gregois, which of all this thing
Ben cauſe, tornen home ayein.
There may no man his hap withſain,
It hath ben ſene and felt full ofte,
The harde time after the ſofte.
By ſee as they forth homeward went,
A rage of great tempeſt hem hent.
Juno let bende her partie bow,
The ſky wax derke, the wind gan blow,
The firy welken gan to thonder,
As though the world ſhuld al aſonder.
From heven out of the water gates
The reiny ſtorm fell down algates,
And all her tacle made unwelde,
That no man might him ſelf bewelde.
There may men here ſhipmen crie,
That ſtood in aunter for to die.
He that behinde ſat to ſtere
May nought the fore ſtempne here,
The ſhip aroſe ayein the wawes,
The lodeſman hath loſt his lawes,

The ſee bet in on every ſide,
They niſten what fortune abide,
But ſetten hem all in goddes will,
Where he wolde hem ſave or ſpill.
And it fell thilke time thus,
There was a kinge, which Nanplus
Was hote, and he a ſone hadde
At Troie, which the Gregois ladde
As he, that was made prince of alle,
Till that fortune let him falle.
His name was Palamides,
But through an hate netheles
Of ſom of hem his deth was caſte
And he by treſon overcaſte.
His fader, whan he herde it telle,
He ſwore, if ever his time felle,
He wolde him venge if that he might,
And therto his avow he hight.
And thus this king through prive hate
Abode upon a waite algate,
For he was nought of ſuche empriſe,
To vengen him in open wiſe.
The fame, which goth wide where,
Maketh knowe, how that the Gregois were
Homward with al the felaſhip
Fro Troy upon the ſee by ſhip.
Nanplus, whan he this underſtood
And knew the tides of the flood
And ſigh the wind blow to the londe,
A great deceipt anone he fonde

batur. Et ſic, quod Nanplus viribus nequiit, odio latitante per diſſimulacionis fraudem vendicavit.

Of prive hate, as thou ſhalte here,
Wherof I telle all this matere.
This king the weder gan beholde
And wiſte well, they moten holde
Her cours endlonge his marche right,
And made upon the derke night
Of grete ſhides and of blockes
Great fire ayeine the great rockes,
To ſhew upon the hilles high,
So that the flete of Grece it ſigh.
And ſo it fell right as he thought,
This flete, which an haven ſought,
The brighte fires ſighe a fer,
And they ben drawen ner and ner
And wende well and underſtood,
How all that fire was made for good
To ſhewe where men ſhulde arrive.
And thiderward they haſten blive.
In ſemblaunt as men ſain is guile.
And that was proved thilke while.
The ſhip, which wend his helpe accroche
Drof all to pieces on the roche.
And ſo there deden ten or twelve
There no man mighte helpe him ſelve,
For there they wenden deth eſcape
Withouten helpe her deth was ſhape.
Thus they that comen firſt to-fore
Upon the rockes ben forlore.
But through the noiſe and through the cr
The other weren ware therby,

And whan the day began to rowe,
Tho mighten they the ſothe knowe,
That where they wenden frendes finde,
They fonde frendſhip all behinde.
The londe than was ſone weived,
Where that they hadden be deceived,
And toke hem to the highe ſee,
Therto they ſaiden alle ye,
Fro that day forthe and ware they were
Of that they had aſſaied there.
My ſone, wherof thou might aviſe, Confeſſor.
How fraude ſtant in many wiſe
Among hem, that guile thinke.
There is no ſcrivener with his inke,
Whiche half the fraude write can,
That ſtant in ſuche a maner man.
Forthy the wiſe men ne demen
The thinges after that they ſemen,
But after that they knowe and finde.
The mirrour ſheweth in his kinde,
As he had all the world withinne
And is in ſoth nothing therinne.
And ſo fareth hate for a throwe,
Till he a man hath overthrowe,
Shall no man knowe by his chere,
Whiche is avaunt, ne whiche arere.
Forthy my ſone, thenke on this.
My fader, ſo I woll iwis, Amans.
And if there more of wrathe be,
Nowe axeth forth pour charite,

As ye by your bokes knowe,
And I the ſothe ſhall beknowe.

4. *Qui cohibere manum nequit et ſic ſpem eius*
Naribus hic populo ſepe timendus erit.
Sepius in luctum Venus et ſua gaudia transfert,
Cumque ſuis thalamis talis amicus adeſt.
Eſt amor amplexu non ictibus alliciendus,
Frangit amicicias impetuoſa manus.

Hic tractat confeſſor ſuper quarta et quinta ſpecie ire, que impetuoſitas et homicidium dicuntur. Sed primo de impetuoſitate ſpecialiter tractare intendit, cuius natura ſpiritum in naribus geſtando ad omnes ire mociones in vindictam parata pacienciam nullatenus obſervat.

My ſone, thou ſhalt underſtonde,
That yet towarde wrathe ſtonde
Of dedly vices other two.
And for to telle her names ſo
It is contek and homicide,
That ben to drede on every ſide.
Contek ſo as the bokes ſain
Foolhaſt hath to his chamberlain,
By whoſe counſeil all unaviſed
Is pacience moſt deſpiſed,
Till homicide with him mete.
Fro mercy they ben all unmete
And thus ben they the worſt of alle
Of hem, whiche unto wrathe falle
In dede both and eke in thought.
For they accompte her wrath at nought,
But if there be ſheding of blood.
And thus liche to a beſte wode
They knowen nought the god of life,
Be ſo they have ſwerde or knife
Her dedly wrathe for to wreke,
Of pite liſt hem nought to ſpeke.
None other reſon they ne fonge,
But that they ben of mightes ſtronge.

But ware hem well in other place,
Where every man behoveth grace.
But there I trowe it ſhall him faile,
To whom no mercy might availe,
But wroughten upon tirannie,
That no pite ne might hem plie.
Now tell, my ſone. My fader, what? Opponit confeſſor.
If thou haſt be coupable of that?
My fader, nay, Criſt me forbede, Confeſſio amantis.
I ſpeke onliche of the dede,
Of which I was never coupable
Without cauſe reſonable.
But this is nought to my matere
Of ſhrifte, why we ſitten here.
For we ben ſet to ſhrive of love,
As we beganne firſt above.
And netheles I am beknowe,
That as touchend of loves throwe,
Whan I my wittes overwende,
Min hertes contek hath none ende,
But ever ſtant upon debate
To great diſeſe of min eſtate,
As for the time that it laſteth.
For whan my fortune overcaſteth
Her whele and is to me ſo ſtraunge
And that I ſe, ſhe woll nought chaunge,
Than caſt I all the worlde about
And thenk, howe I at home in dout
Have all my time in vein deſpended
And ſe nought how to be amended,

But rather for to be empeired,
As he that is well nigh deſpeired.
For I ne may no thank deſerve,
And ever I love and ever I ſerve
And ever I am a liche nere,
Thus, for I ſtonde in ſuche a were,
I am as who ſaith out of herre.
And thus upon my ſelf I werre,
I bringe and put out alle pees,
That I full ofte in ſuch a rees
Am wery of min owne life,
So that of contek and of ſtrife
I am beknowe and have anſwerde,
As ye, my fader, now have herde.
Min herte is wonderly begone
With counſeil, wherof wit is one,
Whiche hath reſon in compaignie
Ayein the whiche ſtant partie
Will, which hath hope of his accorde.
And thus they bringen up diſcorde,
Witte and reſon counſeilen ofte,
That I min herte ſhulde ſofte
And that I ſhulde will remue
And put him out of retenue
Or elles holde him under fote.
For as they ſain, if that he mote,
His owne reule have upon honde,
There ſhall no wit ben underſtonde
Of hope, alſo they tellen this,
That over all where that he is

He ſet the herte in jeopartie
With wiſhing and with fantaſie,
And is nought trewe of that he ſaith,
So that there is on him no feith.
Thus with reſon and witte aviſed
Is will and hope all day deſpiſed.
Reſon ſaith, that I ſhulde leve
To love, where there is no leve
To ſpede, and will ſaith there ayein,
That ſuch an herte is to vilain,
Which dare nought love, till that he ſpede.
Let hope ſerve at ſuche nede.
He ſaith eke, where an herte ſit
All hole governed upon wit,
He hath this lives luſt forlore.
And thus min herte is all to-tore
Of ſuche a contek, as they make.
But yet I may nought will forſake,
That he nis maiſter of my thought,
Or that I ſpede, or ſpede nought.
Thou doſt, my ſone, ayeinſt the right, Confeſſor.
But love is of ſo great a might,
His lawe may no man refuſe,
So might thou there the better excuſe.
And netheles thou ſhalt be lerned,
That will ſhulde be governed
Of reſon more than of kinde,
Wherof a tale write I finde.
A philoſophre of which men tolde Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum, quod omnis impetuoſa
There was whilom by daies olde,

voluntas ſit diſcrecionis moderamine gubernanda. Et narrat, qualiter Diogenes, qui motus animi ſui rationi ſubjugaverat, regem Alexandrum ſuper iſto facto ſibi opponente plenius informavit.

And Diogenes than he hight.
So olde he was, that he ne might
The world travaile, and for the beſt
He ſhope him for to take his reſt
And dwelle at home in ſuche a wiſe,
That nigh his houſe he let deviſe
Endlonge upon an axel tree
To ſet a tonne in ſuche degree,
That he it mighte torne aboute,
Wherof one heed was taken oute,
For he therinne ſitte ſhulde
And torne him ſelve as he wolde
And take the eire and ſe the heven
And deme of the planetes ſeven
As he, which couthe mochel what.
And thus full ofte there he ſat
To muſe in his philoſophie
Sole withouten compaignie,
So that upon a morwe tide
A thing, which ſhulde tho betide,
Whan he was ſette, here as him liſt
To loke upon the ſonne ariſt,
Wherof the propertie he ſigh,
It felle, there cam ridend nigh
King Aliſaundre with a route.
And as he caſt his eye aboute
He ſigh this tonne, and what it ment
He wolde wite, and thider ſent
A knight, by whom he might it knowe.
And he him ſelf that ilke throwe

Abode and hoveth there ſtille.
This knight after the kinges wille
With ſpore made his horſe to gone
And to the tonne he cam anone,
Where that he fonde a man of age,
And he him tolde the meſſage,
Suche as the kinge him had bede,
And axeth why in thilke ſtede
The tonne ſtood and what it was.
And he, which underſtood the cas,
Sat ſtill and ſpake no worde ayein.
The knight bad ſpeke and ſaith: Vilain,
Thou ſhalt me telle, er that I go,
It is thy king, whiche axeth ſo.
My king, quod he, that were unright.
What is he thanne? ſaith the knight,
Is he thy man? That ſay I nought,
Quod he, but this I am bethought,
My mannes man how that he is.
Thou lieſt, falſe cherle, iwis,
The knight him ſaid and was right wroth,
And to the kinge ayein he goth
And told him, how this man anſwerde.
The king, whan he this tale herde,
Bad that they ſhulden all abide,
For he him ſelf wold thider ride.
And whan he came to-fore the tonne,
He hath his tale thus begonne:
Al heil, he ſaith, what man art thou?
Quod he: Such one as thou ſeeſt now.

The king, which hadde wordes wiſe,
His age wolde nought deſpiſe
But ſaith: My fader, I the pray,
That thou me wolt the cauſe ſay,
How that I am thy mannes man?
Sire king, quod he, and that I can,
If thou wilt. Yes, ſaith the king.
Quod he: This is the ſoth thing
Sith I firſt reſon underſtood
And knew what thing was evil and good,
The will, whiche of my body moveth,
Whos werkes that the god reproveth,
I have reſtreigned evermore
Of him, which ſtant under the lore
Of reſon, whos ſubject he is,
So that he may nought done amis.
And thus by wey of covenaunt
Will is my man and my ſervaunt
And ever hath be and ever ſhall.
And thy will is thy principal
And hath the lordſhip of thy wit,
So that thou coutheſt never yit
Take a day reſt of thy labour.
But for to be a conquerour
Of worldes good, which may nought laſte,
Thou hieſt ever a liche faſte,
Where thou no reſon haſt to winne.
And thus thy will is cauſe of ſinne
And is thy lord to whom thou ſerveſt,
Wherof thou litel thank deſerveſt.

The king, of that he thus anſwerd,
Was nothing wroth, but when he herd
The highe wiſedom, whiche he ſaide,
With goodly wordes this he praide,
That he him wolde tell his name.
I am, quod he, that ilke ſame,
Which men Diogenes calle.
Tho was the king right glad with alle,
For he had herd ofte to-fore
What man he was, ſo that therfore
He ſaide: O wiſe Diogene,
Now ſhall thy grete wit be ſene,
For thou ſhalt of my yifte have,
What worldes thinge thou wolt crave.
Quod he: Than hove out of my ſonne
And lete it ſhine into my tonne,
For thou benimſt me thilke yifte,
Which lith nought in thy might to ſhifte,
None other good of the me nedeth.
The king, whom every contre dredeth,
Lo, thus he was enformed there,
Wherof, my ſone, thou might lere,
How that thy wil ſhal nought be leved,
Where it is nought of wit releved.
And thou haſt ſaid thy ſelf er this,
How that thy wil thy maiſter is,
Through which thin hertes thought with-
Is ever of contek to beginne, [inne
So that it is greatly to drede,
That it no homicide brede.

For love is of a wonder kinde
And hath his wittes ofte blinde,
That they fro mannes reſon falle.
But whan that it is ſo befalle,
That will ſhall his corage lede
In loves cauſe, it is to drede,
Wherof I finde enſample write,
Whiche is behovely for to wite.

Hic in amoris cauſa ponit confeſſor exemplum contra illos, qui in ſua dampna nimis accelerantes ex impetuoſitate ſe ipſos multociens offendunt. Et narrat, qualiter Piramus cum ipſe Tiſbe amicam ſuam in loco intereoſdem deputato tempore adventus ſui promptam non invenit, animo impetuoſo ſe ipſum pre dolore extracto gladio mortaliter transfodit, que poſtea infra breve veniens cum ipſum ſic mortuum inveniſſet, eciam et illa in ſue ipſius mortem impetuoſe feſtinans eiuſdem gladii cuſpide ſui cordis intima per medium penetravit.

I rede a tale, and telleth this,
The citee, which Semiramis
Encloſed hath with walle about
Of worthy folk with many a rout
Was inhabited here and there.
Amonge the which two there were
Aboven all other noble and great,
Dwellend tho within a ſtrete
So nigh to-gider, as it was ſene,
That there was nothing hem betwene
But wowe to wowe and walle to walle.
This o lord hath in ſpecialle
A ſone, a luſty bacheler,
In all the towne was none his pere.
That other had a doughter eke
In all the lond that for to ſeke
Men wiſten none ſo faire as ſhe.
And fell ſo, as it ſhulde be,
This faire doughter nigh this ſone,
As they to-gider thanne wone,
Cupid hath ſo the thinges ſhape,
That they ne might his honds eſcape,

That he his fire on hem ne caſte,
Wherof her herts he overcaſte
To folwe thilke lore and ſue,
Which never man yet might eſcheue.
And that was love, as it is happed,
Whiche hath her hertes ſo betrapped,
That they by alle waies ſeche,
How that they mighten winne a ſpeche
Her wofull peine for to leſſe.
Who loveth wel, it may nought miſſe.
And namely whan there ben two
Of one accord, how ſo it go,
But if that they ſome waie finde,
For love is ever of ſuche a kinde
And hath his folk ſo wel affaited,
That how ſo that it be awaited,
There may no man the purpos let.
And thus betwene hem two they ſet
An hole upon a wal to make,
Through which they have her counſeil take
At alle times, whan they might.
This faire maiden Tiſbe hight
And he, whom ſhe loved hote,
Was Piramus by name hote.
So longe her leſſon they recorden,
Til ate laſte they accorden
By nightes time for to wende
Alone out fro the townes ende,
Where was a welle under a tree,
And who cam firſt or ſhe or he

He ſhulde ſtille there abide.
So it befell the nightes tide
This maiden, which deſguiſed was,
All prively the ſofte pas
Goth through the large town unknowe,
Till that ſhe cam within a throwe,
Where that ſhe liked for to dwelle
At thilke unhappy freſhe welle,
Which was alſo the foreſt nigh,
Where ſhe comend a leon figh
Into the feld to take his pray
In haſte. And ſhe tho fledde away,
So as fortune ſhulde falle,
For fere and let her wimpel falle
Nigh to the wel upon therbage.
This wilde leon in his rage
A beſte, whiche he found there out,
Hath ſlain and with his bloody ſnout,
Whan he hath eten what he wolde,
To drinke of thilke ſtremes colde
Come unto the welle, where he fonde
The wimpel, whiche out of her honde
Was falle, and he it hath to-drawe,
Bebledde aboute and all forgnawe.
And than he ſtraught him for to drinke
Upon the freſhe welles brinke,
And after that out of the plein
He torneth to the wode ayein.
And Tiſbe durſte nought remewe,
But as a brid, which were in mewe,

Within a buſh ſhe kept her cloſe
So ſtille that ſhe nought aroſe
Unto her ſelf and pleigneth ay.
And fell, while that ſhe there lay,
This Piramus cam after ſone
Unto the welle and by the mone
He found her wimpel bloody there.
Cam never yet to mannes ere
Tidinge ne to mannes ſight
Merveille, which ſo ſore aflight
A mannes herte, as it tho dede
To him, whiche in the ſame ſtede
With many a woful compleigninge
Began his hondes for to wringe
As he, which demeth ſikerly,
That ſhe be dede. And ſodeinly
His ſwerd all naked out he braide
In his fool haſte and thus he ſaide:
I am cauſe of this felonie,
So it is reſon, that I deie,
And ſhe is dede by cauſe of me.
And with that worde upon his kne
He fell, and to the goddes alle
Up to the heven he gan to calle
And praide ſithen it was ſo,
That he may nought his love as tho
Have in this world, that of her grace
He might her have in other place,
For here wolde he nought abide,
He ſaith. But as it ſhall betide,

The pomel of his ſwerd to ground
He ſet and through his hert a wound
He made up to the bare hilte
And in this wiſe him ſelf ſpilte
With his foolhaſte and deth he nam.
For ſhe within a while cam,
Where he lay dede upon his knife,
So woful yet was never life
As Tiſbe was. Whan ſhe him ſigh,
She mighte nought one worde on high
Speke out, for her herte ſhette,
That of her life no pris ſhe ſette,
But dede ſwounend down ſhe felle,
Till after whan it ſo befelle,
That ſhe out of her traunce awoke,
With many a wofull pitous loke
Her eye alwey among ſhe caſte
Upon her love and ate laſte
She caught breth and ſaide thus:
O thou, which cleped art Venus,
Goddeſſe of love, and thou Cupide,
Which loves cauſe haſt for to guide,
I wot now wel, that ye be blinde
Of thilke unhap, whiche I now finde
Only betwene my love and me.
This Piramus, whiche here I ſe
Bledend, what hath he deſerved?
For he your heſt hath kept and ſerved,
And was yonge and I both alſo,
Alas, why do ye with us ſo?

Ye ſet our hertes both on fire
And made us ſuche thing deſire,
Wherof that we no ſkille couthe.
But thus our freſhe luſty youthe
Withouten joy is all deſpended,
Which thing may never ben amended.
For as for me this woll I ſay,
That me is lever for to deie
Than live after this ſorwefull day.
And with this word where as he lay
Her love in armes ſhe embraſeth
Her owne deth and ſo purchaſeth,
That now ſhe wepte and now ſhe kiſte,
Till ate laſte, er ſhe it wiſte,
So great a ſorwe is to her falle,
Whiche overgoth her wittes alle,
And ſhe, which mighte nought aſterte,
The ſwerdes pointe ayein her herte
She ſet and fell down therupon,
Wherof that ſhe was dede anone.
And thus both on a ſwerd bledend
They were found dede liggend.
Now thou, my ſone, haſt herd this tale Confeſſor.
Beware that of thin owne bale
Thou be nought cauſe in thy foolhaſte,
And kepe that thou thy wit ne waſte
Upon thy thought in aventure,
Wherof thy lives forfeture
May falle. And if thou have ſo thought
Er this, tell on and hide it nought.

Amans. My fader, upon loves ſide
My conſcience I wol nought hide,
How that for love of pure wo
I have ben ofte moved ſo,
That with my wiſhes if I might
A thouſand times, I you plight,
I hadde ſtorven in a day.
And therof I me ſhrive may,
Though love fully me ne ſlough,
My will to deie was inough.
So am I of my will coupable
And yet is ſhe nought merciable,
Which may me yive life and hele,
But that her liſt nought with me dele,
I wot by whos counſeil it is
And him wolde I long time er this,
And yet I wolde and ever ſhall,
Sleen and deſtruie in ſpeciall.
The golde of nine kinges londes
Ne ſhulde him ſave fro min hondes,
In my power if that he were.
But yet him ſtant of me no fere,
For nought that ever I can manace,
He is the hinderer of my grace,
Til he be dede I may nought ſpede.
So mote I nedes taken hede
And ſhape, how that he were awey,
If I therto may finde a wey.

Confeſſor. My ſone, tell me now forthy,
Whiche is that mortal enemy,

That thou manaceſt to be dede.
My fader, it is ſuche a quede, Amans.
That where I come, he is to-fore
And doth ſo, that my cauſe is lore.
What is his name? It is daunger, Confeſſor. Amans.
Whiche is my ladies counſeiler.
For I was never yet ſo ſligh
To come in any place nigh,
Where as ſhe was by night or day,
That daunger ne was redy ay,
With whom for ſpeche ne for mede
Yet might I never of love ſpede.
For ever this finde I ſoth,
All that my lady ſaith or doth
To me daunger ſhall make an ende.
And that maketh al my world miſwende,
And ever I axe his helpe, but he
May be wel cleped ſauns pite.
For ay the more I to him bowe,
The laſſe he woll my tale allowe.
He hath my lady ſo engleued,
She woll nought, that he be remeued.
For ever he hongeth on her ſaile
And is ſo prive of counſeile,
That ever whan I have ought bede,
I finde daunger in her ſtede
And min anſwere of him I have.
But for no mercy, that I crave,
Of mercy never a point I hadde.
I find his anſwer ay ſo badde,

That worſe might it never be.
And thus betwen daunger and me
Is ever werre til he deie.
But might I ben of ſuch maiſtrie,
That I daunger had overcome,
With that were all my joie come.
Thus wolde I wonde for no ſinne
Ne yet for all this world to winne,
If that I might finde a ſleight
To lay all min eſtate in weight,
I wolde him fro the court deſever,
So that he come ayeinward never,
Therfore I wisſhe and wolde fain,
That he were in ſome wiſe ſlain.
For while he ſtant in thilke place
Ne gete I nought my ladies grace.
Thus hate I dedely thilke vice
And wolde he ſtood in none office
In place, where my lady is.
For if he do, I wot wel this,
That outher he ſhall deie or I
Within a while, and nought forthy
On my lady full ofte I muſe,
Now that ſhe may her ſelf excuſe.
For if that I deie in ſuche a plite
Me thenketh ſhe might nought be quite
That ſhe ne were an homicide.
And if it ſhulde ſo betide,
As god forbede it ſhulde be,
By double way it is pite.

For I, which all my will and wit
Have yove and ſerved ever yit,
And than I ſhuld in ſuche a wiſe
In rewarding of my ſervice
Be dede, me thenketh it were routh.
And furthermore I telle trouth,
She that hath ever be wel named,
She were worthy than to be blamed
And of reſon to ben appeled,
Whan with o word ſhe might have heled
A man, and ſuffreth him to deie.
Ha, who ſigh ever ſuch a way?
Ha, who ſigh ever ſuch deſtreſſe?
Withoute pite gentileſſe,
Withoute mercy womanhede,
That woll ſo quite a man his mede,
Whiche ever hath be to love trewe.
My gode fader, if ye rewe
Upon my tale, tell me now,
And I wol ſtinte and herken you.
My ſone, attempre thy corage — Confeſſor.
Fro wrath and let thin hert aſſuage,
For who ſo wol him underfonge,
He may his grace abide longe,
Or he of love be received
And eke alſo, but it be weived,
There mighte mochel thing befalle,
That ſhulde make a man to falle
Fro love, that never afterwarde
Ne durſt he loke thiderwarde.

In harde waies men gon ſofte,
And er they climbe aviſe hem ofte,
And men ſeen all day, that rape reweth.
And who ſo wicked ale breweth,
Full ofte he mot the worſe drinke.
Better it is to flete than ſinke,
Better is upon the bridel chewe
Than if he fel and overthrewe
The hors and ſticked in the mire.
To caſt water in the fire
Better is than brenne up al the hous.
The man whiche is malicious
And foolhaſtif, full ofte he falleth.
And ſelden is, whan love him calleth.
Forthy better is to ſuffre a throwe
Than to be wilde and overthrowe.
Suffraunce hath ever be the beſt
To wiſhen him that ſecheth reſt.
And thus if thou wolt love ſpede,
My ſone, ſuffre, as I the rede.
What may the mous ayein the cat?
And for this cauſe I axe that,
Who may to love make a werre,
That he ne hath him ſelf the werre?
Love axeth pees and ever ſhall.
And who that fighteth moſt withall,
Shall leſt conquere of his empriſe.
For this they tellen that ben wiſe,
Whiche is to ſtrive and have the werſe
To haſten, is nought worth a kerſe.

Thinge that a man may nought acheve,
That may nought wel be done at eve,
It mot abide till the morwe.
Ne haſte nought thine owne ſorwe,
My ſone, and take this in thy witte,
He hath nought loſt that wel abitte.
Enſample, that it falleth thus,
Thou might well take of Piramus,
Whan he in haſte his ſwerd out drough
And on the point him ſelven ſlough
For love of Tiſbe pitouſly,
For he her wimpel fond bloody
And wende a beſte her hadde ſlain,
Where as him ought have be right fain,
For ſhe was there al ſauf beſide.
But for he wolde nought abide,
This miſchef fell. Forthy beware,
My ſone, as I the warne dare,
Do thou no thinge in ſuche a rees,
For ſuffraunce is the well of pees,
Though thou to loves court purſue,
Yet ſit it wel, that thou eſcheue,
That thou the court nought overhaſte.
For ſo thou might thy time waſte,
But if thin hap therto be ſhape,
It may nought helpe for to rape.
Therfore attempre thy corage,
Foolhaſte doth none avauntage,
But ofte it ſet a man behinde
In cauſe of love, and I finde

By olde enſample as thou ſhalt here
Touchend of love in this matere.

Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum contra illos, qui in amoris cauſa nimia feſtinacione concupiſcentes tardius expediunt, et narrat, qualiter pro eo, quod Phebus quandam virginem pulcherrimam nomine Daphnem nimia amoris acceleracione inſequebatur, iratus Cupido cor Phebi ſagitta aurea ignita ardencius vulneravit et econtra cor Daphne quadam ſagitta plumbea, que frigidiſſima fuit, ſobrius perforavit, et ſic quanto magis Phebus ardencior in amore Daphnem perſecutus eſt, tanto magis ipſa frigidior Phebi concupiſcenciam toto corde fugitiva dedignabatur.

A maiden whilom there was one,
Which Daphne hight, and ſuch was none
Of beaute than, as it was ſaide.
Phebus his love hath on her laide,
And therupon to her he ſought
In his foolhaſte and ſo beſought,
That ſhe with him no reſte hadde,
For ever upon her love he gradde,
And ſhe ſaid ever unto him nay.
So it befelle upon a day
Cupide, whiche hath every chaunce
Of love under his governaunce,
Sigh Phebus haſten him ſo ſore,
And for he ſhulde him haſte more
And yet nought ſpeden ate laſte
A dart throughout his hert he caſte,
Which was of golde and all a fire,
That made him many fold deſire
Of love more than he dede.
To Daphne eke in the ſame ſtede
A dart of led he caſte and ſmote,
Which was all colde and no thing hote.
And thus Phebus in love brenneth
And in his haſte aboute renneth
To loke, if that he might winne.
But he was ever to beginne,
For ever away fro him ſhe fled,
So that he never his love ſped.

And for to make him full beleve,
That no foolhaſte might acheve
To gete love in ſuch degre,
This Daphne into a lorer tre
Was torned, whiche is ever grene
In token, as yet it may be ſene,
That ſhe ſhall dwelle a maiden ſtille
And Phebus failen of his wille.
By ſuche enſamples as they ſtonde,
My ſone, thou might underſtonde
To haſten love is thing in vein,
Whan that fortune is there ayein,
To take where a man hath leve
Good is, and elles he mot leve.
For whan a mannes happes failen,
There is none haſte may availen.
My fader, graunt mercy of this. Amans.
But while I ſe my lady is
No tree, but holde her owne forme,
There may me no man ſo enforme,
To whether part fortune wende,
That I unto my lives ende
Ne wol her ſerve evermo.
My ſone, ſithen it is ſo, Confeſſor.
I ſay no more, but in this cas
Beware, howe it with Phebus was.
Nought only upon loves chaunce,
But upon every governaunce,
Which falleth unto mannes dede,
Foolhaſte is ever for to drede,

And that a man good counſeil take,
Er he his purpoſe undertake,
For counſeil put foolhaſte awey.

Amans. Now gode fader, I you prey,
That for to wiſſe me the more,
Some good enſample upon this lore
Ye wold me telle, of that is writ,
That I the better mighte wit,
Howe I foolhaſte ſhulde eſcheue
And the wiſdome of counſeil ſue.

Confeſſor. My ſone, that thou might enforme
Thy pacience upon the forme
Of olde enſamples as they felle,
Nowe underſtond, what I ſhall telle.

Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum contra illos, qui nimio furore accenſi vindictam ire ſue ultra quam decet conſequi affectant. Et narrat, qualiter Athemas et Demephon reges, cum ipſi a bello Trojano ad propria remeaſſent et a ſuis ibidem pacifice recepti non fuiſſent, congregato aliunde pugnatorum exercitu regiones ſuas non ſolum incendio vaſtare ſed et omnes in eiſdem habitantes a minimo uſque ad majorem in perpetuam vindicte memoriam gladio interficere fervore iracundie propoſuerunt. Sed rex Neſtor, qui ſenex et ſapiens fuit, ex paciencia tractatus inter ipſos reges et

When noble Troie was belein
And overcome, and home ayein
The Gregois torned fro the ſiege,
The kinges found her owne liege
In many place, as men ſaide,
That hem forſoke and diſobeide.
Among the whiche fell this caſe
To Demephon and Athemas,
That weren kinges bothe two
And bothe weren ſerved ſo,
Her leges wolde hem nought receive,
So that they mote algates weive
To ſeche londe in other place.
For there founde they no grace,
Wherof they token hem to rede
And ſoughten frendes ate nede,

And eche of hem aſſureth other
To helpe as to his owne brother
To vengen hem of thilke oultrage
And winne ayein her heritage.
And thus they ride aboute faſte
To geten hem helpe, and ate laſte
They hadden power ſuffiſaunt
And maden than a covenaunt,
That they ne ſhulde no life ſave,
Ne preſt, ne clerk, ne lord, ne knave,
Ne wife, ne childe of that they finde,
Which berth viſage of mannes kinde,
So that no life ſhall be ſocoured,
But with the dedely ſwerd devoured.
In ſuch foolhaſte her ordinaunce
They ſhapen for to do vengeaunce.
Whan this purpoſe was wiſt and knowe
Among here hoſt, tho was there blowe
Of wordes many a ſpeche aboute.
Of yonge men the luſty route
Were of this tale glad inough.
There was no care for the plough,
As they that weren foolhaſtif
They ben accorded to the ſtrife
And ſain, it may nought ben to great
To vengen hem of ſuch forfet.
Thus ſaith the wilde unwiſe tonge
Of hem, that there weren yonge.
But Neſtor, which was olde and hore,
The ſalve ſigh to-fore the ſore

eorum regna inita pace et concordia huiuſmodi impetuoſitatem micius pacificavit.

As he, that was of counſeil wiſe.
So that anone by his adviſe
There was a prive counſeil nome,
The lordes ben to-gider come.
This Demephon and Athemas
Her purpos tolden, as it was.
They ſetten alle ſtill and herde,
Was non but Neſtor hem anſwerde.
He badde hem, if they wol winne,
They ſhulden ſe, er they beginne,
Her ende and ſet her firſt entent,
That they hem after ne repent.
And axeth hem this queſtion,
To what finall concluſion
They wolde regne kinges there,
If that no people in londe were?
And ſaith, it were a wonder wierd
To ſeen a king become an hierd,
Where no life is but only beſte
Under the legeaunce of his heſte.
For who that is of man no kinge
The remenaunt is as no thinge.
He ſaith eke, if they pourpoſe holde
To flee the people, as they two wolde,
Whan they it mighte nought reſtore,
All Grece it ſhulde abegge ſore
To ſe the wilde beſte wone,
Where whilom dwelt a mannes ſone.
And for that cauſe he bad hem trete
And ſtint of tho manaces grete.

Better is to winne by faire ſpeche,
He ſaith, than ſuch vengeaunce ſeche.
For whan a man is moſt above,
Him nedeth moſt to gete him love.
Whan Neſtor hath this tale ſaide,
Ayein him was no word withſaide.
It thought hem all he ſaide wele.
And thus fortune her dedly whele
Fro werre torneth into pees.
But forth they wenten netheles.
And whan the contrees herde ſain,
How that her kinges be beſein
Of ſuche a power as they ladde,
Was none ſo bold, that hem ne dradde
And for to ſeche pees and grith
They ſende and praide anon forthwith,
So that the kinges ben appeſed
And every mannes hert is eſed.
All was foryete and nought recorded,
And thus they ben to-gider accorded.
The kinges were ayein received,
And pees was take and wrathe weived
And all through counſeil, which was good
Of him that reſon underſtood.
By this enſample, ſone, attempre
Thin hert and let no will diſtempre
Thy wit and do no thing by might,
Which may be do by love and right.
Foolhaſte is cauſe of mochel wo,
Forthy my ne, do nought ſo.

Confeſſor.

And as touchend of homicide,
Which toucheth unto loves ſide,
Ful ofte it falleth unaviſed
Through will, which is nought wel aſſiſed,
Whan wit and reſon ben awey
And that foolhaſte is in the wey,
Wherof hath falle great vengeaunce.
Forthy take into remembraunce
To love in ſuche a maner wiſe,
That thou deſerve no juiſe.
For well I wot, thou might nought lette,
That thou ne ſhalt thin herte ſette
To love, where thou wolt or none.
But if thy wit be overgone,
So that it torne unto malice,
There wot no man of thilke vice,
What perill that there may befalle.
Wherof a tale amonges alle
Whiche is great pite for to here
I thenke for to tellen here,
That thou ſuch mordre might withſtonde,
Whan thou the tale haſt underſtonde.

Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum contra illos, qui ob ſue concupiſcencie deſiderium homicide efficiuntur. Et narrat, qualiter Climeſtra uxor regis Agamenontis, cum ipſe a bello Trojano domi rediſſet, conſilio Egiſti, quem adultera peramavit, ſponſum ſuum in cubili dormientem ſub noctis ſi-

Of Troie at thilke noble towne,
Whoſe fame ſtant yet of renowne
And ever ſhall to mannes ere,
The ſiege laſte longe there,
Er that the Grekes it might winne,
While Priamus was king therinne.
But of the Grekes, that lien aboute,
Agamenon lad all the route.

This thinge is knowen overall,
But yet I thenke in ſpeciall
To my matere therupon
Telle in what wiſe Agamenon
Through chaunce, which may nought be
Of love untrewe was deceived. [weived,
An olde ſawe is: who that is ſligh
In place were he may be nigh
He maketh the ferre leve loth
Of love, and thus ful ofte it goth.
There while Agamenon batailleth
To winne Troie and it aſſailleth
From home and was long time fer,
Egiſtus drough his quene ner
And with the leiſer, whiche he hadde,
This lady at his will he ladde.
Climeſtre was her righte name,
She was therof greatly to blame
To love there it may nought laſte,
But fell to miſchefe ate laſte.
For whan this noble worthy knight
Fro Troie came the firſte night,
That he at home a bedde lay
Egiſtus longe er it was day,
As this Climeſtre him had aſſent,
And weren bothe of one aſſent,
By treſon ſlough him in his bed.
But morder, which may nought ben hed,
Sprong out to every mannes ere,
Wherof the lond was full of fere.

lencio trucidabat, cuius mortem filius eius Horeſtes tunc junioris etatis poſtea diis admonitus crudeliſſima ſeveritate vindicavit.

Agamenon hath by this quene
A ſone, and that was after ſene.
But yet as than he was of youth,
A babe, which no reſon couth.
And as god wolde, it felle him thus,
A worthy knight Taltibius
This yonge childe hath in keping.
And whan he herde of this tiding,
Of this treſon, of this miſdede,
He gan within him ſelf to drede
In aunter if this falſe Egiſte
Upon him come er he it wiſte
To take and morther of his malice
This child, whiche he hath to norice,
And for that cauſe in alle haſte
Out of the londe he gan him haſte
And to the kinge of Crete he ſtraught
And him this yonge lorde betaught
And praid him for his faders ſake,
That he this child wolde undertake
And kepe him till he be of age,
So as he was of his lignage,
And told him over all the cas,
How that his fader morthred was,
And how Egiſtus, as men ſaide,
Was king, to whom the londe obeide.
And whan Ydomeneus the kinge
Hath underſtonding of this thinge,
Which that this knight him hadde told,
He made ſorwe manyfold

And toke the childe unto his warde
And ſaide he wolde him kepe and warde,
Till that he were of ſuch a might
To handle a ſwerde and ben a knight
To vengen him at his owne will.
And thus Horeſtes dwelleth ſtill.
Such was the childes righte name,
Whiche after wroughte mochel ſhame
In vengeaunce of his faders deth.
The time of yeres overgeth,
That he was man of brede and lengthe,
Of wit, of manhode and of ſtrengthe,
A fair perſone amonges alle.
And he began to clepe and calle
As he, which come was to man,
Unto the kinge of Crete than
Praiende, that he wold him make
A knight and power with him take,
For lenger wolde he nought beleve,
He ſaith, but praith the kinge of leve
To gone and claim his heritage
And vengen him of thilke oultrage,
Which was unto his fader do.
The kinge aſſenteth well therto
With great honour and knight him maketh
And great power to him betaketh.
And gan his journe for to caſte,
So that Horeſtes ate laſte
His leve toke and forth he goth
As he, that was in his hert wroth.

His firſte pleinte to bemene
Unto the citee of Athene
He goth him forth and was received,
So there was he nought deceived.
The duke and tho that weren wiſe
They profren hem to his ſervice,
And he hem thonketh of her proffer
And ſaith him ſelf he wol gone offer
Unto the goddes for his ſpede,
And alle men him yive rede.
So goth he to the temple forth,
Of yiftes, that be mochel worth,
His ſacrifice and his offringe
He made. And after his axinge
He was anſwerde, if that he wolde
His ſtate recover, than he ſholde
Upon his moder do vengeaunce
So cruel, that the remembraunce
Therof might evermore abide,
As ſhe, that was an homicide
And of her owne lord mordrice.
Horeſtes, whiche of thilke office
Was nothing glad, as than he praide
Unto the goddes there and ſaide,
That they the jugement deviſe,
How ſhe ſhall take the juiſe.
And therupon he had anſwere,
That he her pappes ſhulde of-tere
Out of her breaſt his owne hondes
And for enſample of alle londes

With hors ſhe ſhulde be to-drawe,
Till houndes had her bones gnawe
Withouten any ſepulture.
This was a wofull aventure.
And whan Horeſtes hath all herde,
How that the goddes have anſwerde,
Forth with the ſtrengthe, whiche he lad,
The duke and his power he had
And to a citee forth they gone,
The which was cleped Cropheone,
Where as Phoicus was lord and ſire,
Which profreth him withouten hire
His helpe and all that he may do
As he, that was right glad therto
To greve his mortal enemy
And tolde him certain cauſe why,
How that Egiſte in mariage
His doughter whilom of full age
Forlay and afterward forſoke,
Whan he Horeſtes moder toke.
Men ſain: olde ſin newe ſhame.
Thus more and more aroſe the blame
Ayein Egiſte on every ſide.
Horeſtes with his hoſt to ride
Began, and Phoicus with him wente,
I trowe Egiſt him ſhall repente.
They riden forth unto Micene,
There lay Climeſtre thilke quene,
The whiche Horeſtes moder is.
And whan ſhe herde telle of this,

The gates were faſte ſhette,
And they were of her entre lette.
Anone this citee was withoute
Belain and ſieged all aboute,
And ever among they it aſſaile
Fro day to night and ſo travaile,
Till ate laſte they it wonne,
Tho was there ſorwe inough begonne.
Horeſtes did his moder calle
Anone to-fore the lordes alle
And eke to-fore the people alſo,
To her and tolde his tale tho
And ſaide: O cruel beſte unkinde,
How mighteſt thou thin herte finde
For any luſte of loves draught,
That thou accordeſt to the ſlaught
Of him, which was thin owne lorde?
Thy treſon ſtant of ſuch recorde,
Thou might thy werkes nought forſake,
So mote I for my faders ſake
Vengeaunce upon thy body do,
As I commaunded am therto.
Unkindely for thou haſt wrought,
Unkindelich it ſhall be bought,
The ſone ſhall the moder ſlee,
For that whilom thou ſaideſt ye
To that thou ſhuldeſt nay have ſaid.
And he with that his honds hath laid
Upon his moder breaſt anone
And rent out from the bare bone

Her pappes both and caſte away
Amiddes in the carte way
And after toke the dede cors
And lete it be drawe awey with hors
Unto the hounde, unto the raven,
She was none other wiſe graven.
Egiſtus, which was elles where,
Tidinges comen to his ere,
How that Micene was belain,
But what was more herd he nought ſain.
With great manace and mochel boſte
He drough power and made an hoſte
And came in the reſcouſſe of the town.
But all the ſleight of his treſon
Horeſtes wiſt it by a ſpie
And of his men a great partie
He made in busſhement abide
To waite on him in ſuche a tide,
That he ne might her hond eſcape.
And in this wiſe, as he hath ſhape,
The thing befell, ſo that Egiſt
Was take, er he him ſelfe it wiſt,
And was forth brought his hondes bonde,
As whan men have a traitor fonde.
And tho that weren with him take,
Whiche of treſon were overtake,
To-gider in one ſentence falle.
But falſe Egiſte above hem alle
Was demed to diverſe peine,
The worſte that men couthe ordeigne,

And ſo forth after by the lawe
He was unto the gibet drawe,
Where he above all other hongeth,
As to a traitor it belongeth.
The fame with her ſwifte winges
Aboute fligh and bare tidinges
And made it couth in alle londes,
How that Horeſtes with his hondes
Climeſtre his owne moder ſlough.
Some ſain, he dide well inough,
And ſome ſain, he did amis.
Divers opinion there is,
That ſhe is dede they ſpeken alle,
But pleinly howe it is befalle
The matere is ſo litel throwe
In ſothe there might no man knowe,
But they that weren at the dede.
And comunlich in every nede
The worſte ſpeche is ratheſt herde
And leved, till it be anſwerde.
The kinges and the lordes great
Begonne Horeſtes for to threat
To putten him out of his regne,
He is nought worthy for to regne,
The child, which ſlough his moder ſo,
They ſaid, and therupon alſo
The lordes of comun aſſent
The time ſette of parlement,
And to Athenes king and lorde
To-gider come of one accorde,

To knowe how that the ſothe was,
So that Horeſtes in this cas
They ſenden after, and he come.
King Menelay the wordes nome
And axeth him of this matere.
And he, that all it mighten here,
Anſwerde and tolde his tale at large,
And how the goddes in his charge
Commaunded him in ſuche a wiſe
His owne hond to do juiſe.
And with this tale a duke aroſe,
Which was a worthy knight of loſe,
His name was Meneſteus,
And ſaide unto the lordes thus:
The wreche, whiche Horeſtes dede,
It was thinge of the goddes bede,
And nothinge of his cruelte.
And if there were of my degre
In all this place ſuche a knight,
That wolde ſain, it was no right,
I woll it with my body prove.
And therupon he caſt his glove
And eke this noble duke alleide
Full many an other ſkill and ſaide,
She hadde well deſerved wreche,
Firſt for the cauſe of ſpouſe breche,
And after wrought in ſuche a wiſe,
That all the worlde it ought agriſe,
Whan that ſhe for ſo foul a vice
Was of her owne lord mordrice.

They ſitten alle ſtill and herde,
But therto was no man anſwerde,
It thought hem all, he ſaide ſkille,
There is no man withſay it wille.
Whan they upon the reſon muſen,
Horeſtes alle they excuſen,
So that with great ſolempnite
He was unto his dignite
Received and corouned kinge.
And tho befell a wonder thinge.
Egiona whan ſhe it wiſte,
Which was the doughter of Egiſte
And ſuſter on the moder ſide
To this Horeſt, at thilke tide,
Whan ſhe herde how her brother ſped,
For pure ſorwe, whiche her led,
That he ne hadde ben exiled,
She hath her owne life beguiled
Anone and henge her ſelf tho.
It hath and ſhall ben evermo
To mordre who that woll aſſente
He may nought faile to repente.
This falſe Egiona was one,
Which to mordre Agamenon
Yaf her accorde and her aſſent,
So that by goddes jugement,
Though none other man it wolde,
She toke her juiſe as ſhe ſholde,
And as ſhe to an other wrought
Vengeaunce upon her ſelf ſhe ſought

And hath of her unhappy wit
A modre with a modre quit.
Suche is of modre the vengeaunce.
  Forthy my ſone, in remembraunce — Confeſſor.
Of this enſample take good hede.
For who that thenketh his love ſpede
With mordre, he ſhall with worldes ſhame
Him ſelf and eke his love ſhame.
  My fader, of this aventure, — Amans.
Whiche ye have tolde, I you aſſure
My herte is ſory for to here,
But onely for I wolde lere
What is to done, and what to leve,
And over this now by your leve. — Hic queritur, quibus de cauſis licet hominem occidere.
That ye me wolde telle I pray,
If there be leful any way
Withoute ſinne a man may ſlee.
  My ſone, in ſondry wiſe ye. — Confeſſor.
What man that is of traiterie
Of mordre or elles robberie
Atteint, the juge ſhal not let,
But he ſhal ſeen of pure det
And doth great ſinne, if that he wonde.
For who, that lawe hath upon honde,
And ſpareth for to do juſtice
For mercy, doth nought his office,
That he his mercy ſo bewareth,
Whan for o ſhrewe, whiche he ſpareth,
A thouſand gode men he greveth.
With ſuch mercy who that beleveth

Seneca. Judex, qui parcit ulciſci, multos improbos facit.

To pleſe god, he is deceived
Or elles reſon mot be weived.
The lawe ſtoode or we were bore,

Apoſtolus. Non ſine cauſa judex gladium portat.

How that a kinges ſwerde is bore
In ſigne, that he ſhall defende
His true people and make an ende
Of ſuche, as wolden hem devoure.

Confeſſor. Lo, thus my ſone, to ſuccour
The lawe and comun right to winne
A man may ſlee withoute ſinne
And do therof a great almeſſe
So for to kepe rightwiſneſſe.
And over this for his contree
In time of werre a man is free
Him ſelf, his houſe and eke his londe
Defende with his owne honde
And ſleen, if that he may no bet
After the lawe, whiche is ſet.

Amans. Now fader, than I you beſeche
Of hem, that dedly werres ſeche
In worldes cauſe and ſheden blood,
If ſuche an homicide is good?

Confeſſor. My ſone, upon thy queſtion
The trouth of min opinion,
Als ferforth as my wit arecheth
And as the pleine lawe techeth,
I wol the telle in evidence
To reule with thy conſcience.

5. *Quod creat ipſe deus, necat hoc homicida creatum,*
Ultor et humano ſanguine ſpargit humum.

Ut pecoris ſic eſt hominis cruor heu modo fuſus,
Victa jacet pietas, et furor urget opus.
Angelus in terra pax dixit, et ultima Chriſti
Verba ſonant pacem, quam modo guerra fugat.

Hic loquitur contra motores guerre, que non ſolum homicidii ſed univerſi mundi deſolationis mater exiſtit.

The highe god of his juſtice
That ilke foul horrible vice
Of homicide he hath forbede
By Moiſes, as it was bede.
Whan goddes ſone alſo was bore,
He ſent his aungel down therfore,
Whom the ſhepherdes herden ſinge:
Pees to the men of welwillinge
In erthe be amonge us here.
So for to ſpeke in this matere
After the lawe of charite,
There ſhall no dedly werre be.
And eke nature it hath defended
And in her lawe pees commended,
Whiche is the chefe of mannes welth,
Of mannes life, of mannes helth.
But dedly werre hath his covine
Of peſtilence and of famine,
Of pouerte and of alle wo,
Wherof this world we blamen ſo,
Which now the werre hath under fote,
Till god him ſelf therof do bote.
For alle thing, which god hath wrought,
In erthe, werre it bringeth to nought.
The chirche is brent, the preſt is ſlain,
The wife, the maide is eke forlain,
The lawe is lore and god unſerved,
I not what mede he hath deſerved,

That ſuche werres ledeth inne.
If that he do it for to winne,
Firſt to accompte his grete coſte,
Forth with the folke that he hath loſte
As to the worldes reckeninge,
There ſhall he finde no winninge.
And if he do it to purchace
The heven, mede of ſuche a grace
I can nought ſpeke, and netheles
Criſt hath commaunded love and pees.
And who that worcheth the revers,
I trowe his mede is full divers.
And ſithen thanne that we finde,
That werres in her owne kinde
Ben toward god of no deſerte
And eke they bringen in pouerte
Of worldes good, it is merveile
Among the men what it may eile,
That they a pees ne connen ſette.
I trowe ſinne be the lette,
And every mede of ſinne is deth.
Apoſtolus. Stipendium peccati mors eſt. So wote I never howe it geth.
But we, that ben of o beleve
Among us ſelf, this wolde I leve,
That better it were pees to cheſe
Than ſo by double weie leſe.
I not if that it now ſo ſtonde,
But this a man may underſtonde,
Who that theſe olde bokes redeth,
That covetiſe is one, which ledeth

And broughte firſt the werres inne.
At Grece if that I ſhall beginne,
There was it proved howe it ſtood
To Perſe, whiche was full of good.
They maden werre in ſpeciall
And ſo they didden over all,
Where great richeſſe was in londe,
So that they leften nothing ſtonde
Unwerred, but onliche Archade.
For there they no werres made
Becauſe it was barein and pouer,
Wherof they mighte nought recouer
And thus pouerte was forbore.
He that nought had nought hath lore.
But yet it is a wonder thinge,
Whan that a riche worthy kinge
Or other lord, what ſo he be,
Woll axe and claime properte
In thing, to whiche he hath no right,
But only of his grete might.
For this may every man well wite,
That bothe kinde and lawe write
Expreſſely ſtonden there ayein.
But he mot nedes ſomewhat ſain,
All though there be no reſon inne,
Which ſecheth cauſe for to winne.
For wit, that is with will oppreſſed,
Whan covetiſe him hath adreſſed
And alle reſon put away,
He can well finde ſuch a way

Nota, quod Greci omnem terram fertilem debellabant, ſed tantum Archadiam pro eo, quod pauper et ſterilis fuit, pacifice dimiſerunt.

To werre, where as ever him liketh,
Wherof that he the worde entriketh,
That many a man of him compleigneth.
But yet alway ſome cauſe he feigneth
And of his wrongfull herte he demeth,
That all is well, what ever him ſemeth,
Be ſo that he may winne inough.
For as the true man to the plough
Only to the gaignage entendeth,
Right ſo the werriour deſpendeth
His time and hath no conſcience.
And in this point for evidence
Of hem that ſuche werres make,
Thou might a great enſample take,
How they her tirannie excuſen
Of that they wrongful werres uſen,
And how they ſtonde of one accorde,
The ſouldeour forth with the lorde,
The pouer man forth with the riche,
As of corage they ben liche
To make werres and to pille
For lucre, and for none other ſkille,
Wherof a propre tale I rede,
As it whilom befelle in dede.

Hic declarat per exemplum contra iſtos principes ſeu alios quoſcumque illicite guerre motores, et narrat de quodam pirata in partibus marinis ſpoliatore notiſſimo, qui cum captus fuiſſet, et in judicium

Of him, whom all this erthe dradde,
Whan he the world ſo overladde
Through werre, as it fortuned is,
King Aliſaundre, I rede this,
How in a marche, where he lay,
It fell parchaunce upon a day

A rover of the ſee was nome,
Which many a man had overcome
And ſlain and take her good away.
This pilour as the bokes ſay,
A famous man in ſondry ſtede
Was of the werkes, whiche he dede.
This priſoner to-fore the kinge
Was brought, and therupon this thinge
In audience he was accuſed,
And he his dede hath nought excuſed
And praid the king to done him right
And ſaid: Sire, if I were of might,
I have an herte liche unto thine,
For if thy power were mine,
My wille is moſt in ſpeciall
To rifle and geten over all
The large worldes good about.
But for I lede a pouer route
And am as who ſaith at miſchefe,
The name of pilour and of thefe
I bere, and thou which routes great
Might lede and take thy beyete
And doſt right as I wolde do,
Thy name is nothing cleped ſo,
But thou art named emperour.
Our dedes ben of one colour
And in effecte of one deſerte,
But thy richeſſe and my pouerte
They be nought taken evenliche,
And netheles he that is riche

coram rege Alexandro productus et de latricino accuſatus dixit: O Alexander, vere quia cum paucis ſociis ſpoliorum cauſa naves tantum exploro, ego latrunculus vocor, tu autem quia cum infinita bellatorum multitudine univerſam terram ſubjugando ſpoliaſti, imperator diceris, itaque ſtatus tuus a ſtatu meo differt, ſed eodem animo condicionem parilem habemus. Alexander vero eius audaciam in reſponſione comprobans ipſum penes ſe familiarem retinuit. Et ſic bellicoſus bellatori complacuit.

This day, to morwe he may be pouer
And in contrarie alſo recouer
A pouer man to grete richeſſe.
Men ſain forthy let rightwiſeneſſe
Be peiſed even in the balaunce.
The king his hardy contenaunce
Behelde, and herd his wordes wiſe
And ſaid unto him in this wiſe:
Thin anſwere I have underſtonde,
Wherof my will is, that thou ſtonde
In my ſervice and ſtille abide.
And forth with al the ſame tide
He hath him terme of life witholde
The more and for he ſhuld ben holde,
He made him knight and yaf him lond,
Whiche afterward was of his honde
An orped knight in many a ſtede
And great proweſſe of armes dede,
As the croniques it recorden.
And in this wiſe they accorden,
The whiche of condicion
Be ſet upon deſtruction.
Such capitain ſuch retenue.
But for to ſee to what iſſue
The king befalleth at the laſte,
It is great wonder that men caſte
Her herte upon ſuch wrong to winne,
Where no beyete may ben inne,
And doth diſeſe on every ſide,
But whan reſon is put aſide

And will governeth the corage,
The faucon which fleeth ramage
And ſuffreth no thing in the way,
Wherof that he may take his pray,
Is nought more ſet upon ravine
Than thilke man, whiche his covine
Hath ſet in ſuche a maner wiſe.
For all the world ne may ſuffiſe
To wil, whiche is nought reſonable.
Wherof enſample concordable
Lich to this point, of which I mene,
Was upon Aliſaundre ſene,
Whiche hadde ſet all his entent
So as fortune with him went,
That reſon might him non governe,
But of his wille he was ſo ſterne,
That all the worlde he overran
And what him liſt he toke and wan.
In Ynde the ſuperiour
Whan that he was full conquerour
And had his wilfull pourpos wonne
Of all this erth under the ſonne
This king homward to Macedoine
Whan that he cam to Babiloine
And wende moſte in his empire
As he, which was hole lorde and ſire,
In honour for to be received,
Moſt ſodenliche he was deceived
And with ſtrong poiſon envenimed.
And as he hath the world miſtimed

Hic ſecundum geſta Alexandri de guerris illicitis ponit confeſſor exemplum dicens, quod quamvis Alexander ſua potencia tocius mundi victor ſibi ſubjugarat imperium, ipſe tandem mortis victoria ſubjugatus cunctipotentis ſentenciam evadere non potuit.

Nought as he ſhulde with his wit,
Nought as he wolde, it was acquit.
Thus was he ſlain, that whilom ſlough,
And he, which riche was inough
This day, to morwe he hadde nought.
And in ſuch wiſe as he hath wrought
In diſturbaunce of worldes pees,
His werre he fond than endeles,
In which for ever diſcomfite
He was. Lo, now for what profite
Of werre it helpeth for to ride,
For covetiſe and worldes pride
To ſlee the worldes men aboute
As beſtes, whiche gone there oute.
For every life, which reſon can,
Oweth wel to knowe, that a man
Ne ſhulde through no tirannie
Lich to theſe other beſtes deie,
Til kinde wolde for him ſende.
I not how he it might amende,
Which taketh awey for evermore
The life, that he may nought reſtore.

Confeſſor. Forthy my ſone, in alle wey
Be wel aviſed I the prey
Of ſlaughter that thou be coupable
Withoute cauſe reſonable.

Amans. My fader, underſtonde it is,
That ye have ſaid, but over this
I pray you telle me nay or ye,
To paſſe over the great ſee

To werre and ſle the Saraſin
Is that the lawe? Sone min, Confeſſor.
To preche and ſuffre for the feith
That I have herd the goſpel ſaith,
But for to ſle that here I nought,
Criſt with his owne deth hath bought
All other men and made hem fre
In token of parfit charite,
And after that he taught him ſelve
Whan he was dede theſe other twelve
Of his apoſtles went aboute
The holy feith to prechen oute,
Wherof the deth in ſondry place
They ſuffre, and ſo god of his grace
The feith of Criſt hath made ariſe.
But if they wolde in other wiſe
By werre have brought in the creaunce,
It hadde yet ſtonde in balaunce.
And that may proven in the dede
For what man the croniques rede,
Fro firſt that holy chirche hath weived
To preche and hath the ſwerd received,
Wherof the werres ben begonne,
A great partie of that was wonne
To Criſtes feith ſtant now miſwent.
God do therof amendement
So as he wot what is the beſt.
But ſone, if thou wilt live in reſt
Of conſcience well aſſiſed,
Er that thou ſlee, be wel aviſed,

For man, as tellen us the clerkes,
Hath god above all erthly werkes
Ordeigned to be principall,
And eke of ſoule in ſpeciall
He is made lich to the godhede,
So ſit it wel to taken hede
And for to loke on every ſide,
Er that thou falle on homicide,
Which ſinne is now ſo generall,
That it wel nigh ſtant overall
In holy chirche and elles where.
But all the while it is ſo there,
The world mot nede fare amis.
For whan the well of pite is
Through covetiſe of worldes good
Defouled with ſheding of blood,
The remenaunte of folke about
Unnethe ſtonden in any doubt
To werre eche other and to ſlee,
So it is all nought worth a ſtre
The charite, wherof we prechen,
For we do no thing as we techen.
And thus the blinde conſcience
Of pees hath loſt thilke evidence,
Which Criſt upon this erthe taught.
Now may men ſe mordre and manſlaught
Liche as it was by daies olde,
Whan men the ſinnes bought and ſolde.
Facilitas venie occaſionem prebet delinquendi.
In Grece afore Criſtes feith,
I rede as the cronique ſaith

Touchend of this matere thus,
In thilke time how Peleus
His owne brother Phocus ſlough.
But for he hadde gold inough
To yive, his ſinne was deſpenſed
With golde, wherof it was compenſed.
Achaſtus which with Venus was
Her preſt aſſoiled in that cas
Al were there no repentaunce.
And as the boke maketh remembraunce,
It telleth of Medee alſo,
Of that ſhe ſlough her ſones two
Egeus in the ſame plite
Hath made her of her ſinne quite.
The ſone eke of Amphioras,
Whos righte name Almeus was,
His moder ſlough Eriphele.
But Achilo the preſt and he,
So as the bokes it recorden,
For certain ſome of golde accorden
That thilke horrible ſinfull dede
Aſſoiled was, and thus for mede
Of worldes good it falleth ofte,
That homicide is ſet alofte
Here in this life, but after this
There ſhall be knowe, how that it is
Of hem that ſuche thinges wirche,
And how alſo that holy chirche
Let ſuche ſinnes paſſe quite,
And how they wolde hem ſelf acquite

Of dedely werres, that they make.
For who that wold enſample take,
The lawe, whiche is naturel,
By wey of kinde ſheweth wel,
That homicide in no degre,
Which werreth ayein charite,
Among the menne ſhulde dwelle.
For after that the bokes telle,
To ſeche in all the worlde riche
Men ſhall nought finde upon his liche
A beſte for to take his prey,
And ſithen kind hath ſuche a wey,
Than is it wonder of a man,
Which kinde hath and reſon can,
That he woll outher more or laſſe
His kinde and reſon overpaſſe
And ſlee that is to him ſemblable.
So is the man nought reſonable
Ne kinde, and that is nought honeſte,
Whan he is worſe than a beſte.

Nota ſecundum Solinum contra homicidas de natura cuiuſdam avis faciem ad ſimilitudinem humanam habentis, que cum de preda ſua hominem juxta fluvium occiderit videritque in aqua ſimilem ſibi occiſum, ſtatim pre dolore moritur.

Among the bokes, which I finde,
Solins ſpeketh of a wonder kinde
And ſaith of foules there is one,
Whiche hath a face of blood and bone
Like to a man in reſemblaunce.
And if it falle ſo parchaunce
As he, whiche is a foule of pray,
That he a man finde in his way,
He woll him ſleen, if that he may.
But afterward the ſame day,

Whan he hath eten all his felle
And that ſhall be beſide a welle,
In whiche he woll drinke take
Of his viſage and ſeeth the make,
That he hath ſlain, anone he thenketh
Of his miſdede, and it forthenketh
So greatly, that for pure ſorwe
He liveth nought till on the morwe.
By this enſample it may well ſue,
That man ſhall homicide eſcheue,
For ever is mercy good to take.
But if the lawe it hath forſake
And that juſtice is there ayein,
Ful oftetime I have herd ſain
Amonges hem that werres hadden,
That they ſomwhile her cauſe ladden
By mercy, whan they might have ſlain,
Wherof that they were after fain.
And ſone, if that thou wolt recorde
The vertue of miſericorde,
Thou ſighe never thilke place,
Where it was uſed, lacke grace,
For every lawe and every kinde
The mannes wit to mercy binde,
And namely the worthy knightes,
Whan that they ſtonden moſt uprightes
And ben moſt mighty for to greve,
They ſhulden thanne moſt releve
Him, whom they mighten overthrowe,
And by enſample a man may knowe,

Hic ponit confeſſor exemplum de pietate contra homicidium in guerris habenda, et narrat, qualiter Achilles una cum filio ſuo Thelapho contra regem Meſee, qui tunc Theucer vocabatur, bellum inierunt, et cum Achilles dictum regem in bello proſtratum occidere voluiſſet, Thelaphus pietate motus ipſum clipeo cooperiens veniam pro rege a patre poſtulavit, pro quo facto ipſe rex adhuc vivens Thephalum regni ſui heredem libera voluntate conſtituit.

He may nought failen of his mede
That hath mercy. For this I rede,
In a cronique I finde thus,
Whan Achilles with Thelaphus
His ſone toward Troie were,
It fell hem er they comen there
Ayein Theucer the kinge of Meſe
To make werre and for to ſeſe
His lond, as they that wolden regne
And Theucer put out of his regne.
And thus the marches they aſſaile,
But Theucer yaf to hem bataile,
They foughten on both ſides faſte,
But ſo it hapneth ate laſte
This worthy Greke this Achilles
The king amonge all other ches,
As he that was cruel and felle,
With ſwerd in honde on him he felle,
And ſmote him with a dethes wounde,
That he unhorſed fell to grounde.
Achilles upon him alight
And wolde anone, as he wel might,
Have ſlain him fulliche in the place,
But Thelaphus his faders grace
For him beſought and for pite
Praith, that he wolde let him be,
And caſt his ſhield betwene hem two.
Achilles axeth him why ſo.
And Thelaphus his cauſe tolde
And ſaith, that he is mochel holde,

For whilom Theucer in a ſtede
Great grace and ſocour to him dede,
And ſaith, that he him wolde acquite
And praith his fader to reſpite.
Achilles tho withdrough his honde,
But all the power of the londe
Whan that they ſigh her king thus take
They fled and han the feld forſake.
The Grekes unto the chace falle
And for the moſte part of alle
Of that contre the lordes great
They toke and wonne a great beyete.
And anone after this victoire
The king, whiche hadde memoire,
Upon the grete mercy thought,
Which Thelaphus toward him wrought,
And in preſence of all the londe
He toke him faire by the honde
And in this wiſe he gan to ſay:
My ſone, I mot by double way
Love and deſire thin encrees,
Firſt for thy fader Achilles
Whilom full many a day er this,
Whan that I ſhulde have fare amis,
Reſcouſſe did in my quarele
And kept all min eſtate in hele,
How ſo there falle now diſtaunce
Amonges us, yet remembraunce
I have of mercy, whiche he dede
As than, and thou nowe in this ſtede

Of gentileſſe and of fraunchiſe
Haſt do mercy the ſame wiſe,
So woll I nought, that any time
Be loſt of that thou haſt do byme,
For how ſo this fortune falle
Yet ſtant my truſte aboven alle
For the mercy whiche I now finde,
That thou wolt after this be kinde,
And for that ſuche is min eſpeir
And for my ſone and for min heire
I the receive and all my londe
I yive and ſeſe into thin honde.
And in this wiſe they accorde,
The cauſe was miſericorde,
The lordes do her obeiſaunce
To Thelaphus, and purveaunce
Was made, ſo that he was coroned
And thus was mercy reguerdoned,
Whiche he to Theucer did to-fore.

Confeſſor. Lo, this enſample is made therfore,
That thou might take remembraunce,
My ſone, and whan thou ſeeſt a chaunce
Of other mennes paſſion
Take pite and compaſſion
And let nothing to the be lef,
Which to another man is gref.
And after this if thou deſire
To ſtonde ayein the vice of ire,
Counſeile the with pacience
And take into thy conſcience

Mercy to be thy governour,
So ſhalt thou fele no rancour,
Wherof thin herte ſhall debate
With homicide ne with hate
For cheſte or for malencolie.
Thou ſhalt be ſofte in compaignie
Withoute contek or foolhaſte,
For elles might thou longe waſte
Thy time, er that thou have thy wille
Of love, for the weder ſtille
Men preiſe and blame the tempeſtes.
My fader, I woll do your heſtes, Amans.
And of this point ye have me taught
Toward my ſelf the better ſaught
I thenke be, while that I live.
But for als mochel as I am ſhrive
Of wrath and all his circumſtaunce,
Yef what ye liſt to my penaunce
And axeth further of my life,
If other wiſe I be giltif
Of any thing, that toucheth ſinne.
My ſone, er we depart a twinne, Confeſſor.
I ſhall behinde no thing leve.
My gode fader, by your leve Amans.
Than axeth forth what ſo ye liſte,
For I have in you ſuch a triſte
As ye that be my ſoule hele,
That ye fro me nothing wol hele,
For I ſhall telle you the trouthe.
My ſone, art thou coulpable of ſlouthe Confeſſor.

In any point, which to him longeth?

Amans. My fader, of tho points me longeth
To wite pleinly, what they mene,
So that I may me ſhrive clene.

Confeſſor. Now herken, I ſhal tho points deviſe,
And underſtond well min appriſe.
For ſhrifte ſtant of no value
To him, that woll him nought vertue
To leve of vice the folie,
For worde is wind, but the maiſtrie
Is, that a man him ſelf defende
Of thing, whiche is nought to commende,
Wherof ben fewe now a day.
And netheles ſo as I may
Make unto thy memorie knowe
The points of ſlouthe, thou ſhalt knowe.

Explicit liber tercius.

END OF VOL. I.

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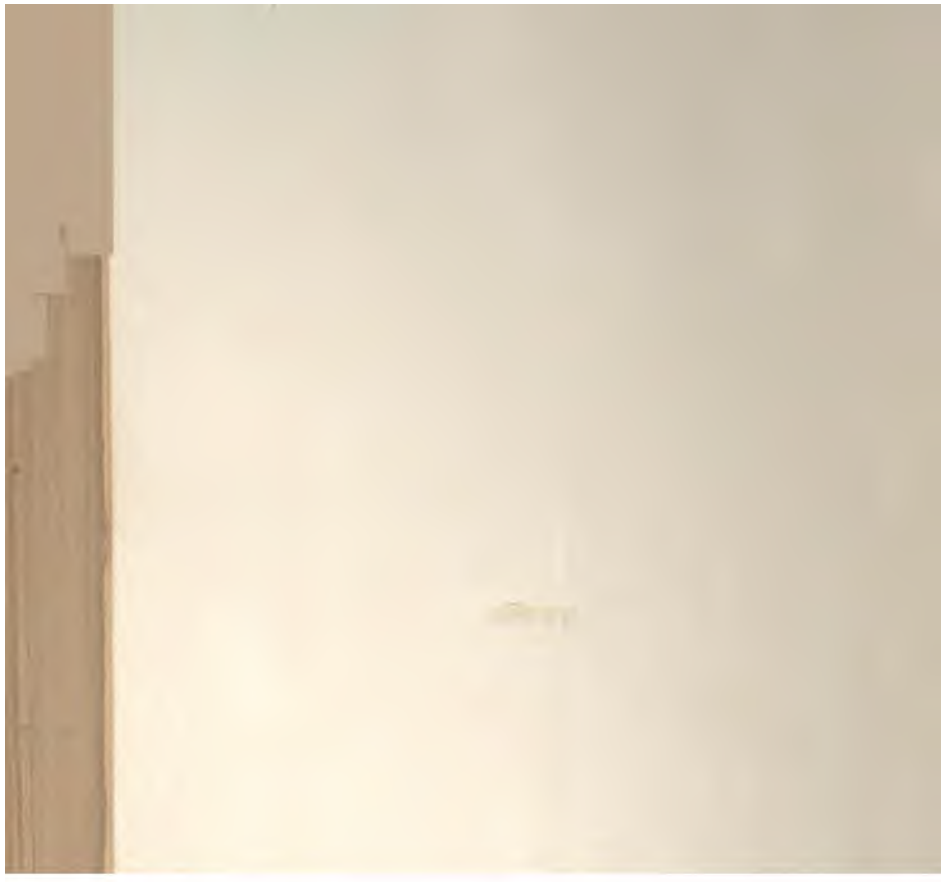

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